00043564

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 15 June, 2016

PLAYS,

WRITTEN BY

Sir JOHN VANBRUGH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME the FIRST.

CONTAINING,

The RELAPSE; Or, VIRTUE in DANGER.
The PROVOK'D WIFE, with a new Scene.
ÆSOP, in two PARTS.
The FALSE FRIEND.

LONDON:
Printed for J. RIVINGTON, T. LONGMAN, T. LOWNDES, S. CASLON, C. CORBETT, S. BLADON, W. NICOLL, T. EVANS, and M. WALLER.

MDCCLXXVI.

43564

00043564

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE and WRITINGS OF THE AUTHOR.

SIR *John Vanbrugh*, an eminent dramatic Writer, Son of Mr. *Giles Vanbrugh*, of *London*, Merchant, was born in the Parish of *St. Stephen's*, *Wallbrook*, in 1666. The Family of *Vanbrugh* were for many Years Merchants of great Credit and Reputation, at *Antwerp*, and came into *England* in the reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, on account of the Perſecution for Religion.

Sir *John* received a very liberal Education, and at the Age of nineteen, was ſent by his Father to *France*, where he continued ſome

Years: He became very eminent for his Poetry, to which he diſcovered an early propenſion. And, pity it is, that this agreeable Writer had not diſcovered his Wit, without any Mixture of that Licentiouſneſs, which, tho' it pleaſed, tended to corrupt the Audience.

The Relapſe was the firſt Play our Author produced, but not the firſt he had written; for he had at that Time by him, all the Scenes of *The Provok'd Wife*; but being then doubtful whether he ſhould ever truſt it to the Stage, he flung it by, and thought no more of it: Why the laſt written Play was firſt acted, and for what Reaſon they were given to different Stages, what follows will explain.

Upon our Author's firſt Step into public Life, when he was but an Enſign in the Army, and had a Heart greatly above his Income, he happened ſomewhere at his Winter Quarters, upon a ſlender Acquaintance with Sir *Thomas Skipwith*, to receive a particular Obligation from him; and many Years afterwards, when Sir *Thomas*'s Intereſt in a Theatrical Patent (which he had a large Share in, though he little concerned himſelf in the Conduct of it) was riſing but very ſlowly, Sir *John* thought that to give it a lift by a new Comedy, might be the handſomeſt

Return

Return he could make to thoſe his former Favours; accordingly he ſoon after finiſhed *The Relapſe, or, Virtue in Danger*, which was acted at the Theatre in *Drury-Lane*, in 1696, with univerſal Applauſe.

Upon the Succeſs of *The Relapſe*, the late Lord *Hallifax*, who was a favourer of *Betterton*'s Company, having formerly heard ſome Scenes of *The Provok'd Wife* read to him, engaged Sir *John Vanbrugh* to reviſe it, and give it to that Company. This was a Requeſt not to be refuſed to ſo eminent a Patron of the Muſes as Lord *Hallifax*, who was equally a Friend and Admirer of Sir *John* himſelf; nor was Sir *Thomas Skipwith* in the leaſt diſobliged by ſo reaſonable a Compliance. *The Provok'd Wife* was accordingly acted at the Theatre in *Lincoln*'s *Inn-Fields* in 1697, with great Succeſs.

Tho' this Play met with ſo favourable a Reception, yet it was not without its Enemies: People of the graver Sort blamed the looſeneſs of the Scenes, and the unguarded freedom of the Dialect; and indeed Sir *John* himſelf appears to have been ſenſible of the immorality of his Scenes; for in the Year 1725, when this Play was revived, he thought proper to ſubſtitute a new Scene in the fourth Act, in place of another, in which, in the

wantonneſs of his Wit; he had made a Rake talk like a Rake, in the Habit of a Clergyman; to avoid which Offence, he put the ſame Debauchee into the Undreſs of a Woman of Quality; by which means the Follies he expoſed in the Petticoat, appeared to the Audience innocent and entertaining; which new Scene is now for the firſt Time printed at the End of the Play.

Soon after the Succeſs of *The Provok'd Wife*, Sir *John* produced the Comedy of *Eſop*, in two Parts, which was acted at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury Lane*, in 1697. This was originally written in *French* by Mr. *Bourſart*, about ſix Years before; but the Scenes of Sir *Polidorus Hogſtye*, the Players, and the Beau, were added by our Author. This Play contains a great deal of general Satire, and uſeful Morality; notwithſtanding which, it met with but a cold Reception from the Audience, and its run ended in about nine Days. This ſeemed the more ſurprizing, as the *French* Comedy was played to crowded Audiences for a Month together. The little Succeſs this Piece met with on the *Engliſh* Stage, cannot be better accounted for than in the Words of Mr. *Cibber*, who, ſpeaking of this Play, makes the following Obſervation: "The Character that delivers Precepts of "Wiſdom, is in ſome ſort ſevere upon the Auditor,

"Auditor, for ſhewing him one wiſer than "himſelf; but when Folly is his Object, he "applauds himſelf for being wiſer than the "Coxcomb he laughs at; and who is not "more pleaſed with an Occaſion to commend, "than to accuſe himſelf?"

The next Play our Author wrote, was *The Falſe Friend*, a Comedy, which was acted at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury Lane*, in 1702.

In 1703, Sir *John* formed a Project of building a ſtately Theatre in the *Haymarket*, for which he had intereſt enough to get a Subſcription of thirty Perſons of Quality, at one hundred Pounds each, in conſideration whereof, every Subſcriber was for his own Life to be admitted to whatever Entertainments ſhould be publicly performed there, without any farther Payment for Entrance.

In 1706, when this Houſe was finiſhed, Mr. *Betterton* and his Co-partners, who then acted at the Theatre in *Lincoln's Inn-Fields*, diſſolved their Agreement, and put themſelves under the direction of Sir *John Vanbrugh* and Mr. *Congreve*, imagining, perhaps, that the Conduct of two ſuch eminent Authors might give a more proſperous turn to their Affairs; that the Plays it would now be their intereſt to write for them, would ſoon recover

recover the Town to a true Taſte, and be an Advantage that no other Company could hope for; and that till ſuch Plays could be written, the Grandeur of their Houſe, as it was a new ſpectacle, might allure the Crowd to ſupport them: But, if theſe were their Views, they ſoon found their Dependance upon them was too ſanguine; for though Sir *John* was a very expeditious Writer, yet Mr. *Congreve* was too judicious to let any Thing come unfiniſhed from his Pen. Beſides, every proper Convenience of a good Theatre had been ſacrificed to ſhew the Audience a vaſt triumphal Piece of Architecture, in which, by Means of the ſpaciouſneſs of the Dome, Plays could not be ſucceſsfully repreſented, becauſe the Actors could not be diſtinctly heard.

Not long before this Time, the *Italian* Opera began to ſteal into *England*, but in as rude a Diſguiſe as poſſible: notwithſtanding which, the new Monſter pleaſed, though it had neither Grace, Melody, nor Action, to recommend it. To ſtrike in therefore with the prevailing Faſhion, Sir *John* and Mr. *Congreve* opened their New Theatre with a tranſlated Opera, ſet to *Italian* Muſic, called *The Triumph of Love*; but it met with a very cool Reception, being performed only three Times—to thin Houſes.

Imme-

Immediately upon the Failure of this Opera, Sir *John Vanbrugh* brought on his Comedy, called *The Confederacy*, taken, but very greatly improved, from *Les Bourgeoiſes à la Mode*, of Monſieur *D'Ancourt*. The Succeſs of this Play was not equal to its Merit; for it is written with an uncommon Vein of Wit and Humour; which plainly ſhews that the difficulty of hearing, diſtinctly, in that large Theatre, was no ſmall Impediment to the Applauſe that might have followed the ſame Actors on any other Stage; and indeed every Play acted there before the Houſe was altered, ſeemed to ſuffer greatly from the ſame Inconvenience; for what few could plainly hear, it was not likely many could applaud. In a Word, the Proſpect of Profits from this Theatre was ſo very barren, that Mr. *Congreve*, in a few Months, gave up his Share in it wholly to Sir *John Vanbrugh*; who, as he had a happier Talent of throwing the *Engliſh* Spirit into his Tranſlations, than any other Author who had borrowed from them, he in the ſame Seaſon produced *The Miſtake*, a Comedy, taken from *Le D'epit Amoureux*, of *Moliere*; and *The Country Houſe*, a Farce, tranſlated from *The French*, which has been acted at all the Theatres with general Applauſe.

Sir

Sir *John* ſoon afterwards, thoroughly tired of Theatrical Affairs, determined to get rid of his Patent on the beſt Terms he could; he accordingly made an Offer to Mr. *Owen Swiney* of his Houſe, Clothes, and Scenes, with the Queen's Licence to employ them, upon Payment of the Rent of five Pounds upon every acting Day, and not to exceed 700 *l.* in the Year; with which Propoſal Mr. *Swiney* ſoon complied, and managed that Stage for ſome Time after.

Sir *John* is not a little to be admired for his Spirit, and readineſs in producing Plays ſo faſt upon the Neck of one another; for, notwithſtanding his quick Diſpatch, there is a clear and lively Simplicity in his Wit, that neither wants the Ornaments of Learning, nor has the leaſt Smell of the Lamp, as the Face of a fine Woman, with her Locks looſe about her, may then be in its greateſt Beauty; ſuch were his Productions, only adorned by Nature. And there is, beſides, ſomething ſo catching to the Ear, and ſo eaſy to the Memory, in all he writ, that it has been obſerved by all the Actors of thoſe Times, the Stile of no Author whatſoever gave their Memory leſs Trouble, than that of Sir *John Vanbrugh*. And indeed his Wit and Humour was ſo little laboured, that his moſt entertaining Scenes ſeem to be no more than

THE

RELAPSE:

OR,

VIRTUE in DANGER:

A

COMEDY.

Being the Sequel of *The Fool in Faſhion.*

THE PREFACE.

TO go about to excuſe half the Defects this abortive Brat is come into the World with, would be to provoke the Town with a long uſeleſs Preface, when it is, I doubt, ſufficiently ſoured already by a tedious Play.

I do therefore (with all the Humility of a repenting Sinner) confeſs, it wants every thing-------but length; and in that, I hope, the ſevereſt Critick will be pleas'd to acknowledge I have not been wanting. But my Modeſty will ſure atone for every thing, when the World ſhall know it is ſo great, I am even to this Day inſenſible of thoſe two ſhining Graces in the Play (which ſome part of the Town is pleas'd to compliment me with) Blaſphemy and Bawdy.

For my part, I cannot find them out: If there were any obſcene Expreſſions upon the Stage, here they are in the Print; for I have dealt fairly, I have not ſunk a Syllable, that cou'd (though by racking of Myſteries) be rang'd under that Head; and yet I believe with a ſteady Faith, there is not one Woman of a real Reputation in Town, but

when ſhe has read it impartially over in her Cloſet, will find it ſo innocent, ſhe will think it no Affront to her Prayer-Book, to lay it upon the ſame Shelf. So to them (with all manner of Deference) I entirely refer my cauſe; and I am confident they will juſtify me againſt thoſe Pretenders to Good-manners, who at the ſame time have ſo little Reſpect for the Ladies, they wou'd extract a bawdy Jeſt from an Ejaculation, to put them out of countenance. But I expect to have theſe well-bred Perſons always my Enemies, ſince I am ſure I ſhall never write any thing lewd enough to make them my Friends.

As for the Saints (your thorough-pac'd ones, I mean, with ſkrew'd Faces and wry Mouths) I deſpair of them; for they are Friends to nobody: They love nothing but their Altars and themſelves; they have too much Zeal to have any Charity; they make Debauches in Piety, as Sinners do in Wine; and are as quarrelſome in their Religion, as other People are in their Drink: ſo I hope nobody will mind what they ſay. But if any Man (with flat plod Shoes, a little Band, greaſy Hair, and a dirty Face, who is wiſer than I, at the Expence of being forty Years older) happens to be offended at a Story of a Cock and a Bull, and a Prieſt and a Bull-dog, I beg his pardon with all my Heart; which, I hope, I ſhall obtain, by eating my Words, and making this publick Recantation. I do therefore, for his Satisfaction, acknowledge I lyed, when I ſaid, they never quit their hold; for in that little time I have liv'd in the World, I thank God I have ſeen them forc'd to it more than once; but next time I will ſpeak with more Caution and Truth, and only ſay, they have very good Teeth.

If

If I have offended any honeſt Gentleman of the Town, whoſe Friendſhip or good Word is worth the having, I am very ſorry for it; I hope they will correct me as gently as they can, when they conſider I have had no other Deſign, in running a very great Riſk, than to divert (if poſſible) ſome part of their Spleen, in ſpite of their Wives and their Taxes.

One Word more about the Bawdy, and I have done. I own the firſt Night this thing was acted, ſome Indecencies had like to have happened; but it was not my Fault.

The fine Gentleman of the Play, drinking his Miſtreſs's Health in *Nants* Brandy, from ſix in the Morning to the time he waddled on upon the Stage in the Evening, had toaſted himſelf up to ſuch a pitch of Vigour, I confeſs I once gave *Amanda* for gone, and am ſince (with all due reſpect to Mrs. *Rogers*) very ſorry ſhe eſcaped; for I am confident a certain Lady (let no one take it to herſelf that is handſome) who highly blames the Play, for the Barrenneſs of the Concluſion, would then have allowed it a very natural Cloſe.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by *Miſs* CROSS.

LADIES, this Play in too much haſte was writ,
To be o'ercharg'd with either Plot or Wit;
'Twas got, conceiv'd, and born in ſix Weeks Space,
And Wit, you know, 's as ſlow in Growth——as Grace.
Sure it can ne'er be ripen'd to your Taſte;
I doubt 'twill prove our Author bred too faſt:
For mark 'em well, who with the Muſes marry,
They rarely do conceive, but they miſcarry.
'Tis the hard Fate of thoſe who are big with Rhyme,
Still to be brought-to-bed before their Time.
Of our late Poets, Nature few has made;
The greateſt part——are only ſo by Trade.
Still want of ſomething brings the ſcribbling Fit;
For want of Money ſome of 'em have writ,
And others do't, you ſee——for want of Wit.
Honour, they fancy, ſummons 'em to write,
So out they lug in reſty Nature's ſpight,
As ſome of you ſpruce Beaux *do——when you fight.*
Yet let the Ebb of Wit be ne'er ſo low,
Some Glimpſe of it a Man may hope to ſhow,
Upon a Theme ſo ample——as a Beau.
So, howſoe'er true Courage may decay,
Perhaps there's not one Smock-Face here to-day,
But's bold as Cæſar*—to attack a Play.*

PROLOGUE.

Nay, what's yet more, with an undaunted Face,
To do the Thing with more heroick Grace,
'Tis ſix to four y' attack the ſtrongeſt Place.
You are ſuch Hotſpurs in this kind of Venture,
Where there's no Breach, juſt there you needs muſt enter.
But be adviſ'd——
E'en give the Hero and the Critique o'er,
For Nature ſent you on another ſcore;
She formed her Beau, *for nothing but her Whore.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir *Novelty Faſhion*, newly created Lord *Foppington*,	Mr. *Cibber.*
Young *Faſhion*, his Brother,	Mr. *Kent.*
Loveleſs, Huſband to *Amanda*,	Mr. *Verbruggen.*
Worthy, a Gentleman of the Town,	Mr. *Powel.*
Sir *Tunbelly Clumſey*, a Country Gentleman,	Mr. *Bullock.*
Sir *John Friendly*, his Neighbour,	Mr. *Mills.*
Coupler, a Matchmaker,	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Bull, Chaplain to Sir *Tunbelly*,	Mr. *Simpſon.*
Syringe, a Surgeon,	Mr. *Haynes.*
Lory, Servant to Young *Faſhion*,	Mr. *Dogget.*
Shoemaker, Taylor, Perriwig-maker,	*&c.*

WOMEN.

Amanda, Wife to *Loveleſs*,	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Berinthia, her Couſin, a young Widow,	Mrs. *Verbruggen.*
Miſs *Hoyden*, a great Fortune, Daughter to Sir *Tunbelly*,	Mrs. *Croſs.*
Nurſe, her Governant,	Mrs. *Powel.*

THE

THE RELAPSE; OR, VIRTUE in DANGER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Loveleſs, *reading.*

HOW true is that Philoſophy which ſays
Our Heaven is ſeated in our Minds!
Though all the roving Pleaſures of my Youth,
(Where Nights and Days ſeem all conſum'd in Joy,
Where the falſe Face of Luxury
Diſplay'd ſuch Charms,
As might have ſhaken the moſt holy Hermit,
And made him totter at his Altar)
I never knew one Moment's Peace like this.
Here—in this little ſoft Retreat,
My thoughts unbent from all the Cares of Life,
Content with Fortune,
Eas'd from the grating Duties of Dependence,

From Envy free, Ambition under foot,
The raging Flame of wild deſtructive Luſt
Reduc'd to a warm pleaſing Fire of lawful Love,
My Life glides on, and all is well within.

Enter Amanda.

Lov. *meeting her kindly.* } How does the happy Cauſe of my Content, my dear *Amanda?*
You find me muſing on my happy State,
And full of grateful Thoughts to Heaven, and you.

Aman. Thoſe grateful Offerings Heaven can't receive
With more Delight than I do:
Would I cou'd ſhare with it as well
The Diſpenſations of its Bliſs,
That I might ſearch its choiceſt Favours out,
And ſhower 'em on your Head for ever.

Lov. The largeſt Boons that Heaven thinks fit to grant
To Things it has decreed ſhall crawl on Earth,
Are in the Gift of Woman form'd like you.
Perhaps when Time ſhall be no more,
When the aſpiring Soul ſhall take its Flight,
And drop this pond'rous Lump of Clay behind it,
It may have Appetites we know not of,
And Pleaſures as refin'd as its Deſires——
But till that Day of Knowledge ſhall inſtruct me,
The utmoſt Bleſſing that my Thought can reach,
[*Taking her in his Arms*] Is folded in my Arms, and rooted in my Heart.

Aman. There let it grow for ever.

Lov. Well ſaid, *Amanda*——let it be for ever.——
Wou'd Heaven grant that——

Aman. 'Twere all the Heaven I'd aſk.
But we are clad in black Mortality,
And the dark Curtain of eternal Night
At laſt muſt drop between us.

Lov. It muſt: that mournful Separation we muſt ſee.
A bitter Pill it is to all; but doubles its ungrateful Taſte,
When Lovers are to ſwallow it;

Aman. Perhaps that Pain may only be my Lot,
You poſſibly may be exempted from it;

Men

Men find out ſofter ways to quench their Fires.
Lov. Can you then doubt my Conſtancy, *Amanda?*
You'll find 'tis built upon a ſteady Baſis——
The Rock of Reaſon now ſupports my Love,
On which it ſtands ſo fix'd,
The rudeſt Hurricane of wild Deſire
Wou'd, like the Breath of a ſoft ſlumbering Babe,
Paſs by, and never ſhake it.
Aman. Yet ſtill 'tis ſafer to avoid the Storm;
The ſtrongeſt Veſſels, if they put to Sea,
May poſſibly be loſt.
Wou'd I cou'd keep you here in this calm Port for ever!
Forgive the Weakneſs of a Woman,
I am uneaſy at your going to ſtay ſo long in Town;
I know its falſe inſinuating Pleaſures;
I know the Force of its Deluſions;
I know the Strength of its Attacks;
I know the weak Defence of Nature;
I know you are a Man——and I——a Wife.
Lov. You know then all that needs to give you Reſt,
For Wife's the ſtrongeſt Claim that you can urge.
When you would plead your Title to my Heart,
On this you may depend; therefore be calm,
Baniſh your Fears, for they are Traitors to your Peace:
Beware of them, they are inſinuating buſy Things
That goſſip to and fro, and do a World of Miſchief
Where they come: But you ſhall ſoon be Miſtreſs of 'em all,
I'll aid you with ſuch Arms for their Deſtruction,
They never ſhall erect their Heads again.
You know the Buſineſs is indiſpenſible, that obliges
Me to go to *London*, and you have no Reaſon, that I
Know of, to believe that I'm glad of the Occaſion:
For my honeſt Conſcience is my Witneſs,
I have found a due Succeſſion of ſuch Charms
In my Retirement here with you,
I have never thrown one roving Thought that way;
But ſince, againſt my Will, I'm dragg'd once more
To that uneaſy Theatre of Noiſe,
I am reſolv'd to make ſuch uſe on't,

As ſhall convince you 'tis an old caſt Miſtreſs,
Who has been ſo laviſh of her Favours,
She's now grown Bankrupt of her Charms,
And has not one Allurement left to move me.
Aman. Her Bow, I do believe, is grown ſo weak,
Her Arrows (at this diſtance) cannot hurt you,
But in approaching 'em you give 'em Strength:
The Dart that has not far to fly,
Will put the beſt of Armour to a dangerous Trial.
Lov. That Trial paſt, and y'are at eaſe for ever;
When you have ſeen the Helmet prov'd,
You'll apprehend no more for him that wears it:
Therefore to put a laſting Period to your Fears,
I am reſolv'd, this once, to launch into Temptation.
I'll give you an Eſſay of all my Virtues;
My former boon Companions of the Bottle
Shall fairly try what Charms are left in Wine:
I'll take my Place amongſt them,
They ſhall hem me in,
Sing Praiſes to their God, and drink his Glory;
'Turn wild Enthuſiaſts for his ſake,
And Beaſts to do him Honour:
Whilſt I, a ſtubborn Atheiſt,
Sullenly look on,
Without one reverend Glaſs to his Divinity.
That for my Temperance,
Then for my Conſtancy——
Aman. Ay, there take heed.
Lov. Indeed the Danger's ſmall.
Aman. And yet my Fears are great.
Lov. Why are you ſo timorous?
Aman. Becauſe you are ſo bold.
Lov. My Courage ſhould diſperſe your Apprehenſions.
Aman. My Apprehenſions ſhould alarm your Courage.
Lov. Fy, fy, *Amanda*, it is not kind thus to diſtruſt me.
Aman. And yet my Fears are founded on my Love.
Lov. Your Love then is not founded as it ought;
For if you can believe 'tis poſſible
I ſhou'd again relapſe to my paſt Follies,
I muſt appear to you a thing

Of

Of ſuch an undigeſted Compoſition,
That but to think of me with Inclination,
Wou'd be a Weakneſs in your Taſte,
Your Virtue ſcarce cou'd anſwer.

Aman. 'Twou'd be a Weakneſs in my Tongue,
My Prudence cou'd not anſwer,
If I ſhou'd preſs you farther with my Fears;
I'll therefore trouble you no longer with 'em.

Low. Nor ſhall they trouble you much longer,
A little time ſhall ſhew you they were groundleſs;
This Winter ſhall be the fiery Trial of my Virtue;
Which, when it once has paſt,
You'll be convinc'd 'twas of no falſe Allay,
There all your Cares will end——

Aman. Pray Heaven they may!

[*Exeunt Hand in Hand.*

A SCENE, *Whitehall.*

Enter Young Faſhion, Lory, *and* Waterman.

Young Faſh. COme, pay the Waterman, and take the Portmanteau.

Lory. Faith, Sir, I think the Waterman had as good take the Portmanteau, and pay himſelf.

Young Faſh. Why ſure there's ſomething left in't.

Lory. But a ſolitary old Waiſtcoat, upon my Honour, Sir.

Young Faſh. Why, what's become of the blue Coat, Sirrah?

Lory. Sir, 'twas eaten at *Graveſend*; the Reckoning came to thirty Shillings, and your Privy-Purſe was worth but two Half-Crowns.

Young Faſh. 'Tis very well.

Wat. Pray, Maſter, will you pleaſe to diſpatch me?

Young Faſh. Ay, here a —— Canſt thou change me a Guinea?

Lory. [*aſide.*] Good.

Wat.

Wat. Change a Guinea, Maſter! Ha, ha, your Honour 's pleas'd to compliment.

Young Faſh. I'gad I don't know how I ſhall pay thee then, for I have nothing but Gold about me.

Lory. [*aſide*] —Hum, hum.

Young Faſh. What doſt thou expect, Friend?

Wat. Why, Maſter, ſo far againſt Wind and Tide, is richly worth half a Piece.

Young Faſh. Why, faith, I think thou art a good conſcionable Fellow. I'gad, I begin to have ſo good an Opinion of thy Honeſty, I care not if I leave my Portmanteau with thee, till I ſend thee thy Money.

Wat. Ha! God bleſs your Honour; I ſhould be as willing to truſt you, Maſter, but that you are, as a Man may ſay, a Stranger to me, and theſe are nimble Times; there are a great many Sharpers ſtirring. [*Taking up the Portmanteau.*] Well, Maſter, when your Worſhip ſends the Money, your Portmanteau ſhall be forthcoming. My Name's *Tugg*, my Wife keeps a Brandy-ſhop in *Drab-Ally* at *Wapping*.

Young Faſh. Very well; I'll ſend for't to-morrow.

[*Exit Wat.*

Lory. So—Now, Sir, I hope you'll own yourſelf a happy Man, you have outliv'd all your Cares.

Young Faſh. How ſo, Sir?

Lory. Why you have nothing left to take care of.

Young Faſh. Yes, Sirrah, I have myſelf and you to take care of ſtill.

Lory. Sir, if you cou'd but prevail with ſomebody elſe to do that for you, I fancy we might both fare the better for't.

Young Faſh. Why, if thou canſt tell me where to apply myſelf, I have at preſent ſo little Money, and ſo much Humility about me, I don't know but I may follow a Fool's Advice.

Lory. Why then, Sir, your Fool adviſes you to lay aſide all Animoſity, and apply to Sir *Novelty*, your elder Brother.

Young Faſh. Damn my elder Brother.

Lory. With all my heart; but get him to redeem your Annuity, however.

Young

Young Faſh. My Annuity! 'Sdeath, he's ſuch a Dog, he would not give his Powder-Puff to redeem my Soul.

Lory. Look you, Sir, you muſt wheedle him, or you muſt ſtarve.

Young Faſh. Look you, Sir, I will neither wheedle him, nor ſtarve.

Lory. Why? what will you do then?

Young Faſh. I'll go into the Army.

Lory. You can't take the Oaths; you are a Jacobite.

Young Faſh. Thou may'ſt as well ſay I can't take Orders becauſe I'm an Atheiſt.

Lory. Sir, I aſk your Pardon; I find I did not know the Strength of your Conſcience, ſo well as I did the Weakneſs of your Purſe.

Young Faſh. Methinks, Sir, a Perſon of your Experience ſhould have known, that the Strength of the Conſcience proceeds from the Weakneſs of the Purſe.

Lory. Sir, I am very glad to find you have a Conſcience able to take care of us, let it proceed from what it will; but I deſire you'll pleaſe to conſider, that the Army alone will be but a ſcanty Maintenance for a Perſon of your Generoſity (at leaſt as Rents now are paid); I ſhall ſee you ſtand in damnable need of ſome auxiliary Guineas for your *menu Plaiſirs*; I will therefore turn Fool once more for your Service, and adviſe you to go directly to your Brother.

Young Faſh. Art thou then ſo impregnable a Blockhead, to believe he'll help me with a Farthing?

Lory. Not if you treat him, *de haut en bas*, as you uſe to do.

Young Faſh. Why, how would'ſt have me treat him?

Lory. Like a Trout, tickle him.

Young Faſh. I can't flatter——

Lory. Can you ſtarve?

Young Faſh. Yes——

Lory. I can't; Good-by t'ye, Sir— [*Going.*

Young Faſh. Stay, thou wilt diſtract me. What would'ſt thou have me to ſay to him?

Lory. Say nothing to him, apply yourſelf to his Favourites; ſpeak to his Perriwig, his Cravat, his Feather, his

his Snuff-box, and when you are well with them—— desire him to lend you a Thousand Pounds. I'll engage you prosper.

Young Fash. 'Sdeath and Furies! Why was that Coxcomb thrust into the World before me? O Fortune—Fortune—thou art a Bitch, by Gad—— [*Exeunt.*

III SCENE, *A Dressing-Room.*

Enter Lord Foppington *in his Night-Gown.*

Lord Fop. PAGE—— [*Enter Page.*

Page. Sir——

Lord Fop. Sir! Pray, Sir, do me the Favour to teach your Tongue the Title the King has thought fit to honour me with.

Page. I ask your Lordship's Pardon, my Lord.

Lord Fop. O, you can pronounce the Word then—I thought it would have choak'd you—D'ye hear?

Page. My Lord.

Lord Fop. Call *La Varole*, I wou'd dress—[*Exit Page.*

Solus.

Well, 'tis an unspeakable Pleasure to be a Man of Quality——Strike me dumb——My Lord——Your Lordship——My Lord *Foppington*——*Ah! c'est quelque chose de beau, que le Diable m'emporte*——

Why the Ladies were ready to puke at me, whilst I had nothing but Sir *Navelty* to recommend me to 'em——Sure whilst I was but a Knight, I was a very nauseous Fellow——Well, 'tis Ten Thousand Pawnd well given——stap my Vitals——

Enter La Varole.

Me Lord, de Shoemaker, de Taylor, de Hosier, de Sempstress, de Peru, be all ready, if your Lordship please to dress.

Lord Fop. 'Tis well, admit 'em.

La Var. Hey, Messieurs, entrez.

Enter

Enter Taylor, &c.

Lord Fop. So, Gentlemen, I hope you have all taken pains to ſhew yourſelves Maſters in your Profeſſions.

Tayl. I think I may preſume to ſay, Sir——

La Var. My Lord——you Clawn you.

Tayl. Why, is he made a Lord?——My Lord, I aſk your Lordſhip's Pardon; my Lord, I hope, my Lord, your Lordſhip will pleaſe to own, I have brought your Lordſhip as accompliſh'd a Suit of Clothes, as ever Peer of *England* trode the Stage in, my Lord: Will your Lordſhip pleaſe to try 'em now?

Lord Fop. Ay, but let my People diſpoſe the Glaſſes ſo, that I may ſee myſelf before and behind; for I love to ſee myſelf all raund——

[*Whilſt he puts on his Clothes, enter* Young Faſhion *and* Lory]

Young Faſh. Hey-dey, what the Devil have we here? Sure my Gentleman's grown a Favourite at Court, he has got ſo many People at his Levee.

Lo. Sir, theſe People come in order to make him a Favourite at Court, they are to eſtabliſh him with the Ladies.

Young Faſh. Good God! to what an Ebb of Taſte are Women fallen, that it ſhou'd be in the power of a lac'd Coat to recommend a Gallant to 'em——

Lo. Sir, Taylors and Perriwig-makers are now become the Bawds of the Nation, 'tis they debauch all the Women.

Young Faſh. Thou ſayeſt true; for there's that Fop now, has not by Nature wherewithal to move a Cook-maid, and by that time theſe Fellows have done with him, I'gad he ſhall melt down a Counteſs——But now for my Reception, I engage it ſhall be as cold a one, as a Courtier's to his Friend, who comes to put him in mind of his Promiſe.

Lord Fop. to his Taylor] Death and eternal Tartures! Sir, I ſay the Packet's too high by a Foot.

Tayl. My Lord, if it had been an Inch lower, it would not

not have held your Lordſhip's Pocket-Handkerchief.

Lord Fop. Rat my Packet-Handkerchief! Have not I a Page to carry it? You may make him a Packet up to his Chin a purpoſe for it; but I will not have mine come ſo near my Face.

Tayl. 'Tis not for me to diſpute your Lordſhip's Fancy.

Young Faſh. to Lory] His Lordſhip! *Lory*, did you obſerve that?

Lo. Yes, Sir; I always thought 'twould end there. Now, I hope, you'll have a little more Reſpect for him.

Young Faſh. Reſpect! Damn him for a Coxcomb; now has he ruin'd his Eſtate to buy a Title, that he may be a Fool of the firſt Rate: But let's accoſt him——

To Lord Fop.] Brother, I am your Humble Servant.

Lord Fop. O Lard, *Tam*; I did not expect you in *England:* Brother, I am glad to ſee you——

Turning to his Taylor.] Look you, Sir, I ſhall never be reconcil'd to this nauſeous Packet; therefore pray get me another Suit with all manner of Expedition, for this is my eternal Averſion. Mrs. *Callicoe*, are not you of my Mind?

Semp. O, directly, my Lord, it can never be too low—

Lord Fop. You are paſſitively in the right on't, for the Packet becomes no part of the Body but the Knee.

Semp. I hope your Lordſhip is pleas'd with your Steenkirk.

Lord Fop. In love with it, ſtap my Vitals. Bring your Bill, you ſhall be paid to-marrow—

Semp. I humbly thank your Honour— [*Exit Semp.*

Lord Fop. Hark thee, Shoe-maker, theſe Shoes a'n't ugly, but they don't fit me.

Shoe. My Lord, my thinks they fit you very well.

Lord Fop. They hurt me juſt below the Inſtep.

Shoe. [*feeling his Foot.*] My Lord, they don't hurt you there.

Lord Fop. I tell thee, they pinch me execrably.

Shoe. My Lord, if they pinch you, I'll be bound to be hang'd, that's all.

Lord Fop. Why, wilt thou undertake to perſuade me I cannot feel?

Shoe. Your Lordſhip may pleaſe to feel what you think fit; but that Shoe does not hurt you — I think I underſtand my Trade— —

Lord Fop. Now by all that's great and powerful, thou art an incomprehenſible Coxcomb; but thou makeſt good Shoes, and ſo I'll bear with thee.

Shoe. My Lord, I have work'd for half the People of Quality in Town theſe Twenty Years; and 'tis very hard I ſhould not know when a Shoe hurts, and when it don't.

Lord Fop. Well, pr'ythee, begone about thy Buſineſs. [*Exit Shoe.*

[*To the Hoſier.*] Mr. *Mend Legs*, a Word with you; the Calves of the Stockings are thicken'd a little too much. They make my Legs look like a Chairman's——

Mend. My Lord, my thinks they look mighty well.

Lord Fop. Ay, but you are not ſo good a Judge of thoſe things as I am, I have ſtudy'd them all my Life; therefore pray let the next be the thickneſs of a Crawn-piece leſs— [*Aſide*] If the Town takes notice my Legs are fallen away, 'twill be attributed to the Violence of ſome new Intrigue.

To the Perriwig-maker.] Come, Mr. *Foretop*, let me ſee what you have done, and then the Fatigue of the Morning will be over.

Foretop. My Lord, I have done what I defy any Prince in *Europe* to out-do; I have made you a Perriwig ſo long, and ſo full of Hair, it will ſerve you for a Hat and Cloak in all Weathers.

Lord Fop. Then thou haſt made me thy Friend to Eternity: Come, comb it out.

Young Faſh. Well, *Lory*, What do'ſt think on't? A very friendly Reception from a Brother after Three Years Abſence!

Lory. Why, Sir, 'tis your own Fault; we ſeldom care for thoſe that don't love what we love: if you wou'd creep into his Heart, you muſt enter into his Pleaſures— Here you have ſtood ever ſince you came in, and have not commended any one thing that belongs to him.

Young Faſh. Nor never ſhall, while they belong to a Coxcomb.

Lory.

Lory. Then, Sir, you muſt be content to pick a hungry Bone.

Young Faſh. No, Sir, I'll crack it, and get to the Marrow before I have done.

Lord Fop. Gad's Curſe! Mr. *Foretop*, you don't intend to put this upon me for a full Perriwig?

Fore. Not a full one, my Lord! I don't know what your Lordſhip may pleaſe to call a full one, but I have cramm'd twenty Ounces of Hair into it.

Lord Fop. What it may be by Weight, Sir, I ſhall not diſpute; but by Tale, there are not nine Hairs on a ſide.

Fore. O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! Why, as God ſhall judge me, your Honor's Side-Face is reduc'd to the Tip of your Noſe.

Lord Fop. My Side-Face may be in an Eclipſe for aught I know; but I'm ſure my Full-Face is like the Full-moon.

Fore. Heaven bleſs my Eye-ſight——[*Rubbing his Eyes.*] Sure I look thro' the wrong end of the Perſpective; for by my Faith, an't pleaſe your Honour, the broadeſt place I ſee in your Face does not ſeem to me to be two Inches diameter.

Lord Fop. If it did, it would juſt be two Inches too broad; for a Perriwig to a Man, ſhould be like a Maſk to a Woman, nothing ſhould be ſeen but his Eyes——

Fore. My Lord, I have done; if you pleaſe to have more Hair in your Wig, I'll put it in.

Lord Fop. Paſſitively, yes.

Fore. Shall I take it back now, my Lord?

Lord Fop. No: I'll wear it to-day, tho' it ſhew ſuch a manſtrous pair of Cheeks, ſtap my Vitals, I ſhall be taken for a Trumpeter. [*Exit* Fore.

Young Faſh. Now your People of Buſineſs are gone, Brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an Hour's Audience of you.

Lord Fop. Faith, *Tam*, I muſt beg you'll excuſe me at this time, for I muſt away to the Houſe of Lords immediately; my Lady *Teaſe*'s Caſe is to come on to-day, and I would not be abſent for the Salvation of Mankind. Hey, *Page!* is the Coach at the Door?

Page.

Page. Yes, my Lord.

Lord Fop. You'll excuſe me, Brother. [*Going.*

Young Faſh. Shall you be back at Dinner?

Lord Fop. As Gad ſhall judge me, I can't tell; for 'tis poſſible I may dine with ſome of our Houſe at *Lacket's*.

Young Faſh. Shall I meet you there? for I muſt needs talk with you.

Lord Fop. That, I'm afraid, mayn't be ſo proper; for the Lords I commonly eat with, are a People of a nice Converſation; and you know, *Tam*, your Education has been a little at large: but if you'll ſtay here, you'll find a Family Dinner. Hey, Fellow! What is there for Dinner? There's Beef: I ſuppoſe my Brother will eat Beef. Dear *Tam*, I'm glad to ſee thee in *England*, ſtap my Vitals. [*Exit, with his Equipage.*

Young Faſh. Hell and Furies, is this to be borne?

Lory. Faith, Sir, I cou'd almoſt have given him a knock o' th' Pate myſelf.

Young Faſh. 'Tis enough, I will now ſhew you the exceſs of my Paſſion by being very calm: Come, *Lory*, lay your Loggerhead to mine, and in cool Blood let us contrive his Deſtruction.

Lory. Here comes a Head, Sir, would contrive it better than us both, if he wou'd but join in the Confederacy.

Enter Coupler.

Young Faſh. By this Light, old *Coupler* alive ſtill! Why, how now, Matchmaker, art thou here ſtill to plague the World with Matrimony? You old Bawd, how have you the Impudence to be hobbling out of your Grave twenty Years after you are rotten!

Coup. When you begin to rot, Sirrah, you'll go off like a Pippin, one Winter will ſend you to the Devil. What Miſchief brings you home again? Ha! You young laſcivious Rogue, you: Let me put my Hand into your Boſom, Sirrah.

Young Faſh. Stand off, old *Sodom*.

Coup. Nay, pr'ythee now don't be ſo coy.

Young Faſh. Keep your Hands to yourſelf, you old Dog you, or I'll wring your Noſe off.

Coup.

Coup. Haſt thou then been a Year in *Italy*, and brought home a Fool at laſt? By my Conſcience, the young Fellows of this Age profit no more by their going abroad, than they do by their going to Church. Sirrah, Sirrah, if you are not hang'd before you come to my Years, you'll know a Cock from a Hen. But come, I'm ſtill a Friend to thy Perſon, tho' I have a Contempt of thy Underſtanding; and therefore I would willingly know thy Condition, that I may ſee whether thou ſtandeſt in need of my Aſſiſtance; for Widows ſwarm, my Boy, the Town's infected with 'em.

Young Faſh. I ſtand in need of any body's Aſſiſtance, that will help me to cut my elder Brother's Throat, without the Riſque of being hang'd for him.

Coup. I'gad, Sirrah, I cou'd help thee to do him almoſt as good a turn, without the danger of being burnt in the Hand for't.

Young Faſh. Say'ſt thou ſo, old Satan? Shew me but that, and my Soul is thine.

Coup. Pox o'thy Soul! give me thy warm Body, Sirrah; I ſhall have a ſubſtantial Title to't when I tell thee my Project.

Young Faſh. Out with it then, dear Dad, and take poſſeſſion as ſoon as thou wilt.

Coup. Sayeſt thou ſo, my *Hepheſtion?* Why, then, thus lies the Scene: but hold; who's that? If we are heard we are undone.

Young Faſh. What have you forgot *Lory?*

Coup. Who, truſty *Lory*, is it thee?

Lory. At your Service, Sir.

Coup. Give me thy Hand, old Boy; I'gad I did not know thee again; but I remember thy Honeſty, tho' I did not thy Face; I think thou hadſt like to have been hang'd once or twice for thy Maſter.

Lory. Sir, I was very near once having that Honour.

Coup. Well, live and hope; don't be diſcourag'd; eat with him, and drink with him, and do what he bids thee, and it may be thy Reward at laſt, as well as another's.

To Young Faſh.] Well, Sir, you muſt know I have done you the Kindneſs to make up a Match for your Brother.

Young Fa.

Young Faſh. I am very much beholden to you, truly.

Coup. You may be, Sirrah, before the Wedding-day yet; the Lady is a great Heireſs; fifteen hundred Pound a year, and a great Bag of Money; the Match is concluded, the Writings are drawn, and the Pipkin's to be ſeal'd in a Fortnight—Now you muſt know, Stripling (with Reſpect to your Mother), your Brother's the Son of a Whore.

Young Faſh. Good.

Coup. He has given me a Bond of a Thouſand Pounds for helping him to this Fortune, and has promis'd me as much more in ready Money upon the Day of Marriage; which, I underſtand by a Friend, he ne'er deſigns to pay me; if therefore you will be a generous young Dog, and ſecure me five thouſand Pounds, I'll be a covetous old Rogue, and help you to the Lady.

Young Faſh. I'gad, if thou can'ſt bring this about, I'll have thy Statue caſt in Braſs. But don't you doat, you old Pandar you, when you talk at this rate?

Coup. That your youthful Parts ſhall judge of: This plump Partridge, that I tell you of, lives in the Country, fifty Miles off, with her honoured Parents, in a lonely old Houſe which nobody comes near; ſhe never goes abroad, nor ſees Company at home: To prevent all Misfortunes, ſhe has her Breeding within Doors, the Parſon of the Pariſh teaches her to play on the Baſs-Viol, the Clerk to ſing, her Nurſe to dreſs, and her Father to dance: In ſhort, nobody can give you admittance there but I; nor can I do it any other way, than by making you paſs for your Brother.

Young Faſh. And how the Devil wilt thou do that?

Coup. Without the Devil's Aid, I warrant thee. Thy Brother's Face not one of the Family ever ſaw; the whole Buſineſs has been manag'd by me, and all the Letters go thro' my Hands: The laſt that was writ to Sir *Tunbelly Clumſey* (for that's the old Gentleman's Name) was to tell him, his Lordſhip would be down in a Fortnight to conſummate. Now you ſhall go away immediately; pretend you writ that letter only to have the romantick Pleaſure of ſurprizing your Miſtreſs; fall deſperately in Love, as

ſoon

ſoon as you ſee her; make that your Plea for marrying her immediately; and when the fatigue of the Wedding-night's over, you ſhall ſend me a ſwinging Purſe of Gold, you Dog you.

Young Faſh. I'gad, old Dad, I'll put my Hand in thy Boſom now——

Coup. Ah, you young hot luſty Thief, let me muzzle you—— [*Kiſſing.*

Sirrah, let me muzzle you.

Young Faſh. 'Pſha, the old Letcher—— [*Aſide.*

Coup. Well; I'll warrant thou haſt not a Farthing of Money in thy Pocket now; no, one may ſee it in thy Face——

Young Faſh. Not a Sous, by *Jupiter.*

Coup Muſt I advance then?—Well, Sirrah, be at my Lodgings in half an Hour, and I'll ſee what may be done; we'll ſign and ſeal, and eat a Pullet, and when I have given thee ſome farther Inſtructions, thou ſhalt hoiſt Sail and be gone——[*Kiſſing*]——T'other Buſs, and ſo adieu.

Young Faſh. Um, 'pſha.

Coup. Ah, you young warm Dog, you; what a delicious Night will the Bride have on't! [*Exit Coupler.*

Young Faſh. So, *Lory*; Providence, thou ſeeſt, at laſt takes care of Men of Merit: We are in a fair way to be great People.

Lo. Ay, Sir, if the Devil don't ſtep between the Cup and the Lip, as he uſes to do.

Young Faſh. Why, faith, he has play'd me many a damn'd Trick to ſpoil my Fortune, and, I'gad, I'm almoſt afraid he's at work about it again now; but if I ſhould tell thee how, thou'dſt wonder at me.

Lo. Indeed, Sir, I ſhou'd not.

Young Faſh. How doſt know?

Lo. Becauſe, Sir, I have wonder'd at you ſo often, I can wonder at you no more.

Young Faſh No! what wouldſt thou ſay if a Qualm of Conſcience ſhould ſpoil my Deſign?

Lo. I wou'd eat my Words, and wonder more than ever.

Young Faſh. Why, faith, *Lory*, tho' I am a young Rake

Rake-hell, and have play'd many a Roguiſh Trick; this is ſo full grown a Cheat, I find I muſt take pains to come up to't; I have Scruples———

Lo. They are ſtrong Symptoms of Death; if you find they increaſe, pray, Sir, make your Will.

Young Faſh. No, my Conſcience ſhan't ſtarve me, neither. But thus far I'll hearken to it; before I execute this Project, I'll try my Brother to the bottom, *I'll* ſpeak to him with the Temper of a Philoſopher; my Reaſons (tho' they preſs him home) ſhall yet be cloth'd with ſo much Modeſty, not one of all the Truths they urge, ſhall be ſo naked to offend his Sight: if he has yet ſo much Humanity about him, as to aſſiſt me (tho' with a moderate Aid) I'll drop my Project at his Feet, and ſhew him how I can do for him, much more than what I aſk he'd do for me. This one concluſive Trial of him I reſolve to make—

Succeed or no, ſtill Victory's my Lot;
If I ſubdue his Heart, 'tis well; if not,
I ſhall ſubdue my Conſcience to my Plot. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Loveleſs *and* Amanda.

Lov. HOW do you like theſe Lodgings, my Dear? For my part, I am ſo well pleaſed with them, I ſhall hardly remove whilſt we ſtay in Town, if you are ſatisfy'd.

Aman. I am ſatisfy'd with every thing that pleaſes you; elſe I had not come to Town at all.

Lov. O! a little of the Noiſe and Buſtle of the World ſweetens the Pleaſures of Retreat: We ſhall find the Charms of our Retirement doubled, when we return to it.

Aman. That pleaſing Proſpect will be my chiefeſt Entertainment, whilſt, much againſt my Will, I am obliged

to ſtand ſurrounded with theſe empty Pleaſures, which 'tis ſo much the Faſhion to be fond of.

Lov. I own moſt of them are indeed but empty; nay, ſo empty, that one would wonder by what Magick Power they act, when they induce us to be vicious for their ſakes. Yet ſome there are we may ſpeak kindlier of: There are Delights, of which a private Life is deſtitute, which may divert an honeſt Man, and be a harmleſs Entertainment to a virtuous Woman. The Converſation of the Town is one; and truly (with ſome ſmall Allowances) the Plays, I think, may be eſteem'd another.

Aman. The Plays, I muſt confeſs, have ſome ſmall Charms; and wou'd have more, wou'd they reſtrain that looſe obſcene Encouragement to Vice, which ſhocks, if not the Virtue of ſome Women, at leaſt the Modeſty of all.

Lov. But till that Reformation can be made, I would not leave the wholeſome Corn for ſome intruding Tares that grow among it. Doubtleſs the Moral of a well-wrought Scene is of prevailing Force—— Laſt Night there happen'd one that mov'd me ſtrangely.

Aman. Pray, what was that?

Lov. Why 'twas about—but 'tis not worth repeating.

Aman. Yes, pray let me know it.

Lov. No, I think 'tis as well let alone.

Aman. Nay, now you make me have a mind to know.

Lov. 'Twas a fooliſh thing: You'd perhaps grow jealous ſhou'd I tell it you, tho' without a Cauſe, Heaven knows.

Aman. I ſhall begin to think I have cauſe, if you perſiſt in making it a Secret.

Lov. I'll then convince you you have none, by making it no longer ſo. Know then, I happen'd in the Play to find my very Character, only with the Addition of a Relapſe; which ſtruck me ſo, I put a ſudden Stop to a moſt harmleſs Entertainment, which till then diverted me between the Acts. 'Twas to admire the Workmanſhip of Nature, in the Face of a young Lady that ſat ſome diſtance from me, ſhe was ſo exquiſitely handſome——

Aman.

Aman. So exquiſitely handſome!

Lov. Why do you repeat my Words, my Dear?

Aman. Becauſe you ſeem'd to ſpeak them with ſuch Pleaſure, I thought I might oblige you with their Echo.

Lov. Then you are alarmed, *Amanda?*

Aman. It is my Duty to be ſo, when you are in danger.

Lov. You are too quick in apprehending for me; all will be well when you have heard me out. I do confeſs I gaz'd upon her, nay, eagerly I gaz'd upon her.

Aman. Eagerly! That's with Deſire.

Lov. No, I deſir'd her not: I view'd her with a World of Admiration, but not one Glance of Love.

Aman. Take heed of trifling to ſuch nice Diſtinctions.

Lov. I did take heed; for obſerving in the Play, that he who ſeem'd to repreſent me there, was, by an Accident like this, unwarily ſurpriz'd into a Net, in which he lay a poor intangled Slave, and brought a Train of Miſchiefs on his Head, I ſnatch'd my Eyes away; they pleaded hard for leave to look again, but I grew abſolute, and they obey'd.

Aman. Were they the only things that were inquiſitive? Had I been in your place, my Tongue, I fancy, had been curious too: I ſhou'd have aſk'd her Name, and where ſhe liv'd (yet ſtill without Deſign:)— Who was ſhe, pray?

Lov. Indeed I cannot tell.

Aman. You will not tell.

Lov. By all that's ſacred, then, I did not aſk.

Aman. Nor do you know what Company was with her?

Lov. I do not.

Aman. Then I am calm again.

Lov. Why, were you diſturb'd?

Aman. Had I then no cauſe?

Lov. None certainly.

Aman. I thought I had.

Lov. But you thought wrong, *Amanda*; For turn the Caſe, and let it be your Story: Should you come home,

and tell me you had ſeen a handſome Man, ſhou'd I grow jealous becauſe you had Eyes?

Aman. But ſhou'd I tell you he were exquiſitely ſo; that I had gaz'd on him with Admiration; that I had look'd with eager Eyes upon him; ſhou'd you not think 'twere poſſible I might go one Step further, and enquire his Name?

Lov. [*aſide*] She has Reaſon on her ſide, I have talk'd too much; but I muſt turn it off another way. [*To Aman.*] Will you then make no difference, *Amanda*, between the Language of our Sex and yours? There is a Modeſty reſtrains your Tongues, which makes you ſpeak by halves when you commend; but roving Flattery gives a looſe to ours, which makes us ſtill ſpeak double what we think: You ſhou'd not therefore, in ſo ſtrict a Senſe, take what I ſaid to her Advantage.

Aman. Thoſe Flights of Flattery, Sir, are to our Faces only: When Women once are out of hearing, you are as modeſt in your Commendations as we are. But I ſhan't put you to the trouble of farther Excuſes; if you pleaſe, this Buſineſs ſhall reſt here. Only give me leave to wiſh, both for your Peace and mine, that you may never meet this Miracle of Beauty more.

Lov. I am content.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, there's a young Lady at the door in a Chair, deſires to know whether your Ladyſhip ſees Company. I think her Name is *Berinthia.*

Aman. O dear! 'tis a Relation I have not ſeen this five Years. Pray her to walk in. [*Exit Servant.*

To Lov.] Here's another Beauty for you. She was young when I ſaw her laſt; but I hear ſhe's grown extremely handſome.

Lov. Don't you be jealous now, for I ſhall gaze upon her too.

Enter Berinthia.

Lov. [*aſide.*] Ha! By Heavens, the very Woman! *Ber.*

Ber. [*saluting Aman.*] Dear *Amanda*, I did not expect to meet with you in Town.

Aman. Sweet Cousin, I'm overjoy'd to see you. [*To Lov.*] Mr *Loveless*, here's a Relation and a Friend of mine, I desire you'll be better acquainted with.

Lov. [*saluting Ber.*] If my Wife never desires a harder thing, Madam, her Request will be easily granted.

Ber. [*to Aman.*] I think, Madam, I ought to wish you Joy.

Aman. Joy! Upon what?

Ber. Upon your Marriage: You were a Widow when I saw you last.

Lov. You ought rather, Madam, to wish me Joy upon that, since I am the only Gainer.

Ber. If she has got so good a Husband as the World reports, she has gain'd enough to expect the Compliment of her Friends upon it.

Lov. If the World is so favourable to me, to allow I deserve that Title, I hope 'tis so just to my Wife, to own I derive it from her.

Ber. Sir, it is so just to you both, to own you are, and deserve to be, the happiest Pair that live in it.

Lov. I'm afraid we shall lose that Character, Madam, whenever you happen to change your Condition.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord *Foppington* presents his humble Service to you, and desires to know how you do. He but just now heard you were in Town. He's at the next Door; and if it be not inconvenient, he'll come and wait upon you.

Lov. Lord *Foppington!*—I know him not.

Ber. Not his Dignity, perhaps, but you do his Person. 'Tis Sir *Novelty*; he has bought a Barony, in order to marry a great Fortune: His Patent has not been pass'd above eight-and forty-Hours, and he has already sent How do-ye's to all the Town, to make 'em acquainted with his Title.

Lov. Give my Service to his Lordship, and let him know, I am proud of the Honour he intends me. [*Ex. Ser.*

Ser. Sure this Addition of Quality muſt have ſo improv'd this Coxcomb, he can't but be very good Company for a quarter of an Hour.

Aman. Now it moves my Pity more than my Mirth, to ſee a Man whom Nature has made no Fool, be ſo very induſtrious to paſs for an Aſs.

Lov. No, there you are wrong, *Amanda*; you ſhou'd never beſtow your Pity upon thoſe who take pains for your Contempt; Pity thoſe whom Nature abuſes, but never thoſe who abuſe Nature.

Ber. Beſides, the Town wou'd be robb'd of one of its chiefeſt Diverſions, if it ſhou'd become a Crime to laugh at a Fool.

Aman. I could never yet perceive the Town inclin'd to part with any of its Diverſions, for the ſake of their being Crimes; but I have ſeen it very fond of ſome, I think, had little elſe to recommend 'em.

Ber. I doubt, *Amanda*, you are grown its Enemy, you ſpeak with ſo much warmth againſt it.

Aman. I muſt confeſs I am not much its Friend.

Ber. Then give me leave to make you mine, by not engaging in its Quarrel.

Aman. You have many ſtronger Claims than that, *Berinthia*, whenever you think fit to plead your Title.

Lov. You have done well to engage a Second, my Dear; for here comes one will be apt to call you to an Account for your Country Principles.

Enter Lord Foppington.

Lord Fop. [*to Lov.*] Sir, I am your moſt humble Servant.

Lov. I wiſh you Joy, my Lord.

Lord Fop. O Laird, Sir———Madam, your Ladyſhip's welcome to Tawn.

Aman. I wiſh your Lordſhip Joy.

Lord Fop. O Heavens, Madam——

Lov. My Lord, this young Lady is a Relation of my Wife's.

Lord Fop. [*ſaluting her.*] The beautifulleſt Race of People upon Earth, Rat me. Dear *Loveleſs*, I am overjoy'd to ſee you have brought your Family to Tawn again; I am

Aman, ſtap by Vitals—— [*Aſide.*] For I deſign to lie with your Wife. [*To Aman.*] Far Gad's ſake, Madam, how has your Ladyſhip been able to ſubſiſt thus long, under the Fatigue of a Country Life?

Aman. My life has been very far from that, my Lord, it has been a very quiet one.

Lord Fop. Why that's the Fatigue I ſpeak of, Madam: For 'tis impoſſible to be quiet, without thinking: Now thinking is to me the greateſt Fatigue in the World.

Aman. Does not your Lordſhip love reading then?

Lord Fop. Oh, paſſionately, Madam——But I never think of what I read.

Ber. Why, can your Lordſhip read without thinking?

Lord Fop. O Lard—— Can your Ladyſhip pray without Devotion — Madam?

Aman. Well, I muſt own I think Books the beſt Entertainment in the World.

Lord Fop. I am ſo much of your Ladyſhip's Mind, Madam, that I have a private Gallery, where I walk ſometimes, is furniſhed with nothing but Books and Looking-glaſſes. Madam, I have gilded them, and rang'd 'em, ſo prettily, before Gad, it is the moſt entertaining thing in the World to walk and look upon 'em.

Aman. Nay, I love a neat Library too; but 'tis, I think, the inſide of a Book ſhou'd recommend it moſt to us.

Lord Fop. That, I muſt confeſs, I am not altogether ſo fand of. Far to my mind the Inſide of a Book, is to entertain one's ſelf with the forc'd Product of another Man's Brain. Naw I think a Man of Quality and Breeding may be much diverted with the natural Sprauts of his own. But to ſay the truth, Madam, let a Man love reading never ſo well, when once he comes to know this Tawn, he finds ſo many better ways of paſſing away the Four-and-twenty Hours, that 'twere ten thouſand Pities he ſhou'd conſume his time in that. Far example, Madam, my Life; my Life, Madam, is a perpetual Stream of Pleaſure, that glides thro' ſuch a Variety of Entertainments, I believe the wiſeſt of our Anceſtors never had the leaſt Conception of any of 'em.

I riſe, Madam, about ten o'clock. I don't riſe ſooner, becauſe 'tis the worſt thing in the World for the Complection; not that I pretend to be a Beau; but a Man muſt endeavour to look wholeſome, leſt he makes ſo nauſeous a Figure in the Side-box, the Ladies ſhou'd be compell'd to turn their eyes upon the Play. So at Ten o'clock, I ſay, I riſe. Naw, if I find it a good Day, I reſalve to take a Turn in the Park, and ſee the fine Women; ſo huddle on my Clothes, and get dreſs'd by One. If it be naſty Weather, I take a Turn in the Chocolate-houſe; where, as you walk, Madam, you have the prettieſt Proſpect in the World; you have Looking-glaſſes all round you——— But I'm afraid I tire the Company.

Ber. Not at all. Pray go on.

Lord Fop. Why then, Ladies, from thence I go to Dinner at *Lacket*'s, and there you are ſo nicely and delicately ſerv'd, that, ſtap my Vitals, they can compoſe you a Diſh, no bigger than a Saucer, ſhall come to fifty Shillings; between eating my Dinner, and waſhing my Mouth, Ladies, I ſpend my time, till I go to the Play; where, till Nine o'clock, I entertain myſelf with looking upon the Company; and uſually diſpoſe of one Hour more in leading them aut. So there's Twelve of the Four-and-Twenty pretty well over. The other Twelve, Madam, are diſpoſed of in two Articles: In the firſt Four I toaſt myſelf drunk, and in t'other Eight I ſleep myſelf ſober again. Thus, Ladies, you ſee my Life is an eternal raund O of Delights.

Lov. 'Tis a heavenly one, indeed!

Aman. But, my Lord, you *Beaux* ſpend a great deal of your Time in Intrigues: You have given us no Account of them yet.

Lord Fop. [*aſide.*] Soh, ſhe wou'd enquire into my Amours——— That's Jealouſy——— She begins to be in love with me. [*To Aman.*] Why, Madam——— as to time for my Intrigues, I uſually make Detachments of it from my other Pleaſures, according to the Exigency. For your Ladyſhip may pleaſe to take notice, that thoſe who intrigue with Women of Quality, have rarely occaſion

tion for above half an Hour at a time: People of that Rank being under those Decorums, they can seldom give you a larger View, than will justly serve to shoot 'em flying. So that the Course of my other Pleasures is not very much interrupted by my Amours.

Lov. But your Lordship now is become a Pillar of the State; you must attend the weighty Affairs of the Nation.

Lord Fop. Sir——as to weighty Affairs—— I leave them to weighty Heads. I never intend mine shall be a Burden to my Body.

Lov. O, but you'll find the House will expect your Attendance.

Lord Fop. Sir, you'll find the House will compound for my Appearance.

Lov. But your Friends will take it ill if you don't attend their particular Causes.

Lord Fop. Not, Sir, if I come time enough to give 'em my particular Vote.

Ber. But pray, my Lord, how do you dispose of yourself on *Sundays?* for that, methinks, shou'd hang wretchedly on your hands.

Lord Fop. Why, faith, Madam——*Sunday*—— is a vile day, I must confess; I intend to move for leave to bring in a Bill, That Players may work upon it, as well as the Hackney Coaches. Tho' this I must say for the Government, it leaves us the Churches to entertain us——But then again, they begin so abominable early, a Man must rise by Candle-light to get dress'd by the Psalm.

Ber. Pray which Church does your Lordship most oblige with your Presence?

Lord Fop. Oh, St. *James's*, Madam——There's much the best Company.

Aman. Is there good Preaching too?

Lord Fop. Why, faith, Madam——I can't tell. A Man must have very little to do there, that can give an Account of the Sermon.

Ber. You can give us an Account of the Ladies, at least.

Lord Fop. Or I deſerve to be excommunicated—There is my Lady *Tattle*, my Lady *Prate*, my Lady *Titter*, my Lady *Leer*, my Lady *Giggle*, and my Lady *Grin*. There ſit in the Front of the Boxes, and all Church-time are the prettieſt Company in the World. ſtap my Vitals. [*To Aman.*] Mayn't we hope for the Honour to ſee your Ladyſhip added to our Society, Madam?

Aman. Alas, my Lord, I am the worſt Company in the World at Church: I'm apt to mind the Prayers, or the Sermon, or——

Lord Fop. One is indeed ſtrangely apt at Church to mind what one ſhould not do. But I hope, Madam, at one time or other, I ſhall have the Honour to lead your Ladyſhip to your Coach there. [*Aſide*] Methinks ſhe ſeems ſtrangely pleas'd with every thing I ſay to her—. 'Tis a vaſt pleaſure to receive Encouragement from a Woman before her Huſband's Face—— I have a good mind to purſue my Conqueſt, and ſpeak the thing plainly to her at once— I'gad, I'll do't, and that in ſo Cavalier a manner, ſhe ſhall be ſurpriz'd at it—— Ladies, I'll take my Leave: I'am afraid I begin to grow troubleſome with the length of my Viſit.

Aman. Your Lordſhip is too entertaining to grow troubleſome any where.

Lord Fop. [*aſide.*] That now was as much as if ſhe had ſaid——Pray lie with me. I'll let her ſee I'm quick of Apprehenſion. [*To Aman.*] O Lard, Madam, I had like to have forgot a Secret, I muſt needs tell your Ladyſhip. [*To Lov.*] *Ned*, you muſt not be ſo jealous now as to liſten.

Lov. Not I, my Lord; I'm too faſhionable a Huſband to pry into the Secrets of my Wife.

Lord Fop. [*to* Aman. *ſqueezing her Hand*] I am in love with you to Deſperation, ſtrike me ſpeechleſs.

Aman. [*giving him a Box o' th' Ear.*] Then thus I return your Paſſion—— An impudent Fool——

Lord Fop. Gad's Curſe, Madam, I'm a Peer of the Realm.

Lov. Hey; what the Devil, do you affront my Wife, Sir? Nay then—— [*They draw and fight. The Women run ſhricking for Help.*

Aman.

Aman. Ah! What has my Folly done? Help! Murder, help! Part 'em, for Heaven's ſake.

Lord Fop. [*falling back, and leaning upon his Sword.*] Ah——quite thro' the Body——Stap my Vitals.

Enter Servants.

Lov. [*running to him.*] I hope I han't kill'd the Fool, however——Bear him up! Where's your Wound?

Lord Fop. Juſt thro' the Guts.

Lov. Call a Surgeon there: Unbutton him quickly.

Lord Fop. Ay, pray make haſte.

Lov. This Miſchief you may thank yourſelf for.

Lord Fop. I may ſo——Love's the Devil indeed, *Ned.*

Enter Syringe *and Servant.*

Serv. Here's Mr. *Syringe*, Sir, was juſt going by the Door.

Lord Fop. He's the welcomeſt Man alive.

Syr. Stand by, ſtand by, ſtand by. Pray, Gentlemen, ſtand by. Lord have mercy upon us! Did you never ſee a Man run thro' the Body before? Pray ſtand by.

Lord Fop. Ah, Mr. *Syringe*——I'm a dead Man.

Syr. A dead Man, and I by——I ſhou'd laugh to ſee that, I'gad.

Lov. Pr'ythee don't ſtand prating, but look upon his Wound.

Syr. Why, what if I won't look upon his Wound this Hour, Sir?

Lov. Why then he'll bleed to Death, Sir.

Syr. Why, then I'll fetch him to life again, Sir.

Lov. 'Slife, he's run thro' the Guts, I tell thee.

Syr. Would he were run thro' the Heart, I ſhou'd get the more Credit by his Cure. Now I hope you're ſatisfy'd?——Come, now let me come at him; now let me come at him. [*Viewing his Wound.*] Ooms, what a Gaſh is here!—— Why, Sir, a Man may drive a Coach and ſix Horſes into your Body.

Lord Fop. Ho——

Syr. Why, what the Devil, have you run the Gentleman thro' with a Scythe?—— [*Aſide.*] A little Prick between the Skin and the Ribs, that's all.

Lov.

Lov. Let me ſee his Wound.

Syr. Then you ſhall dreſs it, Sir; for if any body looks upon it, I won't.

Lov. Why, thou art the verieſt Coxcomb I ever ſaw.

Syr. Sir, I am not Maſter of my Trade for nothing.

Lord Fop. Surgeon!

Syr. Well, Sir.

Lord Fop. Is there any Hopes?

Syr. Hopes!---- I can't tell---- What are you willing to give for your Cure?

Lord Fop. Five hundred Paunds with Pleaſure.

Syr. Why then perhaps there may be Hopes. But we muſt avoid further Delay. Here, help the Gentleman into a Chair, and carry him to my Houſe preſently, that's the propereſt place [*Aſide.*] to bubble him out of his Money. Come, a Chair, a Chair quickly---There, in with him. [*They put him into a Chair.*

Lord Fop. Dear *Loveleſs*---Adieu. If I die---I forgive thee; and if I live---I hope thou wilt do as much by me. I am very ſorry you and I ſhou'd quarrel; but I hope here's an end on't, for if you are ſatisfy'd---I am.

Lov. I ſhall hardly think it worth my proſecuting any further, ſo you may be at reſt, Sir.

Lord Fop. Thou art a generous Fellow, ſtrike me dumb. [*Aſide.*] But thou haſt an impertinent Wife, ſtap my Vitals.

Syr. So, carry him off, carry him off, we ſhall have him prate himſelf into a Fever by and by; carry him off. [*Ex.* Serv. *with* L. Fop.

Aman. Now on my Knees, my Dear, let me aſk your pardon for my Indiſcretion, my own I never ſhall obtain.

Lov. Oh, there's no harm done: You ſerv'd him well.

Aman. He did indeed deſerve it. But I tremble to think how dear my indiſcreet Reſentment might have coſt you.

Lov. O, no matter; never trouble yourſelf about that.

Ber. For Heaven's ſake, what was't he did to you?

Aman. O nothing; he only ſqueez'd me kindly by the Hand, and frankly offer'd me a Coxcomb's Heart. I know

I know I was to blame to reſent it as I did, ſince nothing but a Quarrel could enſue. But the Fool ſo ſurpriz'd me with his Inſolence, I was not Miſtreſs of my Fingers.

Ber. Now I dare ſwear, he thinks you had 'em at great Command, they obey'd you ſo readily.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. Save you, ſave you, good People; I'm glad to find you all alive; I met a wounded Peer carrying off. For Heav'ns ſake, what was the matter?

Lov. O, a Trifle: He would have lain with my Wife before my Face, ſo ſhe oblig'd him with a Box o'the Ear, and I run him thro' the Body: That was all.

Wor. Bagatelle on all ſides. But, pray, Madam, how long has this noble Lord been an humble Servant of yours?

Aman. This is the firſt I have heard on't. So I ſuppoſe 'tis his Quality, more than his Love, has brought him into this Adventure. He thinks his Title an authentick Paſſport to every Woman's Heart, below the Degree of a Peereſs.

Wor. He's Coxcomb enough to think any thing. But I wou'd not have you brought into Trouble for him: I hope there's no Danger of his Life?

Lov. None at all: He's fallen into the Hands of a roguiſh Surgeon, who I perceive deſigns to frighten a little Money out of him. But I ſaw his Wound, 'tis nothing; he may go to the Play to-night, if he pleaſes.

Wor. I'm glad you have corrected him without farther Miſchief. And now, Sir, if theſe Ladies have no farther Service for you, you'll oblige me if you can go to the Place I ſpoke to you of t'other Day.

Lov. With all my Heart. [*Aſide.*] Tho' I cou'd wiſh, methinks, to ſtay and gaze a little longer on that Creature. Good God! How beautiful ſhe is!—But what have I to do with Beauty? I have already had my Portion, and muſt not covet more. Come, Sir, when you pleaſe. [*To* Wor.

Wor. Ladies, your Servant.

Aman.

Aman. Mr. *Loveleſs*, pray one Word with you before you go.

Lov. to *Wor.*] I'll overtake you, Sir: What would my Dear?

Aman. Only a Woman's fooliſh Queſtion, How do you like my Couſin here?

Lov. Jealous already, *Amanda?*

Aman. Not at all; I aſk you for another Reaſon.

Lov. Aſide.] Whate'er her Reaſon be, I muſt not tell her true. [*To Aman.*] Why, I confeſs ſhe's handſome. But you muſt not think I ſlight your Kinſwoman, if I own to you, of all the Women who may claim that Character, ſhe is the laſt wou'd triumph in my Heart.

Aman. I'm ſatisfy'd.

Lov. Now tell me why you aſk'd?

Aman. At Night I will. Adieu.

Lov. I'm yours. [*kiſſing her.*] [*Exit* Lov.

Aman. [*aſide.*] I'm glad to find he does not like her; for I have a great mind to perſuade her to come and live with me. [*To Ber.*] Now, dear *Berinthia*, let me enquire a little into your Affairs: for I do aſſure you, I am enough your Friend, to intereſt myſelf in every thing that concerns you.

Ber. You formerly have given me ſuch Proofs on't, I ſhou'd be very much to blame to doubt it; I am ſorry I have no Secrets to truſt you with, that I might convince you how entire a Confidence I durſt repoſe in you.

Aman. Why is it poſſible, that one ſo young and beautiful as you, ſhou'd live and have no Secrets?

Ber. What Secrets do you mean?

Aman. Lovers.

Ber. O Twenty; but not one ſecret one amongſt 'em. Lovers in this Age have too much Honour to do any thing under-hand; they do all above-board.

Aman. That now, methinks, wou'd make me hate a Man.

Ber. But the Women of the Town are of another mind: For by this means a Lady may, with the Expence of a few Coquet Glances, lead twenty Fools about in a String, for two or three Years together. Whereas, if ſhe ſhou'd

ſhou'd allow 'em greater Favours, and oblige 'em to Secrecy, ſhe wou'd not keep one of 'em a Fortnight.

Aman. There's ſomething indeed in That to ſatisfy the Vanity of a Woman, but I can't comprehend how the Men find their Account in it.

Ber. Their Entertainment, I muſt confeſs, is a Riddle to me. For there's very few of them ever get farther than a Bow and an Ogle. I have half a Score for my Share, who follow me all over the Town; and at the Play, the Park, and the Church, do, with their Eyes, ſay the violent'ſt things to me—But I never hear any more of 'em.

Aman. What can be the Reaſon of that?

Ber. One Reaſon is, They don't know how to go farther. They have had ſo little Practice, they don't underſtand the Trade. But beſides their Ignorance, you muſt know there is not one of my half-ſcore Lovers but what follows half a ſcore Miſtreſſes. Now their Affections being divided amongſt ſo many, are not ſtrong enough for any one, to make 'em purſue her to the Purpoſe. Like a young Puppy in a Warren, they have a Flirt at all, and catch none.

Aman. Yet they ſeem to have a Torrent of Love to diſpoſe of.

Ber. They have ſo: But 'tis like the River of a Modern Philoſopher, whoſe Works, tho' a Woman, I have read: it ſets out with a violent Stream, ſplits in a thouſand Branches, and is all loſt in the Sands.

Aman. But do you think this River of Love runs all its Courſe without doing any Miſchief? Do you think it overflows nothing?

Ber. O yes; 'tis true, it never breaks into any body's Ground that has the leaſt Fence about it; but it overflows all the Commons that lie in its way. And this is the utmoſt Atchievement of thoſe dreadful Champions in the Field of Love—the Beaux.

Aman. But pr'ythee, *Berinthia*, inſtruct me a little farther; for I am ſo great a Novice, I'm almoſt aſham'd on't. My Huſband's leaving me whilſt I was young and fond,

found, threw me into that Depth of Diſcontent, that ever ſince I have led ſo private and recluſe a Life, my Ignorance is ſcarce conceivable. I therefore fain would be inſtructed: Not, Heaven knows, that what you call Intrigues have any Charms for me: my Love and Principles are too well fix'd. The practick Part of all unlawful Love is——

Ber. O 'tis abominable: But for the Speculative—that we muſt all confeſs is entertaining. The Converſation of all the virtuous Women in the Town turns upon that and new Clothes.

Aman. Pray be ſo juſt then to me, to believe, 'tis with a World of Innocency I wou'd enquire, Whether you think thoſe Women we call Women of Reputation, do really 'ſcape all other Men, as they do thoſe Shadows of 'em, the Beaux.

Ber. O no, *Amanda*; there are a ſort of Men make dreadful Work amongſt 'em: Men that may be call'd The Beaux Antipathy; for they agree in nothing but walking upon two Legs.

Theſe have Brains: The Beau has none.

Theſe are in Love with their Miſtreſs: The Beau with himſelf.

They take care of her Reputation: He's induſtrious to deſtroy it.

They are decent: He's a Fop.

They are ſound: He's rotten.

They are Men: He's an Aſs.

Aman. If this be their Character, I fancy we had here e'en now a Pattern of 'em both.

Ber. His Lordſhip and Mr. *Worthy?*

Aman. The ſame.

Ber. As for the Lord, he's eminently ſo: And for the other, I can aſſure you, there's not a Man in Town who has a better Intereſt with the Women, that are worth having an Intereſt with. But 'tis all private: He's like a Back-ſtair Miniſter at Court, who, whilſt the reputed Favourites are ſauntering in the Bed-chamber, is ruling the Roaſt in the Cloſet.

Aman. He anſwers then the Opinion I had ever of him. Heavens!

Heavens! What a difference there is between a Man like him, and that vain nauſeous Fop, Sir *Novelty!* [*Taking her Hand.*] I muſt acquaint you with a Secret, Couſin. 'Tis not that Fool alone has talked to me of Love, *Worthy* has been tampering too: 'Tis true, he has done it in vain: Not all his Charms or Art have power to ſhake me. My Love, my Duty, and my Virtue, are ſuch faithful Guards, I need not fear my Heart ſhou'd e'er betray me. But what I wonder at is this: I find I did not ſtart at his Propoſal, as when it came from one whom I contemn'd. I therefore mention this Attempt, that I may learn from you whence it proceeds, that Vice, which cannot change its Nature, ſhou'd ſo far change at leaſt its Shape, as that the ſelf-ſame Crime propos'd from one ſhall ſeem a Monſter gaping at your Ruin, when from another it ſhall look ſo kind, as tho' it were your Friend, and never meant to harm you. Whence think you, can this Difference proceed? For 'tis not Love, Heaven knows.

Ber. O no; I wou'd not for the World believe it were. But poſſibly, ſhou'd there a dreadful Sentence paſs upon you, to undergo the Rage of both their Paſſions; the Pain you apprehend from one might ſeem ſo trivial to the other, the Danger wou'd not quite ſo much alarm you.

Aman. Fy, fy, *Berinthia!* you wou'd indeed alarm me, cou'd you incline me to a Thought, that all the Merit of Mankind combin'd, cou'd ſhake that tender Love I bear my Huſband: No, he ſits triumphant in my Heart, and nothing can dethrone him.

Ber. But ſhou'd he abdicate again, do you think you ſhou'd preſerve the vacant Throne ten tedious Winters more, in hopes of his return?

Aman. Indeed I think I ſhou'd. Tho' I confeſs, after thoſe Obligations he has to me, ſhou'd he abandon me once more, my Heart wou'd grow extremely urgent with me to root him thence, and caſt him out for ever.

Ber. Were I that thing they call a ſlighted Wife, ſome Body ſhou'd run the riſque of being that thing they call—a Huſband.

Aman. O fy, *Berinthia!* No Revenge ſhou'd ever be taken

taken againſt a Huſband: But to wrong his Bed is a Vengeance, which of all Vengeance——

Ber. Is the ſweeteſt—ha, ha, ha! Don't I talk madly?

Aman. Madly indeed.

Ber. Yet I'm very innocent.

Aman. That I dare ſwear you are. I know how to make Allowances for your Humour: You were always very entertaining Company; but I find ſince Marriage and Widowhood have ſhewn you the World a little, you are very much improv'd.

Ber. [*aſide.*] Alack a-day, there has gone more than that to improve me, if ſhe knew all.

Aman. For Heaven's ſake, *Berinthia*, tell me what way I ſhall take to perſuade you to come and live with me?

Ber. Why, one way in the World there is——and but one.

Aman. Pray which is that?

Ber. It is to aſſure me—I ſhall be very welcome.

Aman. If that be all, you ſhall e'en lie here to-night.

Ber. To-night?

Aman. Yes, to-night.

Ber. Why, the People where I lodge will think me mad.

Aman. Let 'em think what they pleaſe.

Ber. Say you ſo, *Amanda?* Why then they ſhall think what they pleaſe: For I'm a young Widow, and I care not what any body thinks. Ah, *Amanda*, it's a delicious thing to be a young Widow.

Aman. You'll hardly make me think ſo.

Ber. Phu, becauſe you are in love with your Huſband: but that is not every Woman's Caſe.

Aman. I hope 'twas yours, at leaſt.

Ber. Mine, ſay ye? Now I have a great mind to tell you a Lye, but I ſhou'd do it ſo aukwardly, you'd find me out.

Aman. Then e'en ſpeak the Truth.

Ber. Shall I?—— Then after all, I did love him, *Amanda*—as a Nun does Penance.

Aman.

Aman. Why did not you refuſe to marry him, then?

Ber. Becauſe my Mother wou'd have whipt me.

Aman. How did you live together?

Ber. Like Man and Wife—aſunder;
He lov'd the Country, I the Town.
He Hawks and Hounds, I Coaches and Equipage.
He Eating and Drinking, I Carding and Playing.
He the Sound of a Horn, I the Squeak of a Fiddle.
We were ſtill Company at Table, worſe a-bed.
Whenever we met, we gave one another the Spleen.
And never agreed but once, which was about lying alone.

Aman. But tell me one thing truly and ſincerely.

Ber. What's that?

Aman. Notwithſtanding all theſe Jars, did not his Death at laſt extremely trouble you?

Ber. O yes: Not that my preſent Pangs were ſo very violent, but the After-pains were intolerable. I was forc'd to wear a beaſtly Widow's Band a Twelvemonth for't.

Aman. Women, I find, have different Inclinations.

Ber. Women, I find, keep different Company. When your Huſband ran away from you, if you had fallen into ſome of my Acquaintance, 'twou'd have ſav'd you many a Tear. But you go and live with a Grandmother, a Biſhop, and an old Nurſe, which was enough to make any Woman break her Heart for her Huſband. Pray, *Amanda*, if ever you are a Widow again, keep yourſelf ſo as I do.

Aman. Why, do you then reſolve you'll never marry?

Ber. O, no; I reſolve I will.

Aman. How ſo?

Ber. That I never may.

Aman. You banter me.

Ber. Indeed I don't. But I conſider I'm a Woman, and form my Reſolutions accordingly.

Aman. Well, my Opinion is, form what Reſolution you will, Matrimony will be the end on't.

Ber. Faith it won't.

Aman. How do you know?

Ber. I'm ſure on't.

Aman.

Aman. Why, do you think 'tis impoſſible for you to fall in love?

Ber. No.

Aman. Nay, but to grow ſo paſſionately fond, that nothing but the Man you love can give you reſt?

Ber. Well, what then?

Aman. Why, then you'll marry him.

Ber. How do you know that?

Aman. Why, what can you do elſe?

Ber. Nothing—but ſit and cry.

Aman. Pſha.

Ber. Ah, poor *Amanda*, you have led a Country Life: But if you'll conſult the Widows of this Town, they'll tell you, you ſhou'd never take a Leaſe of a Houſe you can hire for a Quarter's Warning. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Lord Foppington *and Servant.*

Lord Fop. HEY, Fellow, let the Coach come to the Door.

Serv. Will your Lordſhip venture ſo ſoon to expoſe yourſelf to the Weather?

Lord Fop. Sir, I will venture as ſoon as I can, to expoſe myſelf to the Ladies: tho' give me my Cloke, however; for in that Side-box, what between the Air that comes in at the Door on one ſide, and the intolerable Warmth of the Maſks on t'other, a Man gets ſo many Heats and Colds, 'twou'd deſtroy the Conſtitution of a Harſe.

Ser. [*putting on his Cloke.*] I wiſh your Lordſhip wou'd pleaſe to keep Houſe a little longer, I'm afraid your Honour does not well conſider your Wound.

Lord Fop. My Wound!——— I wou'd not be in Eclipſe another Day, tho' I had as many Wounds in my Guts as I have had in my Heart.

Enter

Enter Young Faſhion.

Young Faſh. Brother, your Servant. How do you find yourſelf to-day?

Lord Fop. So well, that I have order'd my Coach to the Door: So there's no great Danger of Death this baut, *Tam.*

Young Faſh. I'm very glad of it.

Lord Fop. aſide. That I believe's a Lye. Pr'ythee, *Tam*, tell me one thing: Did not your Heart cut a Caper up to your Mauth, when you heard I was run thro' the Body?

Young Faſh. Why do you think it ſhou'd?

Lord Fop. Becauſe I remember mine did ſo, when I heard my Father was ſhot thro' the Head?

Young Faſh. It then did very ill.

Lord Fop. Pr'ythee, why ſo?

Young Faſh. Becauſe he us'd you very well.

Lord Fop. Well?— naw ſtrike me dumb, he ſtarv'd me. He has let me want a Thauſand Women for want of a Thauſand Paund.

Young Faſh. Then he hindered you from making a great many ill Bargains; for I think no Woman is worth Money, that will take Money.

Lord Fop. If I were a younger Brother, I ſhou'd think ſo too.

Young Faſh. Why, is it poſſible you can value a Woman that's to be bought?

Lord Fop. Pr'ythee, why not as well as a Pad-Nag?

Young Faſh. Becauſe a Woman has a Heart to diſpoſe of; a Horſe has none.

Lord Fop. Look you, *Tam*, of all things that belang to a Woman, I have an Averſion to her Heart; for when once a Woman has given you her Heart——you can never get rid of the reſt of her Bady.

Young Faſh. This is ſtrange Doctrine: But pray in your Amours how is it with your own Heart?

Lord Fop. Why, my Heart in my Amours——is like——my Heart aut of my Amours; *a la glace.* My Bady, *Tam*, is a Watch; and my Heart is the Pendulum

to

to it; whilſt the Finger runs raund to every Hour in the Circle, that ſtill beats the ſame time.

Young Faſh. Then you are ſeldom much in love?

Lord Fop. Never, Stap my Vitals.

Young Faſh. Why then did you make all this Buſtle about *Amanda?*

Lord Fop. Becauſe ſhe was a Woman of an inſolent Virtue, and I thought myſelf piqu[illegible] in Honour to debauch her.

Young Faſh. Very well. [*Aſide.*] Here's a rare Fellow for you, to have the ſpending of F[illegible] Pounds a-year. But now for my Buſineſs with him. [*To Lord Fop.*] Brother, tho' I know to talk of Buſineſs (eſpecially of Money) is a Theme not quite ſo entertaining to you as that of the Ladies, my Neceſſities are ſuch, I hope you'll have patience to hear me.

Lord Fop. The greatneſs of your Neceſſities, *Tam*, is the worſt Argument in the World far your being patiently heard. I do believe you are going to make a very good Speech, but, ſtrike me dumb, it has the worſt beginning of any Speech I have heard this Twevemonth.

Young Faſh. I'm very ſorry you think ſo.

Lord Fop. I do believe thou art. But come, let's know thy Affair quickly; for 'tis a new Play, and I ſhall be ſo rumpled and ſqueezed with preſſing thro' the Crawd, to get to my Servant, the Women will think I have lain all Night in my Clothes.

Young Faſh. Why then (that I may not be the Author of ſo great a Misfortune) my Caſe in a Word is this: The neceſſary Expences of my Travels have ſo much exceeded the wretched Income of my Annuity, that I have been forced to mortgage it for Five Hundred Pounds, which is ſpent; ſo that unleſs you are ſo kind to aſſiſt me in redeeming it, I know no Remedy but to take a Purſe.

Lord Fop. Why, Faith, *Tam*——to give you my Senſe of the thing, I do think taking a Purſe the beſt Remedy in the World; for if you ſucceed, you are reliev'd that way; if you are taken——you are reliev'd t'other.

Young Faſh. I'm glad to ſee you are in ſo pleaſant a Humour, I hope I ſhall find the Effects on't.

Lord Fop.

Lord Fop. Why, do you then really think it a reaſonable thing I ſhould give you Five Hundred Paunds?

Young Faſh. I do not aſk it as a Due, Brother, I am willing to receive it as a Favour.

Lord Fop. Thau art willing to receive it any haw, ſtrike me ſpeechleſs. But theſe are damn'd times to give Money in: Taxes are ſo great, Repairs ſo exorbitant, Tenants ſuch Rogues, and Perriwigs ſo dear, that the Devil take me, I am reduc'd to that extremity in my Caſh, I have been farc'd to retrench in that one Article of Powder, till I have braught it dawn to Five Guineas a Manth. Naw judge, *Tam*, whether I can ſpare you Five hundred Paunds?

Young Faſh. If you can't, I muſt ſtarve, that's all. [*Aſide.*] Damn him.

Lord Fop. All I can ſay is, you ſhould have been a better Huſband.

Young Faſh. 'Oons, if you can't live upon five thouſand a-year, how do you think I ſhould do't upon two hundred?

Lord Fop. Don't be in a Paſſion, *Tam*; for Paſſion is the moſt unbecoming thing in the Warld——to the Face. Look you, I don't love to ſay any thing to you to make you melancholy; but upon this occaſion I muſt take leave to put you in mind, that a Running Horſe does require more Attendance, than a Coach-Horſe. Nature has made ſome difference 'twixt you and I.

Young Faſh. Yes, ſhe has made you older. [*Aſide.*] Pox take her.

Lord Fop. That is nat all, *Tam*.

Young Faſh. Why, what is there elſe?

Lord Fop. [*looking firſt upon himſelf, then upon his Brother.*] ——————Aſk the Ladies.

Young Faſh. Why, thou Eſſence Bottle, thou Muſk-Cat, doſt thou then think thou haſt any Advantage over me, but what Fortune has given thee?

Lord Fop. I do——ſtap my Vitals.

Young Faſh. Now, by all that's great and powerful, thou art the Prince of Coxcombs.

Lord Fop. Sir——I am praud of being at the Head of ſo prevailing a Party.

Young Faſh.

Young Faſh. Will nothing then provoke thee?——Draw, Coward.

Lord Fop. Look you, *Tam*, you know I have always taken you for a mighty dull Fellow, and here is one of the fooliſheſt Plats broke out, that I have ſeen a long time. Your Paverty makes your Life ſo burdenſome to you, you would provoke me to Quarrel, in hopes either to ſlip thro' my Lungs into my Eſtate, or to get yourſelf run thro' the Guts, to put an end to your Pain. But I will diſappoint you in both your Deſigns: for with the Temper of a Philoſopher, and the Diſcretion of a Stateſman——I will go to the Play with my Sword in my Scabbard. [*Exit* Lord Fop.

Young Faſh. So! Farewel, Snuff-Box. And now, Conſcience, I defy thee. *Lory!*

Enter Lory.

Lo. Sir.

Young Faſh. Here's rare News, *Lory*; his Lordſhip has given me a Pill has purg'd off all my Scruples.

Lo. Then my Heart's at eaſe again: For I have been in a lamentable Fright, Sir, ever ſince your Conſcience had the Impudence to intrude into your Company.

Young Faſh. Be at peace, it will come there no more: My Brother has given it a wring by the Noſe, and I have kick'd it down Stairs. So run away to the Inn; get the Horſes ready quickly, and bring them to old *Coupler's*, without a Moment's Delay.

Lo. Then, Sir, you are going ſtraight about the Fortune.

Young Faſh. I am: away; fly, *Lory*.

Lo. The happieſt Day I ever ſaw. I'm upon the Wing already. [*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

SCENE

II SCENE, *a Garden.*

Enter Loveleſs *and Servant.*

Lov. IS my Wife within?

Ser. No, Sir, ſhe has been gone out this Half hour.

Lov. Well; leave me.

Solus.

Sure Fate has yet ſome Buſineſs to be done,
Before *Amanda*'s Heart and mine muſt reſt;
Elſe, why amongſt thoſe Legions of her Sex,
Which throng the World,
Shou'd ſhe pick out for her Companion
The only one on Earth
Whom Nature has endow'd for her undoing?
Undoing was't, I ſaid——Who ſhall undo her?
Is not her Empire fix'd? Am I not hers?
Did ſhe not reſcue me, a groveling Slave,
When, chain'd and bound by that black Tyrant Vice,
I labour'd in his vileſt Drudgery?
Did ſhe not ranſom me, and ſet me free?
Nay, more:
When by my Follies ſunk
To a poor tatter'd, deſpicable Beggar,
Did ſhe not lift me up to envy'd Fortune?
Give me herſelf, and all that ſhe poſſeſt?
Without a Thought of more Return,
Than what a poor repenting Heart might make her,
Han't ſhe done this? And if ſhe has,
Am I not ſtrongly bound to love her for it?
To love her—Why, do I not love her then?
By Earth and Heaven, I do!
Nay, I have Demonſtration that I do:
For I would ſacrifice my Life to ſerve her.
Behold——If laying down my Life
Be Demonſtration of my Love,

What is't I feel in favour of *Berinthia?*
For ſhou'd ſhe be in danger, methinks, I cou'd incline
To riſk it for her Service too; and yet I do not love her.
How then ſubſiſts my Proof?——
——O, I have found it out.
What I would do for one, is Demonſtration of my Love;
And if I'd do as much for t'other: it there is Demonſtration of my Friendſhip——Ay——it muſt be ſo. I find I'm very much her Friend.—Yet let me aſk myſelf one puzzling Queſtion more:

Whence ſprings this mighty Friendſhip all at once?
For our Acquaintance is of a later Date. Now Friendſhip's ſaid to be a Plant of tedious Growth, its Root compos'd of tender Fibres, nice in their Taſte, cautious in ſpreading, check'd with the leaſt Corruption in the Soil, long ere it take, and longer ſtill ere it appear to do ſo; whilſt mine is in a Moment ſhot ſo high, and fix'd ſo faſt, it ſeems beyond the Power of Storms to ſhake it. I doubt it thrives too faſt. [*Muſing.*

Enter Berinthia.

—Ah, ſhe here!—Nay, then take heed, my Heart, for there are Dangers towards.

Ber. What makes you look ſo thoughtful, Sir? I hope you are not ill.

Lov. I was debating, Madam, whether I was ſo or not; and that was it which made me look ſo thoughtful.

Ber. Is it then ſo hard a matter to decide? I thought all People had been acquainted with their own Bodies, tho' few People know their own Minds.

Lov. What if the Diſtemper, I ſuſpect, be in the Mind?

Ber. Why then I'll undertake to preſcribe you a Cure.

Lov. Alas, you undertake you know not what.

Ber. So far at leaſt then allow me to be a Phyſician.

Lov. Nay, I'll allow you ſo yet farther: For I have reaſon to believe, ſhou'd I put myſelf into your Hands, you wou'd increaſe my Diſtemper.

Ber. Perhaps I might have Reaſons from the College not to be too quick in your Cure; but 'tis poſſible, I might find ways to give you often Eaſe, Sir.

Lov.

Lov. Were I but ſure of that, I'd quickly lay my Caſe before you.

Ber. Whether you are ſure of it or no, what Riſk do you run in trying?

Lov. O, a very great one.

Ber. How?

Lov. You might betray my Diſtemper to my Wife.

Ber. And ſo loſe all my Practice.

Lov. Will you then keep my Secret?

Ber. I will, if it don't burſt me.

Lov. Swear.

Ber. I do.

Lov. By what?

Ber. By Woman.

Lov. That's ſwearing by my Deity. Do it by your own, or I ſhan't believe you.

Ber. By Man then.

Lov. I'm ſatisfy'd. Now hear my Symptoms, and give me your Advice. The firſt were theſe:
When 'twas my Chance to ſee you at the Play,
A random Glance you threw, at firſt alarm'd me,
I cou'd not turn my Eyes from whence the Danger came:
I gaz'd upon you, till you ſhot again,
And then my Fears came on me.
My Heart began to pant, my Limbs to tremble,
My Blood grew thin, my Pulſe beat quick,
My Eyes grew hot and dim, and all the Frame of Nature
Shook with Apprehenſion.
'Tis true, ſome ſmall Recruits of Reſolution
My Manhood brought to my Aſſiſtance,
And by their Help I made a Stand a while,
But found at laſt your Arrows flew ſo thick,
They cou'd not fail to pierce me;
So left the Field,
And fled for ſhelter to *Amanda*'s Arms.
What think you of theſe Symptoms, pray?

Ber. Feveriſh every one of 'em.
But, what Relief pray did your Wife afford you?

Lov. Why, inſtantly ſhe let me Blood, which for the preſent much aſſuag'd my Flame. But when I ſaw you,

out it burſt again, and rag'd with greater Fury than before. Nay, ſince you now appear, 'tis ſo increas'd, that in a Moment, if you do not help me, I ſhall, whilſt you look on, conſume to Aſhes. [*Taking hold of her Hand.*

Ber. [*breaking from him.*] O Lard, let me go: 'Tis the Plague, and we ſhall all be infected.

Lov. [*catching her in his Arms, and kiſſing her.*] Then we'll die together, my charming Angel.

Ber. O Ged——the Devil's in you. Lard, let me go, here's ſomebody coming.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lady's come home, and deſires to ſpeak with you: She's in her Chamber.

Lov. Tell her I'm coming. [*Exit Serv.*

To Ber. But before I go, one Glaſs of Nectar more to drink her Health.

Ber. Stand off, or I ſhall hate you, by Heavens!

Lov. [*kiſſing her.*] In Matters of Love, a Woman's Oath is no more to be minded than a Man's.

Ber. Um——

Enter Worthy.

Wor. Ha! What's here? my old Miſtreſs, and ſo cloſe, I'faith! I wou'd not ſpoil her Sport for the Univerſe. [*He retires.*

Ber. O Ged——Now do I pray to Heaven, [*Exit* Loveleſs *running.*] with all my Heart and Soul, that the Devil in Hell may take me, if ever——I was better pleas'd in my Life——This Man has bewitch'd me, that's certain. [*Sighing.*] Well, I am condemn'd, but, Thanks to Heaven, I feel myſelf each Moment more and more prepar'd for my Execution—Nay, to that degree, I don't perceive I have the leaſt fear of Dying. No, I find, let the Executioner be but a Man, and there's nothing will ſuffer with more Reſolution than a Woman. Well, I never had but one Intrigue yet: But I confeſs I long to have another. Pray Heaven it end as the firſt did tho', that we may both grow weary at a time; for 'tis a melancholy thing for Lovers to outlive one another.

Enter

Enter Worthy.

Wor. aſide.] This Diſcovery's a lucky one, I hope to make a happy uſe on't. That Gentlewoman there is no Fool; ſo I ſhall be able to make her underſtand her Intereſt.—[*To* Ber.] Your Servant, Madam; I need not aſk you how you do, you have got ſo good a Colour.

Ber. No better than I us'd to have, I ſuppoſe.

Wor. A little more Blood in your Checks.

Ber. The Weather's hot.

Wor. If it were not, a Woman may have a Colour.

Ber. What do you mean by that?

Wor. Nothing.

Ber. Why do you ſmile then?

Wor. Becauſe the Weather's hot.

Ber. You'll never leave roguing, I ſee that.

Wor. [*putting his Finger to his Noſe.*] You'll never leave——I ſee that.

Ber. Well, I can't imagine what you drive at. Pray tell me what you mean?

Wor. Do you tell me, it's the ſame thing.

Ber. I can't.

Wor. Gueſs!

Ber. I ſhall gueſs wrong.

Wor. Indeed you won't.

Ber. Pſha! either tell, or let it alone.

Wor. Nay, rather than let it alone, I will tell. But firſt I muſt put you in mind that, after what has paſt 'twixt you and I, very few things ought to be Secrets between us.

Ber. Why what Secrets do we hide? I know of none.

Wor. Yes, there are two; one I have hid from you, and t'other you wou'd hide from me. You are fond of *Loveleſs*, which I have diſcover'd; and I am fond of his Wife——

Ber. Which I have diſcover'd.

Wor. Very well; now I confeſs your Diſcovery to be true, what do you ſay to mine?

Ber. Why, I confeſs——I wou'd ſwear 'twere falſe, if I thought you were Fool enough to believe me.

Wor. Now am I almoſt in Love with you again. Nay, I don't know but I might be quite ſo, had I made one ſhort Campaign with *Amanda*. Therefore, if you find 'twould tickle your Vanity, to bring me down once more to your Lure, e'en help me quickly to diſpatch her Buſineſs, that I may have nothing elſe to do, but to apply myſelf to yours.

Ber. Do you then think, Sir, I am old enough to be a Bawd?

Wor. No, but I think you are wiſe enough to——

Ber. To do what?

Wor. To hoodwink *Amanda* with a Gallant, that ſhe mayn't ſee who is her Huſband's Miſtreſs.

Ber. [*aſide*] He has reaſon: The Hint's a good one.

Wor. Well, Madam, what think you on't?

Ber. I think you are ſo much a deeper Politician in theſe Affairs than I am, that I ought to have a very great regard to your Advice.

Wor. Then give me leave to put you in mind, that the moſt eaſy, ſafe, and pleaſant Situation for your own Amour, is the Houſe in which you now are; provided you keep *Amanda* from any ſort of Suſpicion. That the way to do that, is to engage her in an Intrigue of her own, making yourſelf her Confidante. And the way to bring her to intrigue, is to make her jealous of her Huſband in a wrong place; which the more you foment, the leſs you'll be ſuſpected. This is my Scheme, in ſhort; which if you follow as you ſhou'd do, (my dear *Berinthia*) we may all four paſs the Winter very pleaſantly.

Ber. Well, I could be glad to have nobody's Sins to anſwer for but my own. But where there is a Neceſſity——

Wor. Right! as you ſay, where there is a Neceſſity, a Chriſtian is bound to help his Neighbour. So, good *Berinthia*, loſe no time, but let us begin the Dance as faſt as we can.

Ber. Not till the Fiddles are in tune, pray, Sir. Your Lady's Strings will be very apt to fly, I can tell you that, if they are wound up too haſtily. But if you'll have patience to ſkrew them to a pitch by degrees, I don't doubt but ſhe may endure to be play'd upon.

Wor.

Wor. Ay, and will make admirable Muſick too, or I'm miſtaken; but have you had no private Cloſet Diſcourſe with her yet about Males and Females, and ſo forth, which may give you hopes in her Conſtitution; for I know her Morals are the Devil againſt us.

Ber. We have had ſo much Diſcourſe with her, that I believe were ſhe once cur'd of her fondneſs to her Huſband, the Fortreſs of her Virtue wou'd not be ſo impregnable as ſhe fancies.

Wor. What! ſhe runs, I'll warrant you, into that common Miſtake of fond Wives, who conclude themſelves virtuous, becauſe they can refuſe a Man they don't like, when they have got one they do.

Ber. True, and there I think 'tis a preſumptuous thing in a Woman to aſſume the Name of Virtuous, till ſhe has heartily hated her Huſband, and been ſoundly in love with ſomebody elſe. Whom if ſhe has withſtood—then—much good may it do her!

Wor. Well, ſo much for her Virtue. Now, one word of her Inclinations, and every one to their Poſt. What Opinion do you find ſhe has of me?

Ber. What you cou'd wiſh; ſhe thinks you handſome and diſcreet.

Wor. Good, that's thinking half Seas over. One Tide more brings us into Port.

Ber. Perhaps it may, tho' ſtill remember, there's a difficult Bar to paſs.

Wor. I know there is, but I don't queſtion I ſhall get well over it, by the help of ſuch a Pilot.

Ber. You may depend upon your Pilot, ſhe'll do the beſt ſhe can; ſo weigh Anchor, and be gone as ſoon as you pleaſe.

Wor. I'm under Sail already. Adieu. [*Exit* Wor.

Ber. Bon Voyage.

Sola.

So, here's fine Work. What a Buſineſs have I undertaken! I am a very pretty Gentlewoman, truly; but there was no avoiding it: He'd have ruin'd me, if I had refuſed him. Beſides, faith, I begin to fancy there may be

as much pleaſure in carrying on another body's Intrigue, as one's own. This at leaſt is certain, it exerciſes almoſt all the entertaining Faculties of a Woman: For there's employment for Hypocriſy, Invention, Deceit, Flattery, Miſchief, and Lying.

Enter Amanda, *her Woman following*.

Wom. If you pleaſe, Madam, only to say, whether you'll have me to buy 'em or not.

Aman. Yes, no, go fiddle; I care not what you do. Pr'ythee leave me.

Wom. I have done. [*Exit Wom.*

Ber. What in the Name of *Jove*'s the matter with you?

Aman. The matter, *Berinthia!* I'm almoſt mad, I'm plagu'd to death.

Ber. Who is it that plagues you?

Aman. Who do you think ſhou'd plague a Wife, but her Huſband?

Ber. O ho, is it come to that? We ſhall have you wiſh yourſelf a Widow by and by.

Aman. Wou'd I were any thing but what I am! A baſe ungrateful Man, after what I have done for him, to uſe me thus!

Ber. What, he has been ogling now, I'll warrant you?

Aman. Yes, he has been ogling.

Ber. And ſo you are jealous? Is that all?

Aman. That all! Is jealouſy then nothing?

Ber. It ſhou'd be nothing, if I were in your Caſe.

Aman. Why, what wou'd you do?

Ber. I'd cure myſelf.

Aman. How?

Ber. Let Blood in the fond Vein: Care as little for my Huſband as he did for me.

Aman. That would not ſtop his Courſe.

Ber. Nor nothing elſe, when the Wind's in the warm Corner. Look you, *Amanda*, you may build Caſtles in the Air, and fume, and fret, and grow thin and lean, and pale and ugly, if you pleaſe. But I tell you, no Man worth having is true to his Wife, or can be true to his Wife, or ever was, or ever will be ſo.

Aman.

Aman. Do you then really think he's falſe to me? for I did but ſuſpect him.

Ber. Think ſo? I know he's ſo.

Aman. Is it poſſible? Pray tell me what you know.

Ber. Don't preſs me then to name Names; for that I have ſworn I won't do.

Aman. Well, I won't; but let me know all you can without Perjury.

Ber. I'll let you know enough to prevent any wiſe Woman's dying of the Pip; and I hope you'll pluck up your Spirits, and ſhew, upon occaſion, you can be as good a Wife as the beſt of 'em.

Aman. Well, what a Woman can do I'll endeavour.

Ber. O, a Woman can do a great deal, if once ſhe ſets her mind to it. Therefore pray don't ſtand trifling any longer, and teaſing yourſelf with this and that, and your Love and your Virtue, and I know not what: But reſolve to hold up your Head, get a tiptoe, and look over them all; for to my certain knowledge your huſband is a pickering elſewhere.

Aman You are ſure on't?

Ber. Poſitively, he fell in love at the Play.

Aman. Right, the very ſame; do you know the ugly thing?

Ber. Yes, I know her well enough; but ſhe's no ſuch ugly thing, neither.

Aman. Is ſhe very handſome?

Ber. Truly I think ſo.

Aman. Hey-ho!

Ber. What do you ſigh for now?

Aman. Oh my Heart!

Ber. [*aſide.*] Only the Pangs of Nature! ſhe's in Labour of her Love; Heaven ſend her a quick Delivery! I'm ſure ſhe has a good Midwife.

Aman. I'm very ill, I muſt go to my Chamber; Dear *Berinthia*, don't leave me a Moment.

Ber. No, don't fear. [*Aſide.*] I'll ſee you ſafe brought to-bed, I'll warrant you.

[*Exeunt*, Amanda *leaning upon* Berinthia.

III SCENE, *A Country-House.*

Enter Young Fashion *and* Lory.

Young Fash. SO, here's our Inheritance, *Lory*, if we can but get into Possession. But, my thinks, the Seat of our Family looks like *Noah*'s Ark, as if the chief part on't were design'd for the Fowls of the Air, and the Beasts of the Field.

Lo. Pray, Sir, don't let your Head run upon the Orders of Building here; get but the Heiress, let the Devil take the House.

Young Fash. Get but the House, let the Devil take the Heiress, I say; at least if she be as old *Coupler* describes her. But come, we have no time to squander. Knock at the Door. [Lory *knocks two or three times.*] What the Devil, have they got no Ears in this House? Knock harder.

Lo. I'gad, Sir, this will prove some inchanted Castle; we shall have the Giant come out by and by with his Club, and beat our Brains out. [*Knocks again.*

Young Fash. Hush! they come.

From within.] Who is there?

Lo. Open the Door and see: Is that your Country Breeding?

Within. Ay, but two Words to a Bargain: *Tummus*, is the Blunderbuss prim'd?

Young Fash. Oons, give 'em good Words, *Lory*; we shall be shot here a Fortune-catching.

Lo. I'gad, Sir, I think y'are in the right on't. Ho, Mr. What d'ye-call-um.—[*Servant appears at the Window with a Blunderbuss*] Weal naw, what's yar Business?

Young Fash. Nothing, Sir, but to wait upon Sir *Tunbelly*, with your leave.

Ser. To weat upon Sir *Tunbelly?* Why, you'll find that's just as Sir *Tunbelly* pleases.

Young Fash. But will you do me the Favour, Sir, to know whether Sir *Tunbelly* pleases or not?

Ser. Why, look you, do you see, with good Words much may be done. *Ralph*, go thy weas, and [illegible] Sir *Tun-*

Tunbelly. if he pleaſes to be waited upon. And, do'ſt hear? call to Nurſe, that ſhe may lock up Miſs *Hoyden* before the Gates open.

Young Faſh. D'ye hear that, *Lory?*

Lo. Ay, Sir, I'm afraid we ſhall find a difficult Jobb on't. Pray Heaven that old Rogue *Coupler* han't ſent us to fetch Milk out of the Gunroom!

Young Faſh. I'll warrant thee all will go well: See, the Door opens.

Enter Sir Tunbelly, *with his Servants arm'd with Guns, Clubs, Pitchforks, Scythes,* &c.

Lo. [*running behind his Maſter.*] O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, we are both dead Men!

Young Faſh. Take heed, Fool, thy Fear will ruin us.

Lo. My Fear, Sir—'Sdeath, Sir, I fear nothing. [*aſide.*] Wou'd I were well up to the Chin in a Horſe-Pond!

Sir *Tun.* Who is it here has any Buſineſs with me?

Young Faſh. Sir, 'tis I, if your Name be Sir *Tunbelly Clumſey.*

Sir *Tun.* Sir, my Name is Sir *Tunbelly Clumſey*, whether you have any Buſineſs with me or not. So you ſee I am not aſham'd of my Name—nor my Face—neither.

Young Faſh. Sir, you have no cauſe, that I know of.

Sir *Tun.* Sir, if you have no cauſe neither, I deſire to know who you are; for till I know your Name, I ſhall not aſk you to come into my Houſe; and when I know your Name—'tis ſix to four I don't aſk you neither.

Young Faſh. [*giving him a Letter.*] Sir, I hope you'll find this Letter an Authentick Paſſport.

Sir *Tun.* God's my life, I aſk your Lordſhip's Pardon ten thouſand times. [*To his Servant.*] Here, run in a-doors quickly: Get a Scotch-Coal Fire in the great Parlour; ſet all the Turkey-work-Chairs in their places; get the great Braſs Candleſticks out, and be ſure ſtick the Sockets full of Laurel; run. [*Turning to* Young Faſh.] My Lord, I aſk your Lordſhip's pardon. [*To other Servants.*] And do you hear, run away to Nurſe, bid her let Miſs *Hoyden* looſe again, and if it was not ſhifting Day, let her put on a clean Tucker—quick!

[*Exeunt Servants confuſedly.*

To Young Faſh.] I hope your Honour will excuſe the diſorder of my Family; we are not us'd to receive Men of your Lordſhip's great Quality every day; pray where are your Coaches and Servants, my Lord?

Young Faſh. Sir, that I might give you and your fair Daughter a proof how impatient I am to be nearer a-kin to you, I left my Equipage to follow me, and came away Poſt with only one Servant.

Sir *Tun.* Your Lordſhip does me too much Honour. It was expoſing your Perſon to too much Fatigue and Danger, I proteſt it was; but my Daughter ſhall endeavour to make you what amends ſhe can; and tho' I ſay it, that ſhou'd not ſay it——*Hoyden* has Charms.

Young Faſh. Sir, I am not a Stranger to them, tho' I am to her. Common Fame has done her Juſtice.

Sir *Tun.* My Lord, I am common Fame's very grateful humble Servant. My Lord——my Girl's young: *Hoyden* is young, my Lord; but this I muſt ſay for her, what ſhe wants in Art, ſhe has by Nature; what ſhe wants in Experience, ſhe has in Breeding; and what's wanting in her Age, is made good in her Conſtitution. So pray, my Lord, walk in; pray, my Lord, walk in.

Young Faſh. Sir, I wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

Miſs Hoyden *ſola.*

Sure never no body was us'd as I am. I know well enough what other Girls do, for all they think to make a Fool of me: It's well I have a Huſband a coming, or I'cod, I'd marry the Baker, I wou'd ſo. No body can knock at the Gate, but preſently I muſt be lockt up; and here's the young Greyhound Bitch can run looſe about the Houſe all the day long, ſhe can; 'tis very well.

Nurſe *without, opening the Door.*

Miſs *Hoyden!* Miſs, Miſs, Miſs! Miſs *Hoyden!*

Enter Nurſe.

Miſs. Well, what do you make ſuch a Noiſe for, ha? What do you din a body's Ears for? Can't one be at quiet for you?

Nurſe

Nurſe. What do I din your Ears for? Here's one come will din your Ears for you.

Miſs. What care I who's come? I care not a Fig who comes, nor who goes, as long as I muſt be lockt up like the Ale-Cellar.

Nurſe. That, Miſs, is for fear you ſhou'd be drank before you are ripe.

Miſs. O, don't you trouble your Head about that; I'm as ripe as you, tho' not ſo mellow.

Nurſe. Very well; now I have a good mind to lock you up again, and not let you ſee my Lord to-night.

Miſs. My Lord! Why, is my Huſband come?

Nurſe. Yes, marry is he, and a goodly Perſon too.

Miſs. [*hugging Nurſe.*] O my dear *Nurſe*, forgive me this once, and I'll never miſuſe you again; no, if I do, you ſhall give me three thumps on the Back, and a great pinch by the Cheek.

Nurſe. Ah the poor Thing, ſee how it melts; it's as full of Good-Nature as an Egg's full of Meat.

Miſs. But, my dear Nurſe, don't lie now; is he come, by your troth?

Nurſe. Yes, by my truly, is he.

Miſs. O Lord! I'll go and put on my lac'd Smock, tho' I am whipt till the Blood run down my Heels for't. [*Exit running.*

Nurſe. Eh——the Lord ſuccour thee, how thou art delighted! [*Exit after her.*

Enter Sir Tunbelly *and* Young Faſhion. *A Servant with Wine.*

Sir *Tun.* My Lord, I'm proud of the Honour to ſee your Lordſhip within my Doors: and I humbly crave leave to bid you welcome in a Cup of Sack Wine.

Young Faſh. Sir, to your Daughter's Health. [*Drinks.*

Sir *Tun.* Ah poor Girl, ſhe'll be fear'd out of her Wits on her Wedding Night; for, honeſtly ſpeaking, ſhe does not know a Man from a Woman, but by his Beard, and his Breeches.

Young Faſh. Sir, I don't doubt ſhe has had a virtuous Education, which, with the reſt of her Merit, makes me

me long to ſee her mine. I wiſh you wou'd diſpenſe with the Canonical Hour, and let it be this very Night.

Sir *Tun.* O not ſo ſoon, neither; that's ſhooting my Girl before you bid her ſtand. No, give her fair warning, we'll ſign and ſeal to-night if you pleaſe; and this Day ſeven-night——let the Jade look to her Quarters.

Young Faſh. This Day ſeven-night——Why, what do you take me for a Ghoſt, Sir? 'Slife, Sir, I'm made of Fleſh and Blood, and Bones and Sinews, and can no more live a Week without your Daughter—than I can live a Month with her. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Tun.* Oh, I'll warrant you, my Hero; young Men are hot, I know, but they don't boil over at that rate, neither; beſides, my Wench's Wedding Gown is not come home yet.

Young Faſh. O, no matter, Sir, I'll take her in her Shift. [*Aſide.*] A Pox of this old Fellow, he'll delay the Buſineſs till my damn'd Star finds me out, and diſcovers me. *To Sir* Tun.] Pray, Sir, let it be done without Ceremony; 'twill ſave Money.

Sir *Tun.* Money——Save Money when *Hoyden*'s to be marry'd? Udſwoons, I'll give my Wench a Wedding-Dinner, tho' I go to Graſs with the King of *Aſſyria* for't; and ſuch a Dinner it ſhall be, as is not to be cook'd in the poaching of an Egg. Therefore, my Noble Lord, have a little Patience, we'll go and look over our Deeds and Settlements immediately; and as for your Bride; tho' you may be ſharp-ſet before ſhe's quite ready, I'll engage for my Girl, ſhe ſtays your Stomach at laſt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Miſs Hoyden *and* Nurſe.

Nurſe. WELL, Miſs, how do you like your Husband that is to be?

Miſs.

Miſs. O Lord, Nurſe, I'm ſo overjoy'd, I can ſcarce contain myſelf.

Nurſe. O, but you muſt have a care of being too fond; for Men now a-days hate a Woman that loves 'em.

Miſs. Love him! Why do you think I love him, Nurſe? I'cod, I would not care if he were hang'd, ſo I were but once married to him——No——that which pleaſes me, is to think what Work I'll make when I get to *London*; for when I am a Wife and a Lady both, Nurſe, I'cod, I'll ſtant it with the beſt of 'em.

Nurſe. Look, look, if his Honour be not a coming to you; now if I were ſure you wou'd behave yourſelf handſomely, and not diſgrace me that have brought you up, I'd leave you alone together.

Miſs. That's my beſt Nurſe, do as you wou'd be done by; truſt us together this once; and if I don't ſhew my Breeding from the Head to the Foot of me, may I be twice married, and die a Maid!

Nurſe. Well, this once I'll venture you; but if you diſparage me——

Miſs. Never fear, I'll ſhew him my Parts, I'll warrant him. [*Exit* Nurſe.

Sola.

Theſe old Women are ſo wiſe when they get a poor Girl into their Clutches; but ere it be long, I ſhall know what's what, as well as the beſt of 'em.

Enter Young Faſhion.

Young Faſh. Your Servant, Madam, I'm glad to find you alone; for I have ſomething of Importance to ſpeak to you about.

Miſs. Sir, (my Lord, I meant) you may ſpeak to me about what you pleaſe, I ſhall give you a civil Anſwer.

Young Faſh. You give me ſo obliging a one, it encourages me to tell you in few Words, what I think both for your Intereſt and mine. Your Father, I ſuppoſe you know, has reſolv'd to make me happy in being your Huſband, and I hope I may depend upon your Conſent, to perform what he deſires.

Miſs.

Miſs. Sir, I never diſobey my Father in any thing but eating of green Gooſeberries.

Young Faſh. So good a Daughter muſt needs be an admirable Wife; I am therefore impatient till you are mine, and hope you will ſo far conſider the Violence of my Love, that you won't have the Cruelty to defer my Happineſs ſo long as your Father deſigns it.

Miſs. Pray, my Lord, how long is it?

Young Faſh. Madam, a thouſand Year——a whole Week.

Miſs. A Week!——why, I ſhall be an old Woman by that time.

Young Faſh. And I an old Man, which you'll find a greater Misfortune than t'other.

Miſs. Why I thought it was to be to-morrow Morning, as ſoon as I was up; I'm ſure Nurſe told me ſo.

Young Faſh. And it ſhall be to-morrow Morning ſtill, if you'll conſent.

Miſs. If I'll conſent! Why I thought I was to obey you as my Huſband.

Young Faſh. That's when we are married; till then, I am to obey you.

Miſs. Why then if we are to take it by turns, it's the ſame thing: I'll obey you now, and when we are married, you ſhall obey me.

Young Faſh. With all my heart; but I doubt we muſt get Nurſe on our ſide, or we ſhall hardly prevail with the Chaplain.

Miſs. No more we ſhan't indeed, for he loves her better than he loves his Pulpit, and wou'd always be a preaching to her, by his good Will.

Young Faſh. Why then, my dear little Bedfellow, if you'll call her hither, we'll try to perſuade her preſently.

Miſs. O Lord, I can tell you a way how to perſuade her to any thing.

Young Faſh. How's that?

Miſs. Why tell her ſhe's a wholeſome, comely Woman——and give her Half a Crown.

Young Faſh. Nay, if that will do, ſhe ſhall have half a ſcore of 'em.

Miſs.

Miſs. O Gemini, for half that ſhe'd marry you herſelf: I'll run and call her. [*Exit* Miſs.

Young Faſhion *ſolus.*

So, Matters go ſwimmingly; this is a rare Girl, i'faith; I ſhall have a fine time of it with her at *London.* I'm much mikaſten if ſhe don't prove a *March* Hare all the Year round. What a ſcampering Chace will ſhe make on't, when ſhe finds the whole Kennel of Beaux at her Tail! Hey to the *Park* and the Play, and the Church, and the Devil; ſhe'll ſhew them ſport, I'll warrant 'em. But no matter, ſhe brings an Eſtate will afford me a ſeparate Maintenance.

Enter Miſs *and* Nurſe.

Young Faſh. How do you do, good Miſtreſs Nurſe? I deſir'd your young Lady would give me leave to ſee you, that I might thank you for your extraordinary Care and Conduct in her Education; pray accept of this ſmall Acknowledgement for it at preſent, and depend upon my farther Kindneſs, when I ſhall be that happy thing her Huſband.

Nurſe. [*aſide.*] Gold by mackins! Your Honour's Goodneſs is too great: alas! all I can boaſt of is, I gave her poor good Milk, and ſo your Honour wou'd have ſaid, an you had ſeen how the poor thing ſuck't it—— Eh, God's bleſſing on the ſweet Face on't! how it us'd to hang at this poor Teat, and ſuck and ſqueeze, and kick and ſprawl it wou'd, till the Belly on't was ſo full, it wou'd drop off like a Leech.

[Miſs *to* Nurſe, *taking her angrily aſide.*

Pray one word with you; pr'ythee, Nurſe, don't ſtand ripping up old Stories, to make one aſham'd before one's Love: do you think ſuch a fine proper Gentleman as he [illegible]res for a fiddlecome Tale of a draggle-tail'd Girl; if you have a mind to make him have a good Opinion of a Woman, don't tell him what one did then, tell him what one can do now. [*To* Young Faſh.] I hope your Honour will excuſe my Miſmanners to whiſper before you, it was only to give ſome orders about the Family.

Young Faſh.

Young Faſh. O every thing, Madam, is to give way to Buſineſs; beſides, good Houſewifery is a very commendable Quality in a young Lady.

Miſs. Pray, Sir, are the young Ladies good Houſewives at *London* Town? Do they darn their own Linen?

Young Faſh. O no, they ſtudy how to ſpend Money, not to ſave it.

Miſs. I'cod, I don't know but that may be better Sport than t'other, ha, Nurſe!

Young Faſh. Well, you ſhall have your Choice when you come there.

Miſs. Shall I——then by my troth I'll get there as faſt as I can.

To Nurſe.] His Honour deſires you'll be ſo kind, as to let us be marry'd to-morrow.

Nurſe. To-morrow, my dear Madam?

Young Faſh. Yes, to-morrow, ſweet Nurſe, privately; young Folks, you know, are impatient, and Sir *Tunbelly* wou'd make us ſtay a Week for a Wedding-Dinner. Now all things being ſign'd and ſeal'd, and agreed, I fancy there cou'd be no great harm in practiſing a Scene or two of Matrimony in private, if it were only to give us the better Aſſurance when we come to play it in publick.

Nurſe. Nay, I muſt confeſs ſtolen Pleaſures are ſweet; but if you ſhou'd be married now, what will you do when Sir *Tunbelly* calls for you to be wedded?

Miſs. Why then we will be married again.

Nurſe. What, twice, my Child?

Miſs. I'cod, I don't care how often I'm married, not I.

Young Faſh. Pray, Nurſe, don't you be againſt your young Lady's good; for by this means ſhe'll have the pleaſure of two Wedding-Days.

Miſs to Nurſe ſoftly.] And of two Wedding-Nights too, Nurſe.

Nurſe. Well, I'm ſuch a tender-hearted Fool, I find I can refuſe you nothing; ſo you ſhall e'en follow your own Inventions.

Miſs. Shall I? [*Aſide.*] O Lord, I could leap over the Moon.

Young Faſh.

Young Faſh. Dear Nurſe, this Goodneſs of yours ſhan't go unrewarded; but now you muſt employ your Power with Mr. *Bull* the Chaplain, that he may do his friendly Office too, and then we ſhall be all happy; do you think you can prevail with him?

Nurſe. Prevail with him——or he ſhall never prevail with me, I can tell him that.

Miſs. My Lord, ſhe has had him upon the hip this ſeven Year.

Young Faſh. I'm glad to hear it; however, to ſtrengthen your Intereſt with him, you may let him know I have ſeveral fat Livings in my Gift, and that the firſt that falls ſhall be in your Diſpoſal.

Nurſe. Nay, then I'll make him marry more Folks than one, I'll promiſe him.

Miſs. Faith, do, Nurſe, make him marry you too; I'm ſure he'll do't for a fat Living; for he loves Eating more than he loves his *Bible*; and I have often heard him ſay, a fat Living was the beſt Meat in the World.

Nurſe. Ay, and I'll make him commend the Sauce too, or I'll bring his Gown to a Caſſock, I will ſo.

Young Faſh. Well, Nurſe, whilſt you go and ſettle Matters with him, your Lady and I will go and take a walk in the Garden.

Nurſe. I'll do your Honour's Buſineſs in the catching up of a Garter. [*Exit* Nurſe.

Young Faſh. [*Giving her his Hand.*] Come, Madam, dare you venture yourſelf alone with me?

Miſs. O dear, yes, Sir; I don't think you'll do any thing to me I need be afraid on.

Scene II

Enter Amanda *and* Berinthia.

A SONG.

I.

I Smile at Love, and all its Arts,
The Charming Cynthia *cry'd*;
Take heed, for Love has piercing Darts,
A wounded Swain reply'd.

Once

Once free and bleſt as you are now,
I trifled with his Charms;
I pointed at his little Bow,
And ſported with his Arms:
Till urg'd too far, Revenge he cries,
A fated Shaft he drew;
It took its paſſage thro' your Eyes,
And to my Heart it flew.

II.

To tear it thence I try'd in vain;
To ſtrive I quickly found
Was only to increaſe the Pain,
And to enlarge the Wound.
Ah! much too well, I fear, you know
What pain I'm to endure,
Since what your Eyes alone cou'd do,
Your Heart alone can cure.
And That (grant Heaven I may miſtake)
I doubt is doom'd to bear
A Burden for another's ſake,
Who ill rewards its Care.

Aman. Well, now, *Berinthia*, I'm at leiſure to hear what 'twas you had to ſay to me.

Ber. What I had to ſay, was only to echo the Sighs and Groans of a dying Lover.

Aman. Phu, will you never learn to talk in earneſt of any thing?

Ber. Why this ſhall be in earneſt, if you pleaſe; for my part, I only tell you Matter of Fact—you may take it which way you like beſt; but if you'll follow the Women of the Town, you'll take it both ways; for when a Man offers himſelf to one of them, firſt ſhe takes him in jeſt, and then ſhe takes him in earneſt.

Aman. I'm ſure there's ſo much jeſt and earneſt in what you ſay to me, I ſcarce know how to take it; but I think you have bewitched me, for I don't find it poſſible to be angry with you, ſay what you will.

Ber. I'm very glad to hear it, for I have no mind to quarrel with you, for ſome Reaſons that I'll not brag of; but

but quarrel or not, ſmile or frown, I muſt tell you what I have ſuffer'd upon your account.

Aman. Upon my account!

Ber. Yes, upon yours; I have been forc'd to ſit ſtill and hear you commended for two Hours together, without one Compliment to myſelf; now don't you think a Woman has a bleſſed time of that?

Aman. Alas! I ſhou'd have been unconcern'd at it; I never knew where the Pleaſure lay of being prais'd by the Men: but pray who was this that commended me ſo?

Ber. One you have a mortal Averſion to—Mr. *Worthy:* he us'd you like a Text, he took you all to pieces, but ſpoke ſo learnedly upon every Point, one might ſee the Spirit of the Church was in him: if you are a Woman, you'd have been in an Extaſy to have heard how feelingly he handled your Hair, your Eyes, your Noſe, your Mouth, your Teeth, your Tongue, your Chin, your Neck, and ſo forth. Thus he preach'd for an Hour; but when he came to uſe an Application, he obſerv'd that all theſe, without a Gallant, were nothing—Now conſider of what has been ſaid, and Heaven give you Grace to put it in practice!

Aman. Alas! *Berinthia,* did I incline to a Gallant, (which you know I do not) do you think a Man ſo nice as he, con'd have the leaſt concern for ſuch a plain unpoliſh'd thing as I am? It is impoſſible!

Ber. Now have you a great mind to put me upon commending you.

Aman. Indeed that was not my Deſign.

Ber. Nay, if it were, it's all one, for I won't do't, I'll leave that to your Looking-glaſs. But to ſhew you I have ſome Good-nature left, I'll commend him, and may be [illegible]t may do as well.

Aman. You have a great mind to perſuade me I am in love with him.

Ber. I have a great mind to perſuade you, you don't know what you are in love with.

Aman. I am ſure I am not in love with him, nor never ſhall be; ſo let that paſs: but you were ſaying ſomething you wou'd commend him for.

Ber.

Ber. O, you'd be glad to hear a good Character of him, however.

Aman. Pſha.

Ber. Pſha——Well, 'tis a fooliſh Undertaking for Women in theſe kind of Matters, to pretend to deceive one another——Have not I been bred a Woman as well as you?

Aman. What then?

Ber. Why then I underſtand my Trade ſo well, that whenever I am told of a Man I like, I cry, Pſha! But that I may ſpare you the pains of putting me a ſecond time in mind to commend him, I'll proceed, and give you this account of him: That tho' 'tis poſſible he may have had Women with as good Faces as your Ladyſhip's, (no Diſcredit to it neither) yet you muſt know your cautious Behaviour, with that Reſerve in your Humour, has given him his Death's Wound; he mortally hates a Coquette; he ſays 'tis impoſſible to love where he cannot eſteem; and that no Woman can be eſteemed by a Man who has Senſe, if ſhe makes herſelf cheap in the Eye of a Fool. That Pride to a Woman, is as neceſſary as Humility to a Divine; and that far-fetch'd, and dear bought, is Meat for Gentlemen, as well as for Ladies——In ſhort, that every Woman who has Beauty may ſet a price upon herſelf, and that by under-ſelling the Market they ruin the Trade. This is his Doctrine, how do you like it?

Aman. So well that, ſince I never intend to have a Gallant for myſelf, if I were to recommend one to a Friend, he ſhou'd be the Man.

Enter Worthy.

Bleſs me, he's here! pray Heaven he did not hear me!

Ber. If he did, it won't hurt your Reputation; your Thoughts are as ſafe in his Heart as in your own.

Wor. I venture in at an unſeaſonable time of Night, Ladies; I hope if I am troubleſome, you'll uſe the ſame freedom in turning me out again.

Aman. I believe it can't be late, for Mr. *Loveleſs* is not come home yet, and he uſually keeps good Hours.

Wor. Madam, I'm afraid he'll tranſgreſs a little to-night.

night; for he told me about half an Hour ago, he was going to ſup with ſome Company, he doubted would keep him out till three or four o'clock in the Morning, and deſir'd I would let my Servant acquaint you with it, that you might not expect him: But my Fellow's a Blunder-head; ſo, leſt he ſhould make ſome miſtake, I thought it my Duty to deliver the Meſſage myſelf.

Aman. I'm very ſorry he ſhou'd give you that trouble, Sir: But———

Ber. But ſince he has, will you give me leave, Madam, to keep him to play at Ombre with us?

Aman. Couſin, you know you command my Houſe.

Wor. to Ber. And, Madam, you know you command me, tho' I'm a very wretched Gameſter.

Ber. O you play well enough to loſe your Money, and that's all the Ladies require; ſo without any more Ceremony, let us go into the next Room and call for the Cards.

Aman. With all my heart.

[*Exit* Wor. *leading* Aman.

Ber. ſolà. Well, how this Buſineſs will end, Heaven knows; but ſhe ſeems to me to be in as fair a way—— as a Boy is to be a Rogue, when he's put Clerk to an Attorney. [*Exit* Berinthia.

III. SCENE, Berinthia's *Chamber.*

Enter Loveleſs *cautiouſly in the dark.*

Lov. SO, thus far all's well. I'm got into her Bed-Chamber, and I think nobody has perceiv'd me ſteal into the Houſe; my Wife don't expect me home till four o'Clock; ſo if *Berinthia* comes to Bed by eleven, I ſhall have a Chace of five Hours. Let me ſee, where ſhall I hide myſelf? Under her Bed? No; we ſhall have her Maid ſearching there for ſomething or other; her Cloſet's a better place, and I have a Maſter Key will open it: I'll e'en in there, and attack her juſt when ſhe comes

comes to her Prayers, that's the moſt like to prove her critical Minute; for then the Devil will be there to aſſiſt me. [*He opens the Cloſet, goes in, and ſhuts the door after him.*

Enter Berinthia *with a Candle in her hand.*

Ber. Well, ſure I am the beſt-natur'd Woman in the World. I that love Cards ſo well (there is but one thing upon the Earth I love better) have pretended Letters to write, to give my Friends a *Tête-à-Tête*; however, I'm innocent, for Picquet is the Game I ſet 'em to: at her own peril be it, if ſhe ventures to play with him at any other. But now what ſhall I do with myſelf? I don't know how in the World to paſs my time; wou'd *Loveleſs* were here to *badiner* a little! Well, he's a charming Fellow, I don't wonder his Wife's ſo fond of him. What if I ſhou'd ſet down and think of him till I fall aſleep, and dream of the Lord knows what? O, but then if I ſhou'd dream we were married, I ſhou'd be frighted out of my Wits. [*Seeing a Book.*] What's this Book? I think I had beſt go read. *O Splenetique!* 'tis a Sermon. Well, I'll go into my Cloſet, and read the *Plotting Siſters*. [*She opens the Cloſet, ſees* Loveleſs, *and ſhrieks out.*] O Lord, a Ghoſt, a Ghoſt, a Ghoſt, a Ghoſt!

Enter Loveleſs *running to her.*

Lov. Peace, my Dear; it's no Ghoſt, take it in your Arms, you'll find 'tis worth a hundred of 'em.

Ber. Run in again; here's ſomebody coming.

Enter Maid.

Maid. O Lord, Madam, what's the matter?

Ber. O Heav'ns! I'm almoſt frighted out of my Wits. I thought verily I had ſeen a Ghoſt, and 'twas nothing but the white Curtain, with a black Hood pinn'd up againſt it; you may be gone again, I am the fearfulleſt Fool.— [*Exit Maid.*

Re-enter Loveleſs.

Lov. Is the Coaſt clear?

Ber. The Coaſt clear! I ſuppoſe you are clear, you'd never play ſuch a Trick as this elſe.

Lov.

Lov. I am very well pleas'd with my Trick thus far, and ſhall be ſo till I have play'd it out, if it ben't your Fault: where's my Wife?

Ber. At Cards.

Lov. With whom?

Ber. With *Worthy.*

Lov. Then we are ſafe enough.

Ber. You are ſo! Some Huſbands wou'd be of another mind, if he were at Cards with their Wives.

Lov. And they'd be in the right on't too. But I dare truſt mine:——Beſides, I know he's in love in another place, and he's not one of thoſe who court half a dozen at a time.

Ber. Nay, the truth on't is, you'd pity him if you ſaw how uneaſy he is at being engag'd with us; but 'twas my Malice. I fancy'd he was to meet his Miſtreſs ſome where elſe, ſo did it to have the pleaſure of ſeeing him fret.

Lov. What ſays *Amanda* to my ſtaying abroad ſo late?

Ber. Why ſhe's as much out of Humour as he, I believe they wiſh one another at the Devil.

Lov. Then I'm afraid they'll quarrel at Play, and ſoon throw up the Cards: [*Offering to pull her into her Cloſet*] Therefore, my dear charming Angel, let us make good uſe of our time.

Ber. Heavens! what do you mean?

Lov. Pray what do you think I mean?

Ber. I don't know.

Lov. I'll ſhew you.

Ber. You may as well tell me.

Lov. No, that wou'd make you bluſh worſe than t'other.

Ber. Why, do you intend to make me bluſh?

Lov. Faith, I can't tell that; but if I do, it ſhall be in the dark. [*Pulling her.*

Ber. O Heavens! I wou'd not be in the dark with you for all the World.

Lov. I'll try that. [*Puts out the Candles.*

Ber. O Lord! are you mad! What ſhall I do for Light?

Lov. You'll do as well without it.

Ber. Why, one can't find a Chair to ſit down?

Lov. Come into the Cloſet, Madam, there's Moonſhine upon the Couch.

Ber. Nay, never pull, for I will not go.

Lov. Then you muſt be carried. [*Carrying her.*

Ber. Help, help, I'm raviſh'd, ruin'd, undone. O Lord, I ſhall never be able to bear it. [*Very ſoftly.*

The SCENE, *Sir* Tunbelly's *Houſe.*

Enter Miſs Hoyden, Nurſe, Young Faſhion, *and* Bull.

Young Faſh. THIS quick diſpatch of yours, Mr. *Bull*, I take ſo kindly, it ſhall give you a claim to my Favour as long as I live, I do aſſure you.

Miſs. And to mine too, I promiſe you.

Bull. I moſt humbly thank your Honours; and I hope, ſince it has been my Lot to join you in the holy Bands of Wedlock, you will ſo well cultivate the Soil which I have crav'd a Bleſſing on, that your Children may ſwarm about you like Bees about a Honey-Comb.

Miſs. I-cod with all my Heart, the more the merrier, I ſay; ha, Nurſe.

Enter Lory; *taking his Maſter haſtily aſide.*

Lo. One Word with you, for Heaven's ſake.

Young Faſh. What the Devil's the matter?

Lo. Sir, your Fortune's ruin'd, and I don't think your Life's worth a quarter of an Hour's Purchaſe: Yonder's your Brother arriv'd with two Coaches and ſix Horſes, twenty Footmen and Pages, a Coat worth fourſcore Pound, and a Perriwig down to his Knees: So judge what will become of your Lady's Heart.

Young Faſh. Death and Furies! 'tis impoſſible.

Lo. Fiends and Spectres! Sir, 'tis true.

Young Faſh. Is he in the Houſe yet?

Lo. No, they are capitulating with him at the Gate; the Porter tells him, he's come to run away with *Miſs Hoyden*, and has cock'd the Blunderbuſs at him; your Brother

Brother ſwears Gad Damme, they are a parcel of Clawns, and he had a good mind to break off the Match; but they have given the Word for Sir *Tunbelly*, ſo I doubt all will come out preſently. Pray, Sir, reſolve what you'll do this Moment, for I'gad they'll maul you.

Young Faſh. Stay a little. [*To Miſs.*] My Dear, here's a troubleſome Buſineſs my Man tells me of; but don't be frighten'd, we ſhall be too hard for the Rogue. Here's an impudent Fellow at the Gate (not knowing I was come hither *incognito*) has taken my Name upon him, in hopes to run away with you.

Miſs. O the Brazen-fac'd Varlet, it's well we are married, or may be we might never have been ſo.

Young Faſh. [*aſide.*] I'gad, like enough: Pr'ythee, dear Doctor, run to Sir *Tunbelly*, and ſtop him from going to the Gate, before I ſpeak with him.

Bull. I fly, my good Lord—— [*Exit* Bull.

Nurſe. An't pleaſe your Honour, my Lady and I had beſt lock ourſelves up till the Danger be over.

Young Faſh. Ay, by all means.

Miſs. Not ſo faſt, I won't be lock'd up any more. I'm marry'd.

Young Faſh. Yes, pray my Dear do, till we have ſeiz'd this Raſcal.

Miſs. Nay, if you pray me, I'll do any thing.

[*Exeunt* Miſs *and* Nurſe.

Young Faſh. O! here's Sir *Tunbelly* coming. [*To Lo.*] Hark you, Sirrah, things are better than you imagine; the Wedding's over.

Lo. The Devil it is, Sir.

Young Faſh. Not a Word, all's ſafe: But Sir *Tunbelly* don't know it, nor muſt not yet; ſo I am reſolv'd to brazen the Buſineſs out, and have the Pleaſure of turning the Impoſtor upon his Lordſhip, which I believe may eaſily be done.

Enter Sir Tunbelly, Chap. *and* Servants *arm'd.*

Young Faſh. Did you ever hear, Sir, of ſo impudent an Undertaking?

Sir *Tun.* Never, by the Maſs, but we'll tickle him, I'll warrant him.

Young Faſh. They tell me, Sir, he has a great many People with him diſguis'd like Servants.

Sir *Tun.* Ay, ay, Rogues enow; but I'll ſoon raiſe the Poſſe upon 'em.

Young Faſh. Sir, if you'll take my Advice, we'll go a ſhorter way to work; I find, whoever this Spark is, he knows nothing of my being privately here; ſo if you pretend to receive him civilly, he'll enter without Suſpicion; and as ſoon as he is within the Gate, we'll whip up the Drawbridge upon his Back, let fly the Blunderbuſs to diſperſe the Crew, and ſo commit him to Gaol.

Sir *Tun.* I'gad, your Lordſhip is an ingenious Perſon, and a very great General; but ſhall we kill any of 'em, or not?

Young Faſh. No, no, fire over their Heads only to fright them; I'll warrant the Regiment ſcours when the Colonel's a Priſoner.

Sir *Tun.* Then come along, my Boys, and let your Courage be great——for your Danger is but ſmall.

[*Exeunt.*

V SCENE, *The Gate.*

Enter Lord Foppington *and Followers.*

Lord Fop. A Pax of theſe Bumkinly People, will they open the Gate, or do they deſire I ſhou'd grow at their Moat-ſide like a Willow? [*To the Porter*] Hey, Fellow—Pr'ythee do me the Favour, in as few words as thou canſt find to expreſs thyſelf, to tell me whether thy Maſter will admit me or not, that I may turn about my Coach, and be gone.

Por. Here's my Maſter himſelf now at hand, he's of Age, he'll give you his Anſwer.

Enter Sir Tunbelly, *and his Servants.*

Sir *Tun.* My moſt noble Lord, I crave your pardon for making your Honour wait ſo long; but my Orders to my ſervants have been to admit no body without my Knowledge, for fear of ſome Attempts upon my Daughter, the Times being full of Plots and Roguery.

Lord

Lord Fop. Much Caution, I muſt confeſs, is a Sign of great Wiſdom: But, ſtap my Vitals, I have got a Cold enough to deſtroy a Porter——He, hem——

Sir *Tun.* I am very ſorry for't, indeed, my Lord; but if your Lordſhip pleaſe to walk in, we'll help you to ſome brown Sugar-Candy. My Lord, I'll ſhew you the way.

Lord Fop. Sir, I follow you with pleaſure. [*Exeunt.*

[*As Lord* Foppington's *Servants go to follow him in, they clap the Door againſt* La Verole.

Servants within. Nay, hold you me there, Sir.

La Ver. Jernie, qu'eſt ce que veut dire ça?

Sir *Tun.* [*within.*]——Fire, Porter.

Porter fires.——Have among you, my Maſters.

La Var. Ah je ſuis mort—— [*The ſervants all run off.*

Port. Not one Soldier left, by the Maſs.

SCENE *changes into a Hall.*

Enter Sir Tunbelly, *the* Chaplain *and* Servants, *with Lord* Foppington *diſarm'd.*

Sir *Tun.* COme, bring him along, bring him along.

Lord Fop. What the Pax do you mean, Gentlemen, is it Fair time, that you are all drunk before Dinner?

Sir *Tun.* Drunk, Sirrah! Here's an impudent Rogue for you! Drunk or Sober, Bully, I'm a Juſtice of the Peace, and know how to deal with Strolers.

Lord Fop. Strolers!

Sir *Tun.* Ay, Strolers; come, give an account of yourſelf; what's your Name? where do you live? Do you pay Scot and Lot? Are you a *Williamite*, or a *Jacobite?* Come.

Lord Fop. And why doſt thou aſk me ſo many impertinent Queſtions?

Sir *Tun.* Becauſe I'll make you anſwer 'em before I have done with you, you Raſcal you.

Lord Fop. Before Gad, all the Anſwer I can make thee to 'em, is, that thou art a very extraordinary old Fellow; ſtap my Vitals——

Sir *Tun.* Nay, if you are for joaking with Deputy-Lieutenants, we know how to deal with you: Here, draw a Warrant for him immediately.

Lord Fop. A Warrant——what the Devil is't thou wou'dſt be at, old Gentleman?

Sir *Tun.* I wou'd be at you, Sirrah, (if my Hands were not ty'd as a Magiſtrate) and with theſe two double Fiſts beat your Teeth down your Throat, you Dog you.

Lord Fop. And why would'ſt thou ſpoil my Face at that rate?

Sir *Tun.* For your Deſign to rob me of my Daughter, Villain.

Lord Fop. Rab thee of thy Daughter——Now I do begin to believe I am a-bed and a-ſleep, and that all this is but a Dream——If it be, 'twill be an agreeable Surprize enough, to waken by and by; and inſtead of the impertinent Company of a naſty Country Juſtice, find my ſelf perhaps in the Arms of a Woman of Quality—[*To Sir* Tun.] Pr'ythee, old Father, wilt thou give me leave to aſk thee one Queſtion?

Sir *Tun.* I can't tell whether I will or not, till I know what it is.

Lord Fop. Why, then, it is, whether thou didſt not write to my Lord *Foppington* to come down and marry thy Daughter?

Sir *Tun.* Yes, marry did I, and my Lord *Foppington* is come down, and ſhall marry my Daughter before ſhe's a Day older.

Lord Fop. Now give me thy Hand, dear Dad, I thought we ſhould underſtand one another at laſt.

Sir *Tun.* This Fellow's mad——here bind him Hand and Foot. [*They bind him down.*

Lord Fop. Nay, pr'ythee, Knight, leave fooling, thy Jeſt begins to grow dull.

Sir *Tun.* Bind him, I ſay, he's mad——Bread and Water, a dark Room, and a Whip, may bring him to his Senſes again. *Lord*

Lord Fop. [*aſide.*] I'gad, if I don't waken quickly, by all that I can ſee, this is like to prove one of the moſt impertinent Dreams that ever I dream't in my Life.

Enter Miſs *and* Nurſe. [Miſs *going up to him.*]

Miſs. Is this he that wou'd have run away with me? Fough, how he ſtinks of ſweets! Pray, Father, let him be dragg'd through the Horſe-Pond.

Lord Fop. [*aſide.*] This muſt be my Wife by her natural Inclination to her Huſband.

Miſs. Pray, Father, what do you intend to do with him? hang him?

Sir *Tun.* That at leaſt, Child.

Nurſe. Ay, and it's e'en too good for him too.

Lord Fop. [*aſide*] *Madame la Governante,* I preſume, hitherto this appears to me to be one of the moſt extraordinary Families that ever Man of Quality match'd into.

Sir *Tun.* What's become of my Lord, Daughter?

Miſs. He's juſt coming, Sir.

Lord Fop. [*aſide.*] My Lord——What does he mean by that now?

Enter Young Faſhion *and* Lory.

Seeing him.] Stap my Vitals, *Tam,* now the Dream's out.

Young Faſh. Is this the Fellow, Sir, that deſign'd to trick me of your Daughter?

Sir *Tun.* This is he, my Lord, how do you like him? Is not he a pretty Fellow to get a Fortune?

Young Faſh. I find by his Dreſs, he thought your Daughter might be taken with a Beau.

Miſs. O Gemini! Is this a Beau? let me ſee him again——ha! I find a Beau is no ſuch ugly thing neither.

Young Faſh. I'gad, ſhe'll be in love with him preſently; I'll e'en have him ſent away to Gaol. [*To* Lord Fop.] Sir, tho' your Undertaking ſhews you are a Perſon of no extraordinary Modeſty, I ſuppoſe you han't Confidence enough to expect much Favour from me.

Lord Fop. Strike me dumb, *Tam,* thou art a very impudent Fellow.

Nurſe. Look if the Varlet has not the Frontery to call his Lordſhip plain *Thomas*.

Bull. The buſineſs is, he wou'd feign himſelf mad, to avoid going to Gaol.

Lord Fop. [*aſide.*] That muſt be the Chaplain, by his unfolding of Myſteries.

Sir *Tun.* Come, is the Warrant writ?

Cler. Yes, Sir.

Sir *Tun.* Give me the Pen, I'll ſign it—So now, Conſtable, away with him.

Lord Fop. Hold one Moment—Pray, Gentlemen; my Lord *Foppington*, ſhall I beg one Word with your Lordſhip?

Nurſe. O ho, it's my Lord with him now; ſee how Afflictions will humble Folks.

Miſs. Pray, my Lord, don't let him whiſper too cloſe, leſt he bite your Ear off.

Lord Fop. I am not altogether ſo hungry, as your Ladyſhip is pleaſed to imagine. [*To* Young Faſh.] Look you, *Tam*, I am ſenſible I have not been ſo kind to you as I ought, but I hope you'll forget what's paſt, and accept of the five thouſand Pounds I offer; thou may'ſt live in extreme Splendor with it; ſtap my Vitals.

Young Faſh. It's a much eaſier matter to prevent a Diſeaſe than to cure it; a quarter of that Sum would have ſecur'd your Miſtreſs; twice as much won't redeem her. [*Leaving him.*

Sir *Tun.* Well, what ſays he?

Young Faſh. Only the Raſcal offer'd me a Bribe to let him go.

Sir *Tun.* Ay, he ſhall go, with a Pox to him: Lead on, Conſtable.

Lord Fop. One word more, and I've done.

Sir *Tun.* Before Gad, thou art an impudent Fellow, to trouble the Court at this rate, after thou art condemned; but ſpeak once for all.

Lord Fop. Why then once for all; I have at laſt luckily call'd to mind, that there is a Gentleman of this Country, who I believe cannot live far from this place, if he were here, would ſatisfy you, I am *Navelty*, Baron

Baron of *Foppington*, with five thouſand Pounds a-year, and that Fellow there a Raſcal, not worth a Groat.

Sir *Tun.* Very well; now who is this honeſt Gentleman you are ſo well acquainted with. [*To* Young Faſh.] Come, Sir, we ſhall hamper him.

Lord Fop. 'Tis Sir *John Friendly.*

Sir *Tun.* So, he lives within half a Mile, and came down into the Country but laſt Night; this bold-fac'd Fellow thought he had been at *London* ſtill, and ſo quoted him; now we ſhall diſplay him in his Colours: I'll ſend for Sir *John* immediately. Here, Fellow, away preſently, and deſire my Neighbour he'll do me the favour to ſtep over, upon an extraordinary Occaſion; and in the mean while you had beſt ſecure this Sharper in the *Gate-Houſe.*

Conſt. An't pleaſe your Worſhip, he may chance to give us the Slip thence: If I were worthy to adviſe, I think the Dog-kennel's a ſurer Place.

Sir *Tun.* With all my heart, any where.

Lord Fop. Nay, for Heaven's ſake, Sir, do me the favour to put me in a clean Room, that I mayn't daub my Clothes.

Sir *Tun.* O when you have married my Daughter, her Eſtate will afford you new ones: Away with him.

Lord Fop. A dirty Country Juſtice is a barbarous Magiſtrate, ſtap my Vitals——

[*Exit Conſtable with Lord* Foppington.

Young Faſh. [*aſide.*] I gad I muſt prevent this Knight's coming, or the Houſe will grow ſoon too hot to hold me.

To Sir *Tun.*] Sir, I fancy 'tis not worth while to trouble Sir *John* upon this impertinent Fellow's Deſire: I'll ſend and call the Meſſenger back——

Sir *Tun.* Nay, with all my heart; for to be ſure he thought he was far enough off, or the Rogue wou'd never have nam'd him.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, I met Sir *John* juſt lighting at the Gate; he's come to wait upon you.

Sir *Tun.* Nay, then it happens as one cou'd wiſh.

Young Faſh. [*aſide.*] The Devil it does! *Lory*, you ſee how things are, here will be a Diſcovery preſently, and we ſhall have our Brains beat out: For my Brother will be ſure to ſwear he don't know me: Therefore run into the Stable, take the two firſt Horſes you can light on, I'll ſlip out at the Back-Door, and we'll away immediately.

Lo. What, and leave your Lady, Sir?

Young Faſh. There's no Danger in that, as long as I have taken poſſeſſion; I ſhall know how to treat with them well enough, if once I am out of their reach. Away, I'll ſteal after thee. [*Exit* Lory, *his Maſter follows him out at one Door, as Sir* John *enters at t'other.*

Enter Sir John.

Sir *Tun.* Sir *John*, you are the welcom'ſt Man alive; I had juſt ſent a Meſſenger to deſire you'd ſtep over, upon a very extraordinary Occaſion——we are all in Arms here.

Sir *John.* How ſo?

Sir *Tun.* Why, you muſt know——a finical ſort of a tawdry Fellow here (I don't know who the Devil he is, not I) hearing, I ſuppoſe, that the Match was concluded between my Lord *Foppington* and my Girl *Hoyden*, comes impudently to the Gate, and with a whole Pack of Rogues in Liveries, wou'd have paſs'd upon me for his Lordſhip: But what does I? I comes up to him boldly at the Head of his Guards, takes him by the Throat, ſtrikes up his Heels, binds him Hand and Foot, diſpatches a Warrant, and commits him Priſoner to the Dog-kennel.

Sir *John.* So, but how do you know but this was my Lord? for I was told he ſet out from *London* the Day before me, with a very fine Retinue, and intended to come directly hither.

Sir *Tun.* Why now to ſhew you how many Lies People raiſe in that damn'd Town, he came two Nights ago Poſt, with only one Servant, and is now in the Houſe with me: But you don't know the Cream of the Jeſt yet; this ſame Rogue, (that lies yonder Neck and Heels among the Hounds) thinking you were out of the Country, quotes you for his Acquaintance, and ſaid, if you were

were here, you'd juſtify him to be Lord *Foppington*, and I know not what.

Sir *John.* Pray will you let me ſee him?

Sir *Tun.* Ay, that you ſhall preſently——here, fetch the Priſoner. [*Exit Servant.*

Sir *John.* I wiſh there ben't ſome Miſtake in the Buneſs, where's my Lord? I know him very well.

Sir *Tun.* He was here juſt now; ſee for him, Doctor, tell him Sir *John* is here to wait upon him. [*Ex. Chaplain.*

Sir *John.* I hope, Sir *Tunbelly*, the young Lady is not married yet.

Sir *Tun.* No, things won't be ready this Week; but why do you ſay, you hope ſhe is not married?

Sir *John.* Some fooliſh Fancies only, perhaps I'm miſtaken.

Re-enter Chaplain.

Bull. Sir, his Lordſhip is juſt rid out to take the Air.

Sir *Tun.* To take the Air! Is that his *London* Breeding, to go to take the Air, when Gentlemen come to viſit him?

Sir *John.* 'Tis poſſible he might want it, he might not be well, ſome ſudden Qualm perhaps.

Enter Conſtable, &c. with Lord Foppington.

Lord Fop. Stap my Vitals, I'll have Satisfaction.

Sir *John.* [*running to him.*] My dear Lord *Foppington!*

Lord Fop. Dear *Friendly*, thou art come in the critical Minute, ſtrike me dumb.

Sir *John.* Why, I little thought to have found you in Fetters.

Lord Fop. Why truly the World muſt do me the juſtice to confeſs, I do uſe to appear a little more *dégagé*: But this old Gentleman, not liking the Freedom of my Air, has been pleaſed to ſkewer down my Arms like a Rabbit.

Sir *Tun.* Is it then poſſible that this ſhou'd be the true Lord *Foppington* at laſt?

Lord Fop. Why what do you ſee in his Face to make you doubt of it? Sir, without preſuming to have any extraordinary Opinion of my Figure, give me leave to tell

you, if you had ſeen as many Lords as I have done, you would not think it impoſſible a Perſon of a worſe *Taille* than mine, might be a modern Man of Quality.

Sir *Tun.* Unbind him, Slaves: my Lord, I'm ſtruck dumb, I can only beg Pardon by Signs; but if a Sacrifice will appeaſe you, you ſhall have it. Here, purſue this *Tartar*, bring him back——Away, I ſay, a Dog, Oons——I'll cut off his Ears and his Tail, I'll draw out all his Teeth, pull his ſkin over his Head——and——what ſhall I do more?

Sir *John.* He does indeed deſerve to be made an Example of.

Lord Fop. He does deſerve to be *chartrè*, ſtap my Vitals.

Sir *Tun.* May I then hope I have your Honour's Pardon?

Lord Fop. Sir, we Courtiers do nothing without a Bribe; that fair young Lady might do Miracles.

Sir *Tun. Hoyden*, come hither, *Hoyden*.

Lord Fop. Hoyden is her Name, Sir?

Sir *Tun.* Yes, my Lord.

Lord Fop. The prettieſt Name for a Song I ever heard.

Sir *Tun.* My Lord——here's my Girl, ſhe's yours, ſhe has a wholeſome Body, and virtuous Mind; ſhe's a Woman complete, both in Fleſh and in Spirit; ſhe has a Bag of mill'd Crowns, as ſcarce as they are, and fifteen hundred a-year ſtitch'd faſt to her Tail: ſo go thy ways, *Hoyden*.

Lord Fop. Sir, I do receive her like a Gentleman.

Sir *Tun.* Then I'm a happy Man, I bleſs Heaven, and if your Lordſhip will give me leave, I will, like a good Chriſtian at *Chriſtmas*, be very drunk by way of Thankſgiving. Come, my noble Peer, I believe Dinner's ready; if your Honour pleaſes to follow me, I'll lead you on to the Attack of a Veniſon Paſty. [*Exit Sir* Tun.

Lord Fop. Sir, I wait upon you: Will your Ladyſhip do me the favour of your little Finger, Madam?

Miſs. My Lord, I'll follow you preſently. I have a little Buſineſs with my Nurſe.

Lord Fop. Your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant; come, Sir *John*, the Ladies have *des Affaires*.

[*Exeunt* Lord Fop. *and Sir* John.

Miſs.

Miſs. So, Nurſe, we are finely brought to bed! What ſhall we do now?

Nurſe. Ah, dear Miſs, we are all undone! Mr. *Bull*, you were us'd to help a Woman to a Remedy. [*Crying.*

Bull. A lack a-day, but it's paſt my Skill now, I can do nothing.

Nurſe. Who wou'd have thought that ever your Invention ſhou'd have been drain'd ſo dry?

Miſs. Well, I have often thought old Folks Fools, and now I'm ſure they are ſo; I have found a way myſelf to ſecure us all.

Nurſe. Dear Lady, what's that?

Miſs. Why, if you two will be ſure to hold your Tongues, and not ſay a word of what's paſt, I'll e'en marry this Lord too.

Nurſe. What! two Huſbands, my Dear?

Miſs. Why you had three, good Nurſe, you may hold your Tongue.

Nurſe. Ay, but not all together, ſweet Child.

Miſs. Pſha, if you had, you'd ne'er thought much on't.

Nurſe. O but 'tis a Sin—Sweeting.

Bull. Nay, that's my buſineſs to ſpeak to, Nurſe: I do confeſs, to take two Huſbands for the Satisfaction of the Fleſh, is to commit the Sin of Exorbitancy; but to do it for the Peace of the Spirit, is no more than to be drunk by way of Phyſick: Beſides, to prevent a Parent's Wrath, is to avoid the Sin of Diſobedience; for when the Parent's angry the Child is froward. So that upon the whole Matter, I do think, tho' Miſs ſhou'd marry again, ſhe may be ſav'd.

Miſs. I-cod, and I will marry again then, and ſo there is an end of the Story. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE *London.*

Enter Coupler, Young Faſhion, *and* Lory.

Coup. WELL, and ſo Sir *John* coming in——

Young Faſh. And ſo Sir *John* coming in, I thought it might be Manners in me to go out, which I did, and getting on Horſeback as faſt as I cou'd, rid away as if the Devil had been at the Rear of me; what has happen'd ſince, Heav'n knows.

Coup. I'gad, Sirrah, I know as well as Heaven.

Young Faſh. What do you know?

Coup. That you are a Cuckold.

Young Faſh. The Devil I am! By who?

Coup. By your Brother.

Young Faſh. My Brother! which way?

Coup. The old way, he has lain with your Wife.

Young Faſh. Hell and Furies, what doſt thou mean?

Coup. I mean plainly, I ſpeak no Parable.

Young Faſh. Plainly! Thou doſt not ſpeak common Senſe, I cannot underſtand one Word thou ſayſt.

Coup. You will do ſoon, Youngſter. In ſhort, you left your Wife a Widow, and ſhe married again.

Young Faſh. It's a Lye.

Coup. ——— I'cod, if I were a young Fellow, I'd break your Head, Sirrah.

Young Faſh. Dear Dad, don't be angry, for I'm as mad as *Tom* of *Bedlam*.

Coup. When I had fitted you with a Wife, you ſhou'd have kept her.

Young Faſh. But is it poſſible the young Strumpet cou'd play ſuch a Trick?

Coup. A young Strumpet, Sir———can play twenty Tricks.

Young Faſh. But pr'ythee inſtruct me a little farther; whence comes thy Intelligence!

Coup.

Coup. From your Brother, in this Letter; there, you may read it. [Young Faſhion *reads.*

Dear *Coupler*,

Pulling off his Hat, } I *Have only time to tell thee in three Lines, or thereabouts, that here has been the Devil! That Raſcal* Tam, *having ſtole the Letter thou hadſt formerly writ for me to bring to Sir* Tunbelly, *form'd a damnable Deſign upon my Miſtreſs, and was in a fair way of Succeſs when I arriv'd. But after having ſuffer'd ſome Indignities (in which I have all daub'd my embroider'd Coat) I put him to flight. I ſent out a Party of Horſe after him, in hopes to have made him my Priſoner, which if I had done, I would have qualified him for the Seraglio, ſtap my Vitals. The Danger I have thus narrowly 'ſcap'd, has made me fortify myſelf againſt further Attempts, by entering immediately into an Aſſociation with the young Lady, by which we engage to ſtand by one another, as long as we both ſhall live. In ſhort, the Papers are ſeal'd, and the Contract is ſign'd, ſo the Buſineſs of the Lawyer is* achevé; *but I defer the divine part of the thing till I arrive at* London, *not being willing to conſummate in any other Bed but my own.*

Poſtſcript,

'Tis poſſible I may be in the Town as ſoon as this Letter; for I find the Lady is ſo violently in love with me, I have determin'd to make her happy with all the Diſpatch that is practicable, without diſardering my Coach Harſes.

So, here's rare Work, I'faith!

Lo. I'gad, Miſs *Hoyden* has laid about her bravely.

Coup. I think my Country-Girl has play'd her part, as well as if ſhe had been born and bred in St. *James's* Pariſh.

Young Faſh. ——— That Rogue the Chaplain.

Lo. And then that Jade the Nurſe, Sir.

Young Faſh. And then that drunken Sot, *Lory*, Sir; that cou'd not keep himſelf ſober to be a Witneſs to the Marriage.

Lo.

Lo. Sir——with reſpect——I know very few drunken Sots that do keep themſelves ſober.

Young Faſh. Hold your prating, Sirrah, or I'll break your Head; dear *Coupler*, what's to be done?

Coup. Nothing's to be done till the Bride and Bridegroom come to Town.

Young Faſh. Bride and Bridegroom! Death and Furies! I can't bear that thou ſhouldſt call them ſo.

Coup. Why, what ſhall I call them, Dog and Cat?

Young Faſh. Not for the World, that ſounds more like Man and Wife than t'other.

Coup. Well, if you'll hear of them in no Language, we'll leave them for the Nurſe and the Chaplain.

Young Faſh. The Devil and the Witch.

Coup. When they come to Town——

Lo. We ſhall have ſtormy Weather.

Coup. Will you hold your tongues, Gentlemen, or not?

Lo. Mum.

Coup. I ſay when they come, we muſt find what Stuff they are made of, whether the Churchman be chiefly compos'd of the Fleſh, or the Spirit; I preſume the former——For as Chaplains now go, 'tis probable he eats three Pound of Beef to the reading one Chapter——This gives him carnal Deſires, he wants Money, Preferment, Wine, a Whore; therefore we muſt invite him to Supper, give him fat Capons, Sack and Sugar, a Purſe of Gold, and a Plump Siſter. Let this be done, and I'll warrant thee, my Boy, he ſpeaks Truth like an Oracle.

Young Faſh. Thou art a profound Stateſman, I allow it; but how ſhall we gain the Nurſe?

Coup. O never fear the Nurſe, if once you have got the Prieſt, for the Devil always rides the Hag. Well, there's nothing more to be ſaid of the Matter at this time, that I know of; ſo let us go and enquire, if there's any News of our People yet, perhaps they may be come. But let me tell you one thing by the way, Sirrah, I doubt you have been an idle Fellow; if thou hadſt behav'd thyſelf as thou ſhoud'ſt have done, the Girl wou'd never have left thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

The SCENE, Berinthia's *Apartment.*

Enter her Maid, *paſſing the Stage, follow'd by* Worthy.

Wor. HEM, Mrs. *Abigail,* is your Miſtreſs to be ſpoken with?

Ab. By you, Sir, I believe ſhe may.

Wor. Why 'tis by me I wou'd have her ſpoken with.

Ab. I'll acquaint her, Sir. [*Exit* Ab.

Worthy ſolus.

One Lift more I muſt perſuade her to give me, and then I'm mounted. Well, a young Bawd, and a handſome one for my Money, 'tis they do the Execution; I'll never go to an old one, but when I have occaſion for a Witch. Lewdneſs looks heavenly to a Woman, when an Angel appears in its Cauſe; but when a Hag is Advocate, ſhe thinks it comes from the Devil. An old Woman has ſomething ſo terrible in her Looks, that whilſt ſhe is perſuading your Miſtreſs to forget ſhe has a Soul, ſhe ſtares Hell and Damnation full in her Face.

Enter Berinthia.

Ber. Well, Sir, what News bring you?

Wor. No News, Madam, there's a Woman going to cuckold her Huſband.

Ber. *Amanda?*

Wor. I hope ſo.

Ber. Speed her well.

Wor. Ay, but there muſt be a more than a God-ſpeed, or your Charity won't be worth a Farthing.

Ber. Why, han't I done enough already?

Wor. Not quite.

Ber. What's the matter?

Wor. The Lady has a Scruple ſtill which you muſt remove.

Ber. What's that?

Wor. Her Virtue— ſhe ſays.

Ber. And do you believe her?

Wor.

Wor. No, but I believe it's what ſhe takes for her Virtue; it's ſome Relicks of lawful Love: ſhe is not yet fully ſatisfy'd her Huſband has got another Miſtreſs, which unleſs I can convince her of, I have opened the Trenches in vain; for the Breach muſt be wider, before I dare ſtorm the Town.

Ber. And ſo I'm to be your Engineer!

Wor. I'm ſure you know beſt how to manage the Battery.

Ber. What think you of ſpringing a Mine? I have a Thought juſt now come into my Head, how to blow her up at once.

Wor. That would be a Thought, indeed!

Ber.——Faith, I'll do't, and thus the Execution of it ſhall be. We are all invited to my Lord *Foppington*'s to-night to Supper, he's come to Town with his Bride, and maketh a Ball, with an Entertainment of Muſick. Now you muſt know, my Undoer here, *Loveleſs*, ſays he muſt needs meet me about ſome private Buſineſs (I don't know what 'tis) before we go to the Company. To which end he has told his Wife one Lye, and I have told her another. But to make her amends, I'll go immediately, and tell her a ſolemn Truth.

Wor. What's that?

Ber. Why, I'll tell her, that to my certain Knowledge her Huſband has a Rendezvous with his Miſtreſs this Afternoon; and that if ſhe'll give me her Word, ſhe will be ſatisfy'd with the Diſcovery, without making any violent Inquiry after the Woman, I'll direct her to a Place where ſhe ſhall ſee them meet.—Now, Friend, this I fancy may help you to a critical Minute. For home ſhe muſt go again to dreſs. You, with your good-breeding, come to wait upon us to the Ball, find her all alone, her Spirit enflam'd againſt her Huſband for his Treaſon, and her Fleſh in a Heat from ſome Contemplations upon the Treachery, her Blood on a Fire, her Conſcience in ice; a Lover to draw, and the Devil to drive——Ah, poor *Amanda!*

Wor. [*kneeling*] Thou Angel of Light, let me fall down and adore thee!

Ber.

Ber. Thou Minſter of Darkneſs, get up again, for I hate to ſee the Devil at his Devotions.

Wor. Well, my incomparable *Berinthia*——How ſhall I requite you——

Ber. O ne'er trouble yourſelf about that: Virtue is its own Reward: There's a Pleaſure in doing good, which ſufficiently pays itſelf. Adieu.

Wor. Farewel, thou beſt of Women.

[*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

Enter Amanda, *meeting* Berinthia.

Aman. Who was that went from you?

Ber. A Friend of yours.

Aman. What does he want?

Ber. Something you might ſpare him, and be ne'er the poorer.

Aman. I can ſpare him nothing but my Friendſhip; my Love already's all diſpos'd of: Tho', I confeſs, to one ungrateful to my Bounty.

Ber. Why there's the Myſtery! You have been ſo bountiful, you have cloy'd him. Fond Wives do by their Huſbands, as barren Wives do by their Lap-Dogs; cram them with Sweetmeats till they ſpoil their Stomachs.

Aman. Alas! Had you but ſeen how paſſionately fond he has been ſince our laſt Reconciliation, you wou'd have thought it were impoſſible he ever ſhould have breath'd an Hour without me.

Ber. Ay but there you thought wrong again, *Amanda*; you ſhou'd conſider, that in Matters of Love Men's Eyes are always bigger than their Bellies. They have violent Appetites, 'tis true, but they have ſoon din'd.

Aman. Well; there's nothing upon Earth aſtoniſhes me more than Men's Inconſtancy.

Ber. Now there's nothing upon Earth aſtoniſhes me leſs, when I conſider what they and we are compos'd of. For Nature has made them Children, and us Babies. Now, *Amanda*, how we us'd our Babies, you may remember. We were mad to have them, as ſoon as we ſaw them; kiſs'd them to pieces, as ſoon as we got them; then pull'd

pull'd off their Clothes, ſaw them naked, and ſo threw them away.

Aman. But do you think all Men are of this Temper?

Ber. All but one.

Aman. Who's that?

Ber. Worthy.

Aman. Why, he's weary of his Wife too, you ſee.

Ber. Ay, that's no Proof.

Aman. What can be a greater?

Ber. Being weary of his Miſtreſs.

Aman. Don't you think 'twere poſſible he might give you that too?

Ber. Perhaps he might, if he were my Gallant; not if he were your's.

Aman. Why do you think he ſhou'd be more conſtant to me, than he wou'd to you? I'm ſure I'm not ſo handſome.

Ber. Kiſſing goes by Favour; be likes you beſt.

Aman. Suppoſe he does; That's no Demonſtration he wou'd be conſtant to me.

Ber. No, that I'll grant you: But there are other Reaſons to expect it; for you muſt know after all, *Amanda*, the Inconſtancy we commonly ſee in Men of Brains, does not ſo much proceed from the Uncertainty of their Temper, as from the Misfortunes of their Love. A Man ſees, perhaps, an hundred Women he likes well enough for an Intrigue, and away; but poſſibly, thro' the whole Courſe of his Life, does not find above one, who is exactly what he could wiſh her: now her, 'tis a thouſand to one, he never gets. Either ſhe is not to be had at all (tho' that ſeldom happens, you'll ſay) or he wants thoſe Opportunities that are neceſſary to gain her; either ſhe likes ſomebody elſe much better than him, or uſes him like a Dog, becauſe he likes no body ſo well as her. Still ſomething or other Fate claps in the way between them and the Woman they are capable of being fond of. And this makes them wander about from Miſtreſs to Miſtreſs, like a Pilgrim from Town to Town, who every Night muſt have a freſh lodging, and 's in haſte to be gone in the Morning.

Aman.

Aman. 'Tis poſſible there may be ſomething in what you ſay; but what do you infer from it, as to the Man we were talking of?

Ber. Why, I infer, that you being the Woman in the World the moſt to his Humour, 'tis not likely he would quit you for one that is leſs.

Aman. That is not to be depended upon, for you ſee Mr. *Loveleſs* does ſo.

Ber. What does Mr. *Loveleſs* do?

Aman. Why, he runs after ſomething for Variety, I'm ſure he does not like ſo well as he does me.

Ber. That's more than you know, Madam.

Aman. No, I'm ſure on't: I am not very vain, *Berinthia*; and yet I'll lay my Life, if I could look into his Heart, he thinks I deſerve to be prefer'd to a thouſand of her.

Ber. Don't be too poſitive in that neither: A Million to one, but ſhe has the ſame Opinion of you. What wou'd you give to ſee her?

Aman. Hang her, dirty Trull; tho' I really believe ſhe's ſo ugly, ſhe'd cure me of my Jealouſy.

Ber. All the Men of Senſe about Town ſay ſhe's handſome.

Aman. They are as often out in thoſe things as any People.

Ber. Then I'll give you further Proof—all the Women about Town ſay, ſhe's a Fool: Now I hope you are convinc'd?

Aman. Whate'er ſhe be, I'm ſatisfy'd he does not like her well enough to beſtow any thing more than a little outward Gallantry upon her.

Ber. Outward Gallantry!—[*Aſide*] I can't bear this. [*To Aman.*] Don't you think ſhe's a Woman to be fobb'd off ſo. Come, I'm too much your Friend, to ſuffer you ſhould be thus groſly impos'd upon, by a Man who does not deſerve the leaſt part about you, unleſs he knew how to ſet a greater Value upon it. Therefore in one word, to my certain knowledge, he is to meet her now, within a quarter of an Hour, ſomewhere about that *Babylon* of Wickedneſs, *Whitehall*. And if you'll give me

me your Word that you'll be content with ſeeing her maſk'd in his Hand, without pulling her Headclothes off, I'll ſtep immediately to the Perſon, from whom I have my Intelligence, and ſend you word whereabouts you may ſtand to ſee 'em meet. My Friend and I'll watch 'em from another place, and dodge 'em to their private Lodging: But don't you offer to follow 'em, leſt you do it awkwardly, and ſpoil all. I'll come home to you again, as ſoon as I have earth'd 'em, and give you an account in what corner of the Houſe the Scene of their Lewdneſs lies.

Aman. If you can do this, *Berinthia*, he's a Villain.

Ber. I can't help that, Men will be ſo.

Aman. Well! I'll follow your Directions; for I ſhall never reſt till I know the worſt of this matter.

Ber. Pray, go immediately, and get yourſelf ready then. Put on ſome of your Woman's Clothes, a great Scarf and a Maſk, and you ſhall preſently receive Orders. [*Calls within*] Here, who's there? get me a Chair quickly.

Serv. There are Chairs at the Door, Madam.

Ber. 'Tis well, I'm coming.

Aman. But pray, *Berinthia*, before you go, tell me how I may know this filthy Thing, if ſhe ſhould be ſo forward (as I ſuppoſe ſhe will) to come to the Rendezvous firſt; for, methinks, I would fain view her a little.

Ber. Why, ſhe's about my heighth; and very well ſhap'd.

Aman. I thought ſhe had been a little crooked?

Ber. O no, ſhe's as ſtraight as I am. But we loſe time, come away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Enter Young Faſhion, *meeting* Lory.

Young Faſh. Well, will the Doctor come?

Lo. Sir, I ſent a Porter to him as you order'd me. He found him with a Pipe of Tobacco and a great Tankard of Ale, which he ſaid he wou'd diſpatch while I cou'd tell three, and be here.

Young Faſh. He does not ſuſpect 'twas I that ſent for him?

Lo.

Lo. Not a Jot, Sir, he divines as little for himſelf, as he does for other Folks.

Young Faſh. Will he bring Nurſe with him?

Lo. Yes.

Young Faſh. That's well; where's *Coupler?*

Lo. He's half way up the Stairs taking Breath; he muſt play his Bellows a little, before he can get to the top.

Enter Coupler.

Young Faſh. O here he is. Well, old Phthiſick, the Doctor's coming.

Coup. Wou'd the Pox had the Doctor——I'm quite out of Wind [*To Lo.*] Set me a Chair, Sirrah. Ah—— [*ſits down*] [*To Young Faſh.*] Why the Plague can'ſt not thou lodge upon the Ground-Floor?

Young Faſh. Becauſe I love to lie as near Heaven as I can.

Coup. Pr'ythee let Heaven alone; ne'er affect tending that way: Thy Center's downwards.

Young Faſh. That's impoſſible. I have too much ill Luck in this World, to be damn'd in the next.

Coup. Thou art out in thy Logick. Thy Major is true, but thy Minor is falſe; for thou art the luckieſt Fellow in the Univerſe.

Young Faſh. Make out that.

Coup. I'll do't: Laſt Night the Devil ran away with the Parſon of *Fatgooſe* Living.

Young Faſh. If he had run away with the Pariſh too, what's that to me?

Coup. I'll tell thee what it's to thee. This Living is worth five hundred Pound a-year, and the Preſentation of it is thine, if thou can'ſt prove thyſelf a lawful Huſband to Miſs *Hoyden.*

Young Faſh. Say'ſt thou ſo, my Protector! then I'gad I ſhall have a Brace of Evidences here preſently.

Coup. The Nurſe and the Doctor?

Young Faſh. The ſame: The Devil himſelf won't have Intereſt enough to make them withſtand it.

Coup. That we ſhall ſee preſently: Here they come.

Enter

Enter Nurſe *and* Chaplain; *they ſtart back, ſeeing* Young Faſhion.

Nurſe. Ah Goodneſs, *Roger*, we are betray'd.

Young Faſh. [*laying hold on them.*] Nay, nay, ne'er flinch for the matter; for I have you ſafe. Come to your Trials immediately; I have no time to give you Copies of your Indictment. There ſits your Judge.——

Both kneeling. Pray, Sir, have Compaſſion on us.

Nurſe. I hope, Sir, my Years will move your Pity; I am an aged Woman.

Coup. That is a moving Argument, indeed!

Coup. [*To Bull.*] Are not you a rogue of Sanctity?

Bull. Sir, with reſpect to my Function, I do wear a Gown. I hope, Sir, my Character will be conſider'd; I am Heaven's Ambaſſador.

Coup. Did not you marry this vigorous young Fellow to a plump young buxom Wench?

Nurſe. [*to Bull.*] Don't confeſs, *Roger*, unleſs you are hard put to it, indeed?

Coup. Come, out with't—Now is he chewing the Cud of his Roguery, and grinding a Lye between his Teeth.

Bull. Sir,———I cannot poſitively ſay——I ſay, Sir——poſitively I cannot ſay——

Coup. Come, no Equivocation, no Roman Turns upon us. Conſider thou ſtand'ſt upon Proteſtant Ground, which will ſlip from under thee like a *Tyburn* Car; for in this Country we have always ten Hangmen for one Jeſuit.

Bull. [*to Young Faſh.*] Pray, Sir, then will you but permit me to ſpeak one word in private with Nurſe?

Young Faſh. Thou art always for doing ſomething in private with Nurſe.

Coup. But pray let his Betters be ſerv'd before him for once. I would do ſomething in private with her myſelf; *Lory*, take care of this Reverend Gentleman in the next Room a little. Retire, Prieſt. [*Exit* Lo. *with* Bull.—Now, Virgin, I muſt put the matter home to you a little: Do you think it might not be poſſible to make you ſpeak Truth?

Nurſe.

Nurſe. Alas! Sir, I don't know what you mean by Truth.

Coup. Nay, 'tis poſſible thou may'ſt be a Stranger to it.

Young Faſh. Come, Nurſe, you and I were better Friends when we ſaw one another laſt; and I ſtill believe you are a very good Woman in the bottom. I did deceive you and your young Lady, 'tis true, but I always deſign'd to make a very good Huſband to her, and to be a very good Friend to you. And 'tis poſſible in the end, ſhe might have found herſelf happier and you richer, than ever my Brother will make you.

Nurſe. Brother! Why is your Worſhip then his Lordſhip's Brother!

Young Faſh. I am; which you ſhould have known, if I durſt have ſtaid to have told you; but I was forc'd to take Horſe a little in haſte, you know.

Nurſe. You were, indeed, Sir: poor young Man, how he was bound to ſcaure for't. Now won't your Worſhip be angry, if I confeſs the Truth to you; when I found you were a Cheat (with reſpect be it ſpoken) I verily believ'd Miſs had got ſome pitiful Skip-Jack Varlet or other to her Huſband, or I had ne'er let her think of marrying again.

Coup. But where was your Conſcience all this while, Woman? Did not that ſtare you in the Face with huge Saucer-eyes, and a great Horn upon the Forehead? Did not you think you ſhould be damn'd for ſuch a Sin? Ha!

Young Faſh. Well ſaid, Divinity, preſs that home upon her.

Nurſe. Why, in good truly, Sir, I had ſome fearful Thoughts on't, and cou'd never be brought to conſent, till Mr. *Bull* ſaid it was a *Peckadilla*, and he'd ſecure my Soul for a Tythe-Pig.

Young Faſh. There was a Rogue for you.

Coup. And he ſhall thrive accordingly: He ſhall have a [illegible] living. Come, honeſt *Nurſe*, I ſee you have Butter in your Compound; you can melt. Some Compaſſion you can have of this handſome young Fellow.

Nurſe. I have, indeed, Sir.

Young Faſh. Why, then, I'll tell you what you ſhall do for me. You know what a warm Living here is fallen; and that it muſt be in the Diſpoſal of him who has the Diſpoſal of Miſs. Now if you and the Doctor will agree to prove my Marriage, I'll preſent him to it, upon condition he makes you his Bride.

Nurſe. Naw the Bleſſing of the Lord follow your good Worſhip both by Night and by Day! Let him be fetch'd in by the Ears; I'll ſoon bring his Noſe to the Grindſtone.

Coup. [*aſide.*] Well ſaid, old Whit-Leather. Hey; bring in the Priſoner there.

Enter Lory *with* Bull.

Coup. Come, advance, holy Man! Here's your Duck does not think fit to retire with you into the Chancel at this time; but ſhe has a Propoſal to make to you in the Face of the Congregation. Come, *Nurſe*, ſpeak for yourſelf; you are of Age.

Nurſe. Roger, are not you a wicked Man, *Roger*, to ſet your Strength againſt a weak Woman, and perſuade her it was no Sin to conceal Miſs's Nuptials? My Conſcience flies in my Face for it, thou Prieſt of *Baal*; and I find by woful Experience, thy Abſolution is not worth an old Caſſock: therefore I am reſolved to confeſs the Truth to the whole World, tho' I die a Beggar for it. But his Worſhip overflows with his Mercy, and his Bounty: He is not only pleas'd to forgive us our Sins, but deſigns thou ſha't ſquat thee down in *Fat-gooſe* Living; and, which is more than all, has prevail'd with me to become the Wife of thy Boſom.

Young Faſh. All this I intend for you, Doctor. What you are to do for me, I need not tell you.

Bull. Your Worſhip's Goodneſs is unſpeakable: Yet there is one thing ſeems a Point of Conſcience; and Conſcience is a tender Babe. If I ſhou'd bind myſelf, for the ſake of this Living, to marry *Nurſe*, and maintain her afterwards, I doubt it might be look'd on as a kind of Simony.

Coup.

Coup. [*rising up.*] If it were Sacrilege, the Living's worth it: Therefore no more Words, good Doctor: but with the [*giving Nurse to him.*] Parish——here——take the Parsonage-house. 'Tis true, 'tis a little out of Repair; some Dilapidations there are to be made good; the Windows are broke, the Wainscot is warp'd, the Ceilings are peel'd, and the Walls are crack'd; but a little Glasing, Painting, White-wash, and Plaster, will make it last thy time.

Bull. Well, Sir, if it must be so, I shan't contend: What Providence orders, I submit to.

Nurse. And so do I, with all Humility.

Coup. Why, that now was spoke like good People. Come, my Turtle-Doves, let us go help this poor Pigeon to his wandering Mate again: and after Institution and Induction, you shall all go a-cooing together. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Enter Amanda, *in a Scarf,* &c. *as just returned, her Woman following her.*

Aman. Pr'ythee, what care I who has been here?

Wom. Madam, 'twas my Lady *Bridle,* and my Lady *Tiptoe.*

Aman. My Lady *Fiddle,* and my Lady *Faddle.* What dost stand troubling me with the Visits of a parcel of impertinent Women? When they are well scam'd with the Small Pox, they won't be so fond of shewing their Faces——There are more Coquettes about this Town——

Wom. Madam, I suppose, they only came to return your Ladyship's Visit, according to the Custom of the World.

Aman. Wou'd the World were on Fire, and you in the middle on't! Be gone: leave me. [*Exit Wom.*

Amanda *sola.*

At last I am convinc'd. My Eyes are Testimonies of his Falshood.

Th[illegible]ngrateful, perjur'd Villain———

Good Gods—What slippery Stuff are Men compos'd of!

Sure the Account of their Creation's false,

And 'twas the Woman's Rib that they were form'd of.

But why am I thus angry?
This poor Relapſe ſhou'd only move my Scorn.
'Tis true, the roving Flights of his unfiniſh'd Youth
Had ſtrong Excuſes from the Plea of Nature:
Reaſon had thrown the Reins looſe on his Neck,
And ſlipt him to unlimited Deſire.
If therefore he went wrong, he had a Claim
To my Forgiveneſs, and I did him right.
But ſince the Years of Manhood rein him in,
And Reaſon, well digeſted into Thought,
Has pointed out the Courſe he ought to run;
If now he ſtrays,
'Twou'd be as weak and mean in me to pardon,
As it has been in him t' offend. But hold:
'Tis an ill Cauſe indeed, where nothing's to be ſaid for't.
My Beauty poſſibly is in the Wain:
Perhaps Sixteen has greater Charms for him:
Yes, there's the Secret. But let him know,
My Quiver's not entirely empty'd yet,
I ſtill have Darts, and I can ſhoot 'em too;
They're not ſo blunt, but they can enter ſtill;
The Want's not in my Power, but in my Will.
Virtue's his Friend; or, thro' another's Heart,
I yet cou'd find the way to make his ſmart.
[*Going off, ſhe meets* Worthy.
Ha! He here? Protect me, Heaven, for this looks ominous.

Wor. You ſeem diſorder'd, Madam; I hope there's no Misfortune happen'd to you?

Aman. None that will long diſorder me, I hope.

Wor. Whate'er it be diſturbs you, I wou'd to Heaven 'twere in my Power to bear the Pain, till I were able to remove the Cauſe.

Aman. I hope ere long it will remove itſelf. At leaſt, I have given it warning to be gone.

Wor. Wou'd I durſt aſk, Where 'tis the Thorn torments you?
Forgive me, if I grow inquiſitive;
'Tis only with deſire to give you Eaſe.

Aman. Alas! 'tis in a tender Part. It can't be drawn without

ithout a World of Pain: Yet out it muſt; for it be-
s to feſter in my Heart.

Wor. If 'tis the Sting of unrequited Love, remove it inſtantly: I have a Balm will quickly heal the Wound.

Aman. You'll find the Undertaking difficult: The Surgeon who already has attempted it, has much tormented me.

Wor. I'll aid him with a gentler Hand—if you will give me leave.

Aman. How ſoft ſoe'er the Hand may be, there ſtill is Terror in the Operation.

Wor. Some few Preparatives would make it eaſy, could I perſuade you to apply 'em. Make Home Reflections, Madam, on your ſlighted Love: Weigh well the Strength and Beauty of your Charms: Rouſe up that Spirit Women ought to bear, and ſlight your God, if he neglects his Angel. With Arms of Ice receive his cold Embraces, and keep your Fire for thoſe who come in Flames. Behold a burning Lover at your Feet, his Fever raging in his Veins. See how he trembles, how he pants! See how he glows, how he conſumes! Extend the Arms of Mercy to his Aid: his Zeal may give him Title to your Pity, altho' his Merit cannot claim your Love.

Aman. Of all my feeble Sex, ſure I muſt be the weakeſt, ſhou'd I again preſume to think on Love. [*Sighing*]———Alas! my Heart has been too roughly treated.

Wor. 'Twill find the greater Bliſs in ſofter Uſage.

Aman. But where's that Uſage to be found?

Wor. 'Tis here, within this faithful Breaſt; which if you doubt, I'll rip it up before your Eyes; lay all its Secrets open to your View; and then you'll ſee 'twas ſound.

Aman. With juſt ſuch honeſt Words as theſe, the worſt of Men deceiv'd me.

Wor. He therefore merits all Revenge can do: his Fault is ſuch, the Extent and Stretch of Vengeance cannot reach it. O make me but your Inſtrument of Juſ-

tice; you'll find me execute it with ſuch Zeal, as ſha[ll] convince you I abhor the Crime.

Aman. The Rigour of an Executioner has more t[o] Face of Cruelty than Juſtice: And he who puts the Cord about the Wretch's Neck, is ſeldom known to exceed him in his Morals.

Wor. What Proof then can I give you of my Truth?

Aman. There is on Earth but one.

Wor. And is that in my Power?

Aman. It is: And one that would ſo thoroughly convince me, I ſhould be apt to rate your Heart ſo high, I poſſibly might purchaſe 't with a part of mine.

Wor. Then, Heav'n, thou art my Friend, and I am bleſt; for if 'tis in my Power, my Will I'm ſure will reach it. No matter what the Terms may be, when ſuch a Recompence is offer'd. O tell me quickly what this Proof muſt be! What is it will convince you of my Love?

Aman. I ſhall believe you love me as you ought, if from this Moment, you forbear to aſk whatever is unfit for me to grant.——You pauſe upon it, Sir——I doubt on ſuch hard Terms, a Woman's Heart is ſcarcely worth the having.

Wor. A Heart like yours, on any Terms is worth it; 'twas not on that I paus'd: But I was thinking [*drawing nearer to her*] whether ſome things there may not be, which Women cannot grant without a Bluſh, and yet which Men may take without Offence. [*Taking her Hand.*] Your Hand I fancy may be of the Number: O pardon me, if I commit a Rape upon it, [*kiſſing it eagerly,*] and thus devour it with my Kiſſes!

Aman. O Heavens! let me go.

Wor. Never, whilſt I have Strength to hold you here. [*Forcing her to ſit down on a Couch.*] My Life, my Soul, my Goddeſs——O forgive me!

Aman. O whither am I going? Help, Heaven, or I am loſt.

Wor. Stand neuter, Gods, this once I do invoke you.

Aman. Then, ſave me, Virtue, and the Glory's thine.

Wor. Nay, never ſtrive.

Aman,

Aman. I will; and conquer too. My Forces rally ſtely to my Aid, [*breaking from him*] and thus I gain Day.

Wor. Then mine as bravely double their Attack, [*ſeizing her again.*] And thus I wreſt it from you. Nay, ſtruggle not; for all 's in vain: Or Death or victory; I am determin'd.

Aman. And ſo am I. [*ruſhing from him.*] Now keep your diſtance, or we part for ever.

Wor. [*Offering again.*] For Heaven's ſake———

Aman. [*Going*] Nay then, farewel.

Wor. [*kneeling and holding by her Clothes.*] O ſtay, and ſee the Magick Force of Love: Behold this raging Lion at your Feet, ſtruck dead with Fear, and tame as Charms can make him. What muſt I do to be forgiven by you?

Aman. Repent, and never more offend.

Wor. Repentance for paſt Crimes is juſt and eaſy; but ſin no more 's a Taſk too hard for Mortals.

Aman. Yet thoſe who hope for Heaven, muſt uſe their beſt Endeavours to perform it.

Wor. Endeavours we may uſe, but Fleſh and Blood are got in t'other Scale; and they are pond'rous things.

Aman. Whate'er they are, there is a Weight in Reſolution ſufficient for their Balance. The Soul, I do confeſs, is uſually ſo careleſs of its Charge, ſo ſoft, and ſo indulgent to Deſire, it leaves the Reins in the wild Hand of Nature, who, like a *Phaeton*, drives the fiery Chariot, and ſets the World on Flame. Yet ſtill the Sovereignty is in the Mind, whene'er it pleaſes to exert its Force. Perhaps you may not think it worth your while to take ſuch mighty pains for my Eſteem; but that I leave to you.

You ſee the Price I ſet upon my Heart;
Perhaps 'tis dear: But ſpite of all your Art,
You'll find no cheaper Terms we ne'er ſhall part.

[*Exit* Amanda.

Worthy *ſolus*.

Sure there's Divinity about her; and ſhe'as diſpe[illegible] ſome portion on't to me. For what but now was wild Flame of Love, or (to diſſect that ſpecious Term) the vile, the groſs Deſires of Fleſh and Blood, is in a Moment turn'd to Adoration. The coarſer Appetite of Nature's gone, and 'tis, methinks, the Food of Angels I require: how long this Influence may laſt, Heaven knows. But in this Moment of my Purity, I cou'd on her own Terms accept her Heart. Yes, lovely Woman, I can accept it. For now 'tis doubly worth my Care. Your Charms are much increas'd, ſince thus adorn'd. When Truth's extorted from us, then we own the Robe of Virtue is a graceful Habit.

Cou'd Women but our ſecret Counſels ſcan,
Cou'd they but reach the deep Reſerves of Man,
They'd wear it on, that That of Love might laſt;
For when they throw off one, we ſoon the other caſt.
Their Sympathy is ſuch———
The Fate of one, the other ſcarce can fly—
They live together, and together die. [*Exit.*

Scene V. *Enter* Miſs *and* Nurſe.

Miſs. But is it ſure and certain, ſa y you, he's my Lord's own Brother?

Nurſe. As ſure, as he's your lawful Huſband.

Miſs. I'cod, if I had known that in time, I don't know but I might have kept him; For, between you and I, Nurſe, he'd have made a Huſband worth two of this I have. But which do you think you ſhou'd fancy moſt, Nurſe?

Nurſe. Why, truly, in my poor fancy, Madam, your firſt Huſband is the prettier Gentleman.

Miſs. I don't like my Lord's Shapes, Nurſe.

Nurſe. Why in good truly, as a body may ſay, he is but a Slam.

Miſs. What do you think now he puts me in mind of? Don't you remember a long, looſe, ſhambling ſort of a Horſe my Father call'd *Waſhy?*

Nurſe.

Nurſe. As like as two Twin-Brothers.

Miſs. I'cod, I have thought ſo a hundred times: faith, I'm tired of him.

Nurſe. Indeed, Madam, I think you had e'en as good ſtand to your firſt Bargain.

Miſs. O but, Nurſe, we han't conſidered the main thing yet. If I leave my Lord, I muſt leave my Lady too: and when I rattle about the Streets in my Coach, they'll only ſay, there goes Miſtreſs——Miſtreſs——Miſtreſs what? What's this Man's Name, I have married, Nurſe?

Nurſe. 'Squire *Faſhion.*

Miſs. 'Squire *Faſhion* is it?——Well, 'Squire, that's better than nothing: Do you think one cou'd not get him made a Knight, Nurſe?

Nurſe. I don't know but one might, Madam, when the King's in a good Humour.

Miſs. I'cod, that wou'd do rarely. For then he'd be as good a Man as my Father, you know.

Nurſe. By'r Lady, and that's as good as the beſt of 'em

Miſs. So 'tis, faith; for then I ſhall be my Lady, and your Ladyſhip at every Word, that's all I have to care for. Ha, Nurſe! But hark you me, one thing more, and then I have done. I'm afraid, if I change my Huſband again, I ſhan't have ſo much Money to throw about, Nurſe.

Nurſe. O, enough's as good as a Feaſt: Beſides, Madam, one don't know, but as much may fall to your ſhare with the younger Brother, as with the elder. For tho' theſe Lords have a power of Wealth, indeed; yet as I have heard ſay, they give it all to their Sluts and their Trulls, who joggle it about in their Coaches, with a Murrain to 'em, whilſt poor Madam ſits ſighing and wiſhing, and knotting and crying, and has not a ſpare Half-Crown to buy her a *Practice of Piety.*

Miſs. O, but for that, don't deceive yourſelf, Nurſe. For this I [*matting her Fingers*] ſay for my Lord, and a——for him: He's as free as an open Houſe at *Chriſtmas.* For this very Morning he told me, I ſhou'd have two hundred a-year to buy Pins. Now, Nurſe, if

he gives me two hundred a-year to buy Pins, what do you think he'll give me to buy fine Petticoats?

Nurſe. Ah, my Deareſt, he deceives thee faully, as he's no better than a Rogue for his pains. Theſe *London doners* have got a Gibberidge with them, would confound a Gipſey. That which they call Pin-money, is to buy their Wives every thing in the varſal World, down to their very Shoe-tyes? Nay, I have heard Folks ſay, That ſome Ladies, if they will have Gallants, as they call 'em, are forc'd to find them out of their Pin-money too.

Miſs. Has he ſerv'd me ſo, ſay ye?---Then I'll be his Wife no longer, that's fixt. Look, here he comes, with all the fine Folks at 's heels. I'cod, Nurſe, theſe *London* Ladies will laugh till they crack again, to ſee me ſlip my Collar, and run away from my Huſband. But, d'ye hear? Pray take care of one thing: When the Buſineſs comes to break out, be ſure you get between me and my Father, for you know his Tricks; he'll knock me down.

Nurſe. I'll mind him, ne'er fear, Madam.

Enter Lord Foppington, Loveleſs, Worthy, Amanda, *and* Berinthia.

Lord Fop. Ladies and Gentlemen, you are all welcome. [*To* Lov.] *Loveleſs*---That's my Wife; pr'ythee do me the favour to ſalute her: And do'ſt hear, [*aſide to him.*] if thau haſt a mind to try thy Fartune, to be reveng'd of me, I won't take it ill, ſtap my Vitals.

Lov. You need not fear, Sir, I'm too fond of my own Wife, to have the leaſt Inclination for yours.

[*All ſalute Miſs.*

Lord Fop. [*aſide.*] I'd give a thauſand Paund he wou'd make Love to her, that he may ſee ſhe has ſenſe enough to prefer me to him, tho' his own Wife has not: [*viewing him.*]—He's a very beaſtly Fellow, in my Opinion.

Miſs. [*aſide.*] What a Power of fine Men there are in this *London!* He that kiſt me firſt, is a goodly Gentleman, I promiſe you: Sure thoſe Wives have a rare time on't, that live here always.

Enter

Enter Sir Tunbelly, *with Muſicians, Dancers,* &c.

Sir *Tun.* Come, come in, good People, come in; come, tune your Fiddles, tune your Fiddles.

To the Hautboys.] Bag-pipes, make ready there. Come, ſtrike up. [*Sings.*

For this is Hoyden's *Wedding-day;*
And therefore we keep Holy-day,
And come to be merry.

Ha! there's my Wench, I'faith: Touch and take, I'll warrant her; ſhe'll breed like a tame Rabbit.

Miſs. [*aſide*] I'cod, I think my Father's gotten drunk before Supper.

Sir *Tun.* [*to* Lov. *and* Wor.] Gentlemen, you are welcome. [*ſaluting* Aman. *and* Ber.] Ladies, by your leave. Ha——They bill like Turtles. Udſookers, they ſet my old Blood a-fire; I ſhall cuckold ſome body before Morning.

Lord Fop. [*to Sir* Tun.] Sir, you being Maſter of the Entertainment, will you deſire the Company to ſit?

Sir *Tun.* Oons, Sir,——I'm the happieſt Man on this ſide the *Ganges.*

Lord Fop. [*aſide.*] This is a mighty unaccountable old Fellow. [*To Sir* Tun.] I ſaid, Sir, it wou'd be convenient to aſk the Company to ſit.

Sir *Tun.* Sit——with all my heart: Come, take your places, Ladies; take your places, Gentlemen: Come, ſit down, ſit down; a Pox of Ceremony, take your places. [*They ſit, and the Maſk begins.*

Dialogue between *Cupid* and *Hymen.*

Cupid.

I.

THOU Pow'r to my Empire, thou Spring of Conteſt,
Thou Source of all Diſcord, thou Period to Reſt;
Inſtruct me what Wretches in Bondage can ſee,
That the Aim of their Life is ſtill pointed to thee.

Hymen. 2.

Inſtruct me, thou little impertinent God,
From whence all thy Subjects have taken the Mode
To grow fond of a Change, to whatever it be,
And I'll tell thee why thoſe wou'd be bound, who are free.

Chorus.

For Change, we're for Change, to whatever it be,
We are neither contented with Freedom nor Thee.
Conſtancy's an empty Sound.
Heaven, and Earth, and all go round,
All the Works of Nature move,
And the Joys of Life and Love
Are in Variety.

Cupid. 3.

Were Love the Reward of a pains-taking Life,
Had a Huſband the Art to be fond of his Wife;
Were Virtue ſo plenty, a Wife cou'd afford,
Theſe very hard Times, to be true to her Lord;
Some ſpecious Account might be given of thoſe
Who are ty'd by the Tail, to be led by the Noſe.

4.

But ſince 'tis the Fate of a Man and his Wife,
To conſume all their Days in Contention and Strife:
Since whatever the Bounty of Heaven may create her,
He's morally ſure he ſhall heartily hate her;
I think 'twere much wiſer to ramble at large,
And the Volleys of Love on the Herd to diſcharge.

Hymen. 5.

Some colour of Reaſon thy Counſel might bear,
Cou'd a Man have no more than his Wife to his ſhare:
Or were I a Monarch ſo cruelly juſt,
To oblige a poor Wife to be true to her Truſt;
But I have not pretended, for many Years paſt,
By marrying of People, to make 'em grow chaſte.

6.

I therefore adviſe thee to let me go,
Thou'd find I'm the Strength and Support of thy Throne;
For hadſt thou but Eyes, thou wouldſt quickly perceive it,

How

How ſmoothly the Dart
Slips into the Heart
Of a Woman that's Wed;
Whilſt the ſhivering Maid
Stands trembling, and wiſhing, but dare not receive it.

Chorus.

For Change, &c.

The Maſk ended, enter Young Faſh. Coupler, *and* Bull.

Sir *Tun.* So, very fine, very fine, i'faith; this is ſomething like a Wedding; now if Supper were but ready, I'd ſay a ſhort Grace; and if I had ſuch a Bed-fellow as *Hoyden* to night——I'd ſay as ſhort Prayers.

Seeing Young Faſh. How now——what have we got here? A Ghoſt? Nay, it muſt be ſo; for his Fleſh and Blood cou'd never have dar'd to appear before me. [*To him.*] Ah, Rogue——

Lord Fop. Stap my Vitals, *Tam* again?

Sir *Tun.* My Lord, will you cut his Throat? Or ſhall I?

Lord Fop. Leave him to me, Sir, if you pleaſe. Pr'ythee, *Tam,* be ſo ingenuous now, as to tell me what thy Buſineſs is here?

Young Faſh. 'Tis with your Bride.

Lord Fop. Thau art the impudent'ſt Fellow that Nature has yet ſpawn'd into the World, ſtrike me ſpeechleſs.

Young Faſh. Why you know my Modeſty wou'd have ſtarv'd me; I ſent it a-begging to you, and you wou'd not give it a Groat.

Lord Fop. And doſt thau expect by an exceſs of Aſſurance to extart a Maintenance fram me?

Young Faſh. [*taking Miſs by the Hand.*] I do intend to extort your Miſtreſs from you, and that I hope will prove one.

Lord Fop. I ever thaught *Newgate* or *Bedlam* wou'd be his Fartune, and naw his Fate's decided. Pr'ythee, *Loveleſs,* [illegible] knaw of ever a Mad Doctor hard by?

Young Faſh. There's one at your Elbow will cure you preſently.

To Bull. Pr'ythee, Doctor, take him in hand quickly.

Young

Lord Fop. Shall I beg the Favour of you, Sir, to pull your Fingers out of my Wife's Hand?

Young Faſh. His Wife! Look you there; now I hope you are all ſatisfy'd he's mad.

Lord Fop. Naw is it not impaſſible far me to penetrate what Species of Fally it is thou art driving at?

Sir *Tun.* Here, here, here, let me beat out his Brains, and that will decide all.

Lord Fop. No, pray, Sir, hold, we'll deſtray him preſently according to Law.

Young Faſh. [*To* Bull.] Nay, then advance, Doctor: come, you are a Man of Conſcience, anſwer boldly to the Queſtions I ſhall aſk: Did not you marry me to this young Lady, before ever that Gentleman there ſaw her Face?

Bull. Since the Truth muſt out, I did.

Young Faſh. Nurſe, ſweet Nurſe, were not you a Witneſs to it?

Nurſe. Since my Conſcience bids me ſpeak—I was.

Young Faſh. [*to Miſs.*] Madam, am not I your lawful Huſband?

Miſs. Truly I can't tell, but you married me firſt.

Young Faſh. Now I hope you are all ſatisfy'd?

Sir Tun. [*offering to ſtrike him, is held by* Lov. *and* Wor.] Ocns and Thunder, you lye.

Lord Fop. Pray, Sir, be calm, the Battle is in Diſarder, but requires more Conduct than Courage to rally our Forces. Pray, Dactar, one word with you.

To Bull *aſide.*] Look you, Sir, tho' I will not preſume to calculate your Notions of Damnation, fram the Deſcription you give us of Hell, yet ſince there is at leaſt a paſſibility you may have a Pitchfark thruſt in your Backſide, methinks, it ſhou'd not be worth your while to riſk your Saul in the next World, for the ſake of a beggarly yaunger Brather, who is nat able to make your Bady happy in this.

Bull. Alas! my Lord, I have no wordly Ends; I ſpeak the Truth, Heaven knows.

Lord Fop. Nay, pr'ythee, never engage Heaven in the matter; far, by all I can ſee, 'tis like to prove a Buſineſs for the Devil.

Young

Young Faſh. Come, pray, Sir, all above-board, no corrupting of Evidences; if you pleaſe, this young Lady is my lawful Wife, and I'll juſtify it in all the Courts of *England*; ſo your Lordſhip (who always had a Paſſion for Variety) may go ſeek a new Miſtreſs, if you think fit.

Lord Fop. I am ſtruck dumb with his Impudence, and cannot paſſitively tell whether ever I ſhall ſpeak again, or nat.

Sir *Tun.* Then let me come and examine the Buſineſs a little, I'll jerk the Truth out of 'em preſently; here, give me my Dog-whip.

Young Faſh. Look you, old Gentleman, 'tis in vain to make a Noiſe; if you grow mutinous, I have ſome Friends within Call, have Swords by their Sides, above four Foot long; therefore be calm, hear the Evidence patiently, and when the Jury have given their Verdict, paſs Sentence according to Law: Here's honeſt *Coupler* ſhall be Foreman, and aſk as many Queſtions as he pleaſes.

Coup. All I have to aſk is, whether Nurſe perſiſts in her Evidence? The Parſon, I dare ſwear, will never flinch from his.

Nurſe. [*to Sir* Tun. *kneeling.*] I hope in Heaven your Worſhip will pardon me; I have ſerved you long and faithfully, but in this thing I was over-reach'd; your Worſhip, however, was deceiv'd as well as I; and if the Wedding-Dinner had been ready, you had put Madam to Bed with him with your own Hands.

Sir *Tun.* But how durſt you do this, without acquainting of me?

Nurſe. Alas! if your Worſhip had ſeen how the poor Thing begg'd, and pray'd, and clung, and twin'd about me, like Ivy to an old Wall, you wou'd ſay, I who had ſuckled it, and ſwaddled it, and nurſt it both wet and dry, muſt have had a Heart of Adamant to refuſe it.

Sir *Tun.* Very well.

Young Faſh. Foreman, I expect your Verdict.

Coup. Ladies and Gentlemen, what's your Opinions?

All. A clear Caſe, a clear Caſe.

Coup. Then, my young Folks, I wiſh you Joy.

Sir

Sir *Tun.* [*to* Young Faſh.] Come hither, Stripling; if it be true, then, that thou haſt marry'd my Daughter, pr'ythee tell me who thou art?

Young Faſh. Sir, the beſt of my Condition is, I am your Son-in-law; and the worſt of it is, I am Brother to that Noble Peer there.

Sir *Tun.* Art thou Brother to that Noble Peer——— Why then, that Noble Peer, and thee, and thy Wife, and the Nurſe, and the Prieſt——may all go and be damn'd together. [*Exit Sir* Tun.

Lord Fop. [*aſide.*] Naw, for my part, I think the wiſeſt thing a Man can do with an aking Heart, is to put on a ſerene Countenance; for a Philoſophical Air is the moſt becoming thing in the World to the Face of a Perſon of Quality; I will therefore bear my Diſgrace like a Great Man, and let the People ſee I am above an Affrant. [*To* Young Faſh.] Dear *Tam*, ſince Things are thus fallen aut, pr'ythee give me leave to wiſh thee Jay. I do it *de bon Cœur*, ſtrike me dumb: you have marry'd a Woman beautiful in her Perſon, charming in her Airs, prudent in her Conduct, conſtant in her Inclinations, and of a nice Morality, ſplit my Wind-pipe.

Young Faſh. Your Lardſhip may keep up your Spirits with your Grimace, if you pleaſe; I ſhall ſupport mine with this Lady, and two thouſand Pound a-year.

Taking Miſs.] Come, Madam:

We once again, you ſee, are Man and Wife,
And now, perhaps, the Bargain's ſtruck for Life:
If I miſtake, and we ſhou'd part again,
At leaſt you ſee you may have choice of Men:
Nay, ſhou'd the War at length ſuch Havock make,
That Lovers ſhou'd grow ſcarce, yet for your ſake,
Kind Heaven always will preſerve a Beau—

Pointing to Lord Fop.] You'll find his Lordſhip ready to [come to.

Lord Fop. Her Ladyſhip ſhall ſtap my Vitals, if I do.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by

Lord FOPPINGTON.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THESE People have regal'd you here to-day
(In my Opinion) with a ſancy Play;
In which the Author does preſume to ſhew,
That Coxcomb, ab Origine—*was Beau.*
Truly I think the thing of ſo much weight,
That if ſome ſharp Chaſtiſement ben't his Fate,
Gad's Curſe, it may in time deſtroy the State.
I hold no one its Friend, I muſt confeſs,
Who wou'd diſcauntenance you Men of Dreſs.
For, give me leave t'obſerve, good Clothes are Things
Have ever been of great Support to Kings:
All Treaſons come from Slovens; it is not
Within the reach of Gentle Beaux to plot;
They have no Gall; no Spleen, no Teeth, no Stings,
Of all Gad's Creatures, the moſt harmleſs Things.
Thro' all Record, no Prince was ever ſlain
By one who had a Feather in his Brain.
They're Men of too refin'd an Education,
To ſquabble with a Court—for a vile dirty Nation.
I'm very poſitive, you never ſaw
A tho'ro' Republican a finiſh'd Beau.

Nor

EPILOGUE.

Nor truly ſhall you very often ſee
A Jacobite *much better dreſt than he:*
In ſhart, thro' all the Courts that I have been in,
Your Men of Miſchief—ſtill are in faul Linen.
Did ever one yet dance the Tyburn *Jigg,*
With a free Air, or a well pawder'd Wig?
Did ever Highway-man yet bid you ſtand,
With a ſweet bawdy Snuff-Box in his Hand?
Ar do you ever find they aſk your Purſe
As Men of Breeding do?——Ladies, Gad's Curſe,
This Author is a Dag, and 'tis not fit
You ſhou'd allow him e'en one Grain of Wit:
To which, that his Pretence may ne'er be nam'd,
My humble Motion is——he may be damn'd.

THE

THE

PROVOK'D WIFE.

A

COMEDY.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

SINCE 'tis th' Intent and Buſineſs of the Stage,
To copy out the Follies of the Age;
To hold to every Man a faithful Glaſs,
And ſhew him of what Species he's an Aſs:
I hope the next that teaches in the School,
Will ſhew our Author he's a ſcribbling Fool.
And that the Satire may be ſure to bite,
Kind Heav'n! inſpire ſome venom'd Prieſt to write,
And grant ſome ugly Lady may indite.
For I wou'd have him laſh'd, by Heavens! I wou'd,
Till his Preſumption ſwam away in Blood.
Three Plays at once proclaim a Face of Braſs,
No mattter what they are; That's not the Caſe—
To write three Plays, e'en that's to be an Aſs.
But what I leaſt forgive, he knows it too,
For to his Coſt he lately has known you—
Experience ſhews, to many a Writer's Smart,
You hold a Court where Mercy ne'er had part;
So much of the old Serpent's Sting you have,
You love to Damn, as Heaven delights to Save.
In foreign Parts, let a bold Volunteer,
For Public Good, upon the Stage appear,
He meets ten thouſand Smiles to diſſipate his Fear.
All tickle on th' adventuring young Beginner,
And only ſcourge th' incorrigible Sinner;
They touch indeed his Faults, but with a Hand
So gentle, that his Merit ſtill may ſtand;
Kindly they buoy the Follies of his Pen,
That he may ſhun 'em when he writes again.
But 'tis not ſo in this good-natur'd Town,
All's one, an Ox, a Poet, or a Crown;
Old England's *Play was always knocking down.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Conſtant,	Mr. *Verbruggen*.
Heartfree,	Mr. *Hudſon*.
Sir *John Brute*,	Mr. *Betterton*.
Treble, a Singing-Maſter,	Mr. *Bowman*.
Razor, Valet de Chambre to Sir *John Brute*,	Mr. *Bowen*.
Juſtice of the Peace,	Mr. *Bright*.

Lord *Rake*, Col. *Bully*, } Companions to Sir *John Brute*.

Conſtable *and* Watch.

WOMEN.

Lady *Brute*,	Mrs. *Barry*.
Belinda, her Niece,	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Lady *Fancifull*,	Mrs. *Bowman*.
Madamoiſelle,	Mrs. *Willis*.

Cornet and *Pipe*, Servants to Lady *Fancifull*.

THE

THE PROVOK'D WIFE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sir* John Brute's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir John, *ſolus.*

WHAT cloying Meat is Love——when Matrimony's the Sauce to it! Two Years Marriage has debauch'd my five Senſes. Every thing I ſee, every thing I hear, every thing I feel, every thing I ſmell, and every thing I taſte—methinks has Wife in't. No Boy was ever ſo weary of his Tutor, no Girl of her Bib, no Nun of doing Penance, or old Maid of being chaſte, as I am of being married. Sure there's a ſecret Curſe entail'd upon the very Name of Wife. My Lady is a young Lady, a fine Lady, a witty Lady, a virtuous Lady,——and yet I hate her. There is but one thing on Earth I loath beyond her: That's Fighting. Would my Courage come up to a fourth part of my Ill-Nature, I'd ſtand buff to her Relations, and thruſt her out of doors. But Marriage has ſunk me down to ſuch an Ebb of Reſolution, I dare not draw my Sword, tho' even to get rid of my Wife. But here ſhe comes.

Enter

Enter Lady Brute.

Lady Brute. Do you dine at home to-day, Sir *John?*

Sir John. Why, do you expect I ſhould tell you what I don't know myſelf?

Lady Brute. I thought there was no harm in aſking you.

Sir John. If thinking wrong were an excuſe for Impertinence, Women might be juſtify'd in moſt things they ſay or do.

Lady Brute. I'm ſorry I have ſaid any thing to diſpleaſe you.

Sir John. Sorrow for things paſt is of as little importance to me, as my dining at home or abroad ought to be to you.

Lady Brute. My Enquiry was only that I might have provided what you lik'd.

Sir John. Six to four you had been in the wrong there again; for what I lik'd yeſterday I don't like to-day; and what I like to-day, 'tis odds I mayn't like to-morrow.

Lady Brute. But if I had aſk'd you what you lik'd?

Sir John. Why then there wou'd have been more aſking about it than the thing was worth.

Lady Brute. I wiſh I did but know how I might pleaſe you.

Sir John. Ay, but that ſort of Knowledge is not a Wife's Talent.

Lady Brute. Whate'er my Talent is, I'm ſure my Will has ever been to make you eaſy.

Sir John. If Women were to have their Wills, the World wou'd be finely govern'd.

Lady Brute. What reaſon have I given you to uſe me as you do of late? It once was otherwiſe: You marry'd me for Love.

Sir John. And you me for Money: So you have your Reward, and I have mine.

Lady Brute. What is it that diſturbs you?

Sir John. A Parſon.

Lady Brute. Why, what has he done to you?

Sir John. He has married me. [*Exit Sir* John.

Lady

Lady Brute *ſola.*

The Devil's in the Fellow, I think——I was told before I married him, that thus 'twou'd be: But I thought I had Charms enough to govern him; and that where there was an Eſtate, a Woman muſt needs be happy; ſo my Vanity has deceiv'd me, and my Ambition has made me uneaſy. But there's ſome Comfort ſtill; if one wou'd be reveng'd of him, theſe are good times; a Woman may have a Gallant, and a ſeparate Maintenance too—The ſurly Puppy — yet he's a Fool for't: for hitherto he has been no Monſter: But who knows how far he may provoke me? I never lov'd him, yet I have been ever true to him; and that, in ſpite of all the Attacks of Art and Nature upon a poor weak Woman's Heart, in favour of a tempting Lover. Methinks ſo noble a Defence as I have made, ſhou'd be rewarded with a better Uſage—Or who can tell?——Perhaps a good part of what I ſuffer from my Huſband, may be a Judgment upon me for my Cruelty to my Lover.——Lord, with what pleaſure could I indulge that Thought, were there but a Poſſibility of finding Arguments to make it good!——And how do I know but there may?——Let me ſee——What oppoſes?—My matrimonial Vow——Why, what did I vow? I think I promis'd to be true to my Huſband. Well; and he promis'd to be kind to me. But he han't kept his Word——Why then I'm abſolv'd from mine—Ay, that ſeems clear to me. The Argument's good between the King and the People, why not between the Huſband and the Wife? O, but that Condition was not expreſt—No matter, 'twas underſtood. Well, by all I ſee, if I argue the matter a little longer with myſelf, I ſhan't find ſo many Bug-bears in the Way as I thought I ſhou'd. Lord, what fine Notions of Virtue do we Women take up upon the Credit of old fooliſh Philoſophers! Virtue's its own Reward, Virtue's this, Virtue's that——Virtue's an Ass, and a Gallant's worth forty on't.

Enter Belinda.

Lady Brute. Good-morrow, dear Couſin.

Bel. Good-morrow, Madam; you look pleas'd this Morning.

Lady Brute. I am ſo.

Bel. With what, pray?

Lady Brute. With my Huſband.

Bel. Drown Huſbands; for your's is a provoking Fellow: As he went out juſt now, I pray'd him to tell me what time of Day 'twas; and he aſk'd me if I took him for the Church-Clock, that was oblig'd to tell all the Pariſh.

Lady Brute. He has been ſaying ſome good obliging things to me too. In ſhort, *Belinda*, he has us'd me ſo barbarouſly of late, that I cou'd almoſt reſolve to play the downright Wife——and cuckold him.

Bel. That would be downright indeed.

Lady Brute. Why, after all, there's more to be ſaid for't than you'd imagine, Child. I know, according to the ſtrict Statute-Law of Religion, I ſhou'd do wrong: But if there were a Court of Chancery in Heav'n, I'm ſure I ſhou'd caſt him.

Bel. If there were a Houſe of Lords, you might.

Lady Brute. In either I ſhould infallibly carry my Cauſe. Why, he is the firſt Aggreſſor, not I.

Bel. Ay, but you know we muſt return Good for Evil.

Lady Brute. That may be a Miſtake in the Tranſlation—Pr'ythee be of my Opinion, *Belinda*; for I'm poſitive I'm in the right; and if you'll keep up the Prerogative of a Woman, you'll likewiſe be poſitive you are in the right, whenever you do any thing you have a mind to. But I ſhall play the Fool, and jeſt on, till I make you begin to think I'm in earneſt.

Bel. I ſhan't take the Liberty, Madam, to think of any thing that you deſire to keep a Secret from me.

Lady Brute. Alas, my Dear, I have no Secrets. My Heart cou'd never yet confine my Tongue.

Bel.

Bel. Your Eyes, you mean; for I'm ſure I have ſeen them gadding, when your Tongue has been lock'd up ſafe enough.

Lady Brute. My Eyes gadding! Pr'ythee after who, Child?

Bel. Why, after one that thinks you hate him, as much as I know you love him.

Lady Brute. Conſtant you mean.

Bel. I do ſo.

Lady Brute. Lord, what ſhou'd put ſuch a thing into your Head?

Bel. That which puts things into moſt People's Heads, Obſervation.

Lady Brute. Why what have you obſerv'd, in the Name of Wonder?

Bel. I have obſerved you bluſh when you met him; force yourſelf away from him; and then be out of humour with every thing about you: In a Word, never was poor Creature ſo ſpurr'd on by Deſire, and ſo rein'd in with Fear.

Lady Brute. How ſtrong is Fancy!

Bel. How weak is Woman!

Lady Brute. Pr'ythee, Niece, have a better Opinion of your Aunt's Inclination.

Bel. Dear Aunt, have a better Opinion of your Niece's Underſtanding.

Lady Brute. You'll make me angry.

Bel. You'll make me laugh.

Lady Brute. Then you are reſolv'd to perſiſt?

Bel. Poſitively.

Lady Brute. And all I can ſay——

Bel. Will ſignify nothing.

Lady Brute. Tho' I ſhould ſwear 'twere falſe——

Bel. I ſhould think it true.

Lady Brute. Then let us both forgive; [*kiſſing her.*] for we have both offended: I, in making a Secret; you, in diſcovering it.

Bel. Good Nature may do much: But you have more Reaſon to forgive one, than I have to pardon t'other.

Lady Brute. 'Tis true, *Belinda*, you have given me ſo many Proofs of your Friendſhip, that my Reſerve has been indeed a Crime: But that you may more eaſily forgive me, remember, Child, that when our Nature prompts us to a thing our Honour and Religion have forbid us; we wou'd (wer't poſſible) conceal even from the Soul itſelf, the Knowledge of the Body's Weakneſs.

Bel. Well, I hope, to make your Friend amends, you'll hide nothing from her for the future, tho' the Body ſhou'd ſtill grow weaker and weaker.

Lady Brute. No, from this Moment I have no more Reſerve; and for a Proof of my Repentance, I own, *Belinda*, I'm in danger. Merit and Wit aſſault me from without; Nature and Love ſollicit me within; my Huſband's barbarous Uſage piques me to Revenge; and *Satan*, catching at the fair Occaſion, throws in my way that Vengeance, which of all Vengeance pleaſes Women beſt.

Bel. 'Tis well *Conſtant* don't know the Weakneſs of the Fortification; for o' my Conſcience he'd ſoon come on to the Aſſault.

Lady Brute. Ay, and I'm afraid carry the Town too. But whatever you may have obſerv'd, I have diſſembled ſo well as to keep him ignorant. So you ſee I'm no Coquette, *Belinda*: And if you follow my Advice, you'll never be one neither. 'Tis true, Coquetry is one of the main Ingredients in the natural Compoſition of a Woman; and I, as well as others, cou'd be well enough pleas'd to ſee a Crowd of young Fellows ogling, and glancing, and watching all Occaſions to do forty fooliſh officious Things: Nay, ſhou'd ſome of 'em puſh on, even to hanging or drowning, why——'faith——if I ſhou'd let pure Woman alone, I ſhou'd e'en be [illegible] too well pleas'd with it.

Bel. I'll ſwear 'twould tickle me ſtrangely.

Lady Brute. But after all, 'tis a vicious Practice in us, to give the leaſt Encouragement but where we deſign to come to a Concluſion. For 'tis an unreaſonable thing

to

to engage a Man in a Diſeaſe, which we before-hand reſolve we never will apply a Cure to.

Bel. 'Tis true; but then a Woman muſt abandon one of the ſupreme Bleſſings of her Life. For I am fully convinc'd, no Man has half that Pleaſure in poſſeſſing a Miſtreſs, as a Woman has in jilting a Gallant.

Lady Brute. The happieſt Woman then on Earth muſt be our Neighbour.

Bel. O the impertinent Compoſition! She has Vanity and Affectation enough to make her a ridiculous Original, in ſpite of all that Art and Nature ever furniſh'd to any of her Sex before her.

Lady Brute. She concludes all Men her Captives; and whatever Courſe they take, it ſerves to confirm her in that Opinion.

Bel. If they ſhun her, ſhe thinks 'tis Modeſty, and takes it for a Proof of their Paſſion.

Lady Brute. And if they are rude to her, 'tis Conduct, and done to prevent Town-talk.

Bel. When her Folly makes 'em laugh, ſhe thinks they are pleaſed with her Wit.

Lady Brute. And when her Impertinence makes 'em dull, concludes they are jealous of her Favours.

Bel. All their Actions and their Words, ſhe takes for granted, aim at her.

Lady Brute. And pities all other Women, becauſe ſhe thinks they envy her.

Bel. Pray, out of pity to ourſelves, let us find a better Subject; for I'm weary of this. Do you think your Huſband inclined to Jealouſy?

Lady Brute. O, no; he does not love me well enough for that. Lord, how wrong Men's Maxims are! They are ſeldom jealous of their Wives, unleſs they are very fond of 'em; whereas they ought to conſider the Women's Inclinations; for there depends their Fate. Well, Men may talk: But they are not ſo wiſe as we——that's certain.

Bel. At leaſt in our Affairs.

Lady Brute. Nay, I believe we ſhou'd out-do 'em in

the Buſineſs of the State too: For, methinks, they do and undo, and make but bad Work on't.

Bel. Why then don't we get into the Intrigues of Government as well as they?

Lady Brute. Becauſe we have Intrigues of our own, that make us more Sport, Child. And ſo let's in and conſider of 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Dreſſing-Room.*

Enter Lady Fancyfull, Madamoiſelle, *and* Cornet.

Lady Fan. HOW do I look this Morning?

Cor. Your Ladyſhip looks very ill, truly.

Lady Fan. Lard, how ill-natur'd thou art, *Cornet*, to tell me ſo, tho' the thing ſhou'd be true! Don't you know that I have Humility enough to be but too eaſily out of Conceit with myſelf? Hold the Glaſs; I dare ſwear that will have more Manners than you have. *Madamoiſelle*, let me have your Opinion too.

Madam. My opinion pe, Matam, dat your Latyſhip never look ſo well in your Life.

Lady Fan. Well, the *French* are the prettieſt, obliging People; they ſay the moſt acceptable, well-manner'd things—and never flatter.

Madam. Your Latyſhip ſay great Juſtice inteed.

Lady Fan. Nay, every thing's juſt as my Houſe but *Cornet*. The very Looking-Glaſs gives her the *Dementi*. But I'm almoſt afraid it flatters me, it makes me look ſo very engaging. [*Looking affectedly in the Glaſs.*

Madam. Inteed, Matam, your Face pe handſomer den all de Looking-Glaſs in de World, *croyez moy*.

Lady Fan. But is it poſſible my Eyes can be ſo languiſhing—and ſo very full of Fire?

Madam. Matam, if de Glaſs was Burning-Glaſs, I believe your Eyes ſet de Fire in de Houſe.

Lady

Lady Fan. You may take that Night-gown, *Madamoiſelle*; get out of the Room, *Cornet*; I can't endure you. This Wench, methinks, does look ſo unſufferably ugly.

Madam. Every ting look ugly, Matam, dat ſtand by your Latyſhip.

Lady Fan. No really, *Madamoiſelle*, methinks you look mighty pretty.

Madam. Ah Matam! de Moon have no Eclat ven de Sun appear.

Lady Fan. O pretty Expreſſion! Have you ever been in Love, *Madamoiſelle?*

Madam. *Ouy*, Matame. [*Sighing.*

Lady Fan. And were you belov'd again?

Madam. *Non*, Matame.

Lady Fan. O ye Gods! What an unfortunate Creature ſhou'd I be in ſuch a Caſe! But Nature has made me nice, for my own Defence: I'm nice, ſtrangely nice, *Madamoiſelle*; I believe were the Merit of whole Mankind beſtow'd upon one ſingle Perſon, I ſhou'd ſtill think the Fellow wanted ſomething to make it worth my while to take notice of him; and yet I could love; nay, fondly love, were it poſſible to have a thing made on purpoſe for me: For I'm not cruel, *Madamoiſelle*; I'm only nice.

Madam. Ah Matam, I wiſh I was fine Gentleman for your ſake. I do all de ting in de World to get leetel way into your Heart. I make Song, I make Verſe, I give you de Serenade, I give great many Preſent to *Madamoiſelle*; I no eat, I no ſleep, I be lean, I be mad, I hang myſelf, I drown myſelf. *Ah ma chere Dame, que je vous aimrois!* [*Embracing her.*

Lady Fan. Well, the *French* have ſtrange obliging ways with 'em; you may take thoſe two pair of Gloves, *Madamoiſelle.*

Madam. Me humbly tanke my ſweet Lady.

Enter Cornet.

Cor. Madam, here's a Letter for your Ladyſhip by the Penny Poſt.

Lady Fan. Some new Conqueſt, I'll warrant you. For without Vanity, I look'd extremely clear laſt Night when I went to the Park.—O agreeable! Here's a new Song made of me: And ready ſet too. O thou welcome thing! [*kiſſing it.*] Call *Pipe* hither, ſhe ſhall ſing it inſtantly.

Enter Pipe.

Here, ſing me this new Song, *Pipe.*

SONG.

I.

FLY, fly, you happy Shepherds, fly;
Avoid Philira's *Charms;*
The Rigour of her Heart denies
The Heaven that's in her Arms.
Ne'er hope to gaze, and then retire,
Nor yielding, to be bleſt;
Nature, who form'd her Eyes of Fire,
Of Ice compos'd her Breaſt.

II.

Yet, lovely Maid, this once believe
A Slave whoſe Zeal you move;
The Gods, alas! your Youth deceive,
Their Heav'n conſiſts in Love.
In ſpite of all the Thanks you owe,
You may reproach 'em this;
That where they did their Form beſtow,
They have deny'd their Bliſs.

Lady Fan. Well, there may be Faults, *Mademoiſelle*, but the Deſign is ſo very obliging, 'twou'd be a matchleſs Ingratitude in me to diſcover 'em.

Madam. *Ma foy, Madame*, I tink de Gentleman's Song tell you de Trute. If you never love, you never be happy—Ah—*que l'aime l'amour moy!*

Enter Servant with another Letter.

Ser. Madam, here's another Letter for your Ladyſhip.

Lady Fan. 'Tis this way I am importun'd every Morning,

ing, *Madamoiſelle*. Pray how do the *French* Ladies when they are thus *accablées?*

Madam. Matam, dey never complain. *Au contraire*, when one *Frenſe* Laty have got hundred Lover—den ſhe do all ſhe can—to get a hundred more.

Lady Fan. Well, ſtrike me dead, I think they have *le Gout bon*. For 'tis an unutterable Pleaſure to be ador'd by all the Men, and envy'd by all the Women——Yet I'll ſwear I'm concern'd at the Torture I give 'em. Lard, why was I form'd to make the whole Creation uneaſy? But let me read my Letter. [*Reads.*]

"If you have a mind to hear of your Faults, inſtead of being prais'd for your Virtues, take the "pains to walk in the Green-walk in St. *James*'s with "your Woman an Hour hence. You'll there meet one, "who hates you for ſome things, as he cou'd love you "for others, and therefore is willing to endeavour your "Reformation.——If you come to the Place I mention, you'll know who I am: If you don't, you never ſhall: ſo take your Choice."

This is ſtrangely familiar, *Madamoiſelle*; now have I a provoking Fancy to know who this impudent Fellow is.

Madam. Den take your Scarf and your Maſk, and go to de Rendezvous. De *Frenſe* Laty do *juſtement comme ça*.

Lady Fan. Rendezvous! What, rendezvous with a Man, *Madamoiſelle!*

Madam. *Eh, pourquoy non?*

Lady Fan. What, and a Man perhaps I never ſaw in my Life?

Madam. *Tant mieux: c'eſt donc quelque choſe de nouveau.*

Lady Fan. Why, how do I know what Deſigns he may have? He may intend to raviſh me, for aught I know.

Madam. Raviſh!—*Bagatelle*. I would fain ſee one impudent Rogue raviſh *Madamoiſelle: Ouy, je le voudrois.*

Lady Fan. O, but my Reputation, *Madamoiſelle!* my Reputation! *Ah ma chere Reputation!*

Madam. *Madame—Quand on la une foie perdue—On n'en eſt plus embaraſſée.*

Lady Fan. Fe, *Madamoiſelle*, Fe! Reputation is a Jewel.

Madam. *Qui coute bien chere, Madame.*

Lady Fan. Why ſure you would not ſacrifice your Honour to your Pleaſure?

Madam. *Je ſuis Philoſophe.*

Lady Fan. Bleſs me, how you talk! Why, what if Honour be a Burden, *Madamoiſelle*, muſt it not be borne?

Madam. *Chaqu'un a ſa façon—Quand quelque choſe m'incommode moy—je m'en defais vite.*

Lady Fan. Get you gone, you little naughty *Frenchwoman*, you; I vow and ſwear I muſt turn you out of doors, if you talk thus.

Madam. Turn me out of doors!—Turn yourſelf out of doors, and go ſee what de Gentleman have to ſay to you—*Tenez. Voila* [giving her her things haſtily.] *voſtre Eſharpe, voila voſtre Quoife, voila voſtre Maſque, voila tout. Hey, Mercure, Coquin:* Call one Chair for Matam, and one oder [*calling within*] for me: *Va t'en vite.* [Turning to her Lady, and helping her on haſtily with her things.] *Allons, Madame, depechez vous donc. Mon Dieu, quelles Scrupules!*

Lady Fan. Well, for once, *Madamoiſelle*, I'll follow your Advice, out of the intemperate Deſire I have to know who this ill-bred Fellow is. But I have too much *Delicateſſe*, to make a Practice on't.

Madam. *Belle choſe vrayment que la Delicateſſe, lors qu'il s'agit de ſe devertir—à ça—Vous voila equipée, partons.—He bien!—qu'avez vous donc?*

Lady Fan. *J'ay peur.*

Madam. *Je n'en ay point moy.*

Lady Fan. I dare not go.

Madam. *Demeurez donc.*

Lady Fan. *Je ſuis poltrone.*

Madam. *Tant pis pour vous.*

Lady Fan. Curioſity's a wicked Devil.

Madam. *Ce'ſt une charmante Sainte.*

Lady Fan. It ruined our firſt Parents.

Madam. *Elle a bien diverti leurs Enfans.*

Lady Fan. *L'Honneur eſt contre.*

Madam

Madam. *La Plaiſir eſt pour.*

Lady Fan. Muſt I then go?

Madam. Muſt you go?—Muſt you eat, muſt you drink, muſt you ſleep, muſt you live? De Nature bid you do one, de Nature bid you do toder. *Vous me ferez enragèr.*

Lady Fan. But when Reaſon corrects Nature, *Madamoiſelle*——

Madam. *Elle eſt donc bien inſolente, c'eſt ſa Sœur aiſnée.*

Lady Fan. Do you then prefer your Nature to your Reaſon, *Madamoiſelle?*

Madam. *Ouy da.*

Lady Fan. *Pourquoy?*

Madam. Becauſe my Nature make me merry, my Reaſon make me mad.

Lady Fan. *Ah la mechante Françoiſe!*

Madam. *Ah la belle Angloiſe!* [*Forcing her Lady off.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *St.* James's *Park.*

Enter Lady Fancyfull and Madamoiſelle.

Lady Fan. WELL, I vow, *Madamoiſelle*, I'm ſtrangely impatient to know who this confident Fellow is.

Enter Heartfree.

Look, there's *Heartfree.* But ſure it can't be him; he's a profeſs'd Woman-hater. Yet who knows what my wicked Eyes may have done?

Madam. *Il nous approche, Madame.*

Lady Fan, Yes, 'tis he: now will he be moſt intolerably cavalier, tho' he ſhould be in love with me.

Heart. Madam, I'm your humble Servant; I perceive

ceive you have more Humility and Good-Nature than I thought you had.

Lady Fan. What you attribute to Humility and Good-Nature, Sir, may perhaps be only due to Curioſity. I had a mind to know who 'twas had ill manners enough to write that Letter. [*Throwing him his Letter.*

Heart. Well, and now I hope you are ſatisfy'd.

Lady Fan. I am ſo, Sir: Good by t'ye.

Heart. Nay, hold there; tho' you have done your Buſineſs, I han't done mine: By your Ladyſhip's leave, we muſt have one Moment's Prattle together. Have you a mind to be the prettieſt Woman about Town, or not? How ſhe ſtares upon me! What! this paſſes for an impertinent Queſtion with you now, becauſe you think you are ſo already?

Lady Fan. Pray, Sir, let me aſk you a Queſtion in my Turn: By what Right do you pretend to examine me?

Heart. By the ſame Right that the ſtrong govern the weak, becauſe I have you in my power; for you cannot get ſo quickly to your Coach, but I ſhall have time enough to make you hear every thing I have to ſay to you.

Lady Fan. Theſe are ſtrange Liberties you take, Mr. *Heartfree.*

Heart. They are ſo, Madam, but there's no help for it; for know that I have a Deſign upon you.

Lady Fan. Upon me, Sir!

Heart. Yes; and one that will turn to your Glory, and my Comfort, if you will but be a little wiſer than you uſe to be.

Lady Fan. Very well, Sir.

Heart. Let me ſee——Your Vanity, Madam, I take to be about ſome eight Degrees higher than any Woman's in the Town, let t'other be who ſhe will; and my Indifference is naturally about the ſame Pitch. Now, could you find the way to turn this Indifference into Fire and Flames, methinks your Vanity ought to be ſatisfy'd; and this, perhaps, you might bring about upon pretty reaſonable Terms.

Lady Fan.

Lady Fan. And pray at what rate would this Indifference be bought off, if one ſhou'd have ſo depraved an Appetite to deſire it?

Heart. Why, Madam, to drive a Quaker's Bargain, and make but one word with you, if I do part with it —you muſt lay me down—your Affectation.

Lady Fan. My Affectation, Sir!

Heart. Why, I aſk you nothing but what you may very well ſpare.

Lady Fan. You grow rude, Sir. Come, *Madamoiſelle*, 'tis high time to be gone.

Madam. *Allons, allons, allons.*

Heart. [*ſtopping them.*] Nay, you may as well ſtand ſtill; for hear me you ſhall, walk which way you pleaſe.

Lady Fan. What mean you, Sir?

Heart. I mean to tell you, that you are the moſt ungrateful Woman upon Earth.

Lady Fan. Ungrateful! To whom?

Heart. To Nature.

Lady Fan. Why, what has Nature done for me?

Heart. What you have undone by Art! It made you handſome; it gave you Beauty to a Miracle, a Shape without a Fault, Wit enough to make them reliſh, and ſo turn'd you looſe to your own Diſcretion; which has made ſuch work with you, that you are become the Pity of our Sex, and the Jeſt of your own. There is not a Feature in your Face, but you have found the way to teach it ſome affected Convulſion; your Feet, your Hands, your very Fingers Ends are directed never to move without ſome ridiculous Air or other; and your Language is a ſuitable Trumpet, to draw people's Eyes upon the Raree-ſhow.

Madam. [aſide] *Eſt ce qu'on fait l'amour en Angleterre comme ça?*

Lady Fan. [*aſide*] Now cou'd I cry for Madneſs, but that I know he'd laugh at me for it.

Heart. Now do you hate me for telling you the Truth, but that's becauſe you don't believe it is ſo; for were you once convinc'd of that, you'd reform for your own ſake. But 'tis as hard to perſuade a Woman to quit any thing

thing that makes her ridiculous, as 'tis to prevail with a Poet to see a Fault in his own Play.

Lady Fan. Every Circumstance of nice Breeding must needs appear ridiculous to one who has so natural an Antipathy to Good-manners.

Heart. But suppose I could find the means to convince you, that the whole World is of my Opinion, and that those who flatter and commend you, do it to no other Intent, but to make you persevere in your Folly; that they may continue in their Mirth.

Lady Fan. Sir, tho' you and all that World you talk of shou'd be so impertinently officious, as to think to persuade me I don't know how to behave myself; I shou'd still have Charity enough for my own Understanding, to believe myself in the right, and all you in the wrong.

Madam. *Le voila mort.*

[*Exeunt Lady* Fancyfull *and* Madamoiselle.

Heart. [*gazing after her*] There her single Clapper has publish'd the Sense of the whole Sex. Well, this once I have endeavour'd to wash the Blackamoor white, but henceforward I'll sooner undertake to teach Sincerity to a Courtier, Generosity to an Usurer, Honesty to a Lawyer, nay, Humility to a Divine, than Discretion to a Woman I see has once set her Heart upon playing the Fool.

Enter Constant.

'Morrow, *Constant.*

Const. Good-morrow, *Jack!* What are you doing here this Morning?

Heart. Doing! Guess, if thou canst.——Why I have been endeavouring to persuade my Lady *Fancyfull*, that she's the foolishest Woman about Town.

Const. A pretty Endeavour, truly!

Heart. I have told her in as plain *English* as I could speak, both what the Town says of her, and what I think of her. In short, I have us'd her as an absolute King would do *Magna Charta.*

Const. And how does she take it?

Heart. As Children do Pills; bite them, but can't swallow them.

Const.

Conſt. But, pr'ythee, what has put it into your Head, of all Mankind, to turn Reformer?

Heart. Why one thing was, the Morning hung upon my Hands, I did not know what to do with myſelf; and another was, that as little as I care for Women, I cou'd not ſee with Patience one that Heaven had taken ſuch wondrous Pains about, be ſo very induſtrious to make herſelf the Jack-pudding of the Creation.

Conſt. Well, now could I almoſt wiſh to ſee my cruel Miſtreſs make the ſelf-ſame Uſe of what Heaven has done for her, that ſo I might be cur'd of a Diſeaſe that makes me ſo very uneaſy; for Love, Love is the Devil, *Heartfree.*

Heart. And why do you let the Devil govern you?

Conſt. Becauſe I have more Fleſh and Blood than Grace and Self-denial. My dear, dear Miſtreſs! 'S death! that ſo genteel a Woman ſhould be a Saint, when Religion's out of Faſhion!

Heart. Nay, ſhe's much in the wrong, truly; but who knows how far Time and good Example may prevail?

Conſt. O! they have play'd their Parts in vain already: 'Tis now two Years ſince that damned Fellow her Huſband invited me to his Wedding; and there was the firſt time I ſaw that charming Woman, whom I have lov'd ever ſince, more than e'er a Martyr did his Soul; but ſhe is cold, my Friend, ſtill cold as the Northern Star.

Heart. So are all Women by Nature, which makes them ſo willing to be warm'd.

Conſt. O don't prophane the Sex! Pr'ythee, think them all Angels for her ſake; for ſhe's virtuous even to a Fault.

Heart. A Lover's Head is a good accountable Thing truly; he adores his Miſtreſs for being virtuous, and yet is very angry with her becauſe ſhe won't be lewd.

Conſt. Well, the only Relief I expect in my Miſery, is to ſee thee ſome Day or other as deeply engag'd as myſelf, which will force me to be merry in the midſt of all my Misfortunes.

Heart. That Day will never come, be aſſur'd, *Ned.* Not but that I can paſs a Night with a Woman, and for the

the time, perhaps, make myſelf as good Sport as you can do. Nay, I can court a Woman too, call her Nymph, Angel, Goddeſs, what you pleaſe: But here's the Difference 'twixt you and I; I perſuade a Woman ſhe's an Angel, and ſhe perſuades you ſhe's one. Pr'ythee, let me tell you how I avoid falling in Love; that which ſerves me for Prevention, may chance to ſerve you for a Cure.

Conſt. Well, uſe the Ladies moderately then, and I'll hear you.

Heart. That uſing them moderately undoes us all; but I'll uſe them juſtly, and that you ought to be ſatisfied with. I always conſider a Woman, not as the Taylor, the Shoemaker, the Tire-woman, the Sempſtreſs, and (which is more than all that) the Poet makes her; but I conſider her as pure Nature has contrived her, and that more ſtrictly than I ſhou'd have done our old Grandmother *Eve*, had I ſeen her naked in the Garden; for I conſider her turn'd inſide out. Her Heart well examin'd, I find there Pride, Vanity, Covetouſneſs, Indiſcretion, but above all things, Malice; plots eternally a-forging to deſtroy one another's Reputations, and as honeſtly to charge the Levity of Men's Tongues with the Scandal; hourly Debates how to make poor Gentlemen in love with them, with no other Intent but to uſe them like Dogs when they have done; a conſtant Deſire of doing more Miſchief, and an everlaſting War wag'd againſt Truth and Good-Nature.

Conſt. Very well, Sir! An admirable Compoſition, truly!

Heart. Then for her Outſide, I conſider it merely as an Outſide; ſhe has a thin Tiffany Covering over juſt ſuch Stuff as you and I are made on. As for her Motion, her Mien, her Airs, and all thoſe Tricks, I know they affect you mightily. If you ſhould ſee your Miſtreſs at a Coronation dragging her Peacock's Train, with all her State and Inſolence about her, 'twou'd ſtrike you with all the awful Thoughts that Heav'n itſelf could pretend to from you; whereas I turn the whole Matter into a Jeſt, and ſuppoſe her ſtrutting in the ſelf-ſame ſtately Manner, with,

with nothing on her but her Stays and her under ſcanty quilted Petticoat.

Conſt. Hold thy profane Tongue; for I'll hear no more.

Heart. What, you'll love on, then?

Conſt. Yes, to Eternity.

Heart. Yet you have no hopes at all?

Conſt. None.

Heart. Nay, the Reſolution may be diſcreet enough; perhaps you have found out ſome new Philoſophy, that Love, like Virtue, is its own Reward: So you and your Miſtreſs will be as well content at a Diſtance, as others that have leſs Learning are in coming together.

Conſt. No; but if ſhe ſhould prove kind at laſt, my dear *Heartfree*— [*Embracing him.*

Heart. Nay, pr'ythee, don't take me for your Miſtreſs; for Lovers are very troubleſome.

Conſt. Well, who knows what Time may do?

Heart. And juſt now he was ſure Time could do nothing.

Conſt. Yet not one kind Glance in two Years, is ſomewhat ſtrange.

Heart. Not ſtrange at all; ſhe don't like you, that's all the Buſineſs.

Conſt. Pr'ythee, don't diſtract me.

Heart. Nay, you are a good handſome young Fellow, ſhe might uſe you better: Come, will you go ſee her? Perhaps ſhe may have chang'd her Mind; there's ſome Hopes as long as ſhe's a Woman.

Conſt. O, 'tis in vain to viſit her! Sometimes to get a Sight of her, I viſit that Beaſt her Huſband; but ſhe certainly finds ſome Pretence to quit the Room as ſoon as I enter.

Heart. 'Tis much ſhe don't tell him you have made Love to her too; for that's another good natur'd thing uſual amongſt Women, in which they have ſeveral Ends. Sometimes 'tis to recommend their Virtue, that they may be lewd with the greater Security. Sometimes 'tis to make their Huſbands fight, in hopes they may be kill'd, when their Affairs require it ſhould be ſo: but moſt commonly

monly 'tis to engage two Men in a Quarrel, that they may have the Credit of being fought for; and if the Lover's kill'd in the Buſineſs, they cry, *Poor Fellow, he had ill Luck*——and ſo they go to Cards.

Conſt. Thy Injuries to Women are not to be forgiven. Look to't, if ever thou doſt fall into their Hands——

Heart. They can't uſe me worſe than they do you, that ſpeak well of 'em. O ho! here comes the Knight.

Enter Sir John Brute.

Heart. Your humble Servant, Sir *John.*

Sir John. Servant, Sir.

Heart. How does all your Family?

Sir John. Pox o' my Family!

Conſt. How does your Lady? I han't ſeen her abroad a good while.

Sir John. Do! I don't know how ſhe does, not I; ſhe was well enough Yeſterday; I han't been at home to-night.

Conſt. What, were you out of Town?

Sir John. Out of Town! No, I was drinking.

Conſt. You are a true *Engliſhman*; don't know your own Happineſs. If I were married to ſuch a Woman, I would not be from her a Night for all the Wine in *France.*

Sir John. Not from her!——'Oons——what a time ſhould a Man have of that!

Heart. Why, there's no Diviſion, I hope.

Sir John. No; but there's a Conjunction, and that's worſe; a Pox of the Parſon————Why the plague don't you two marry? I fancy I look like the Devil to you.

Heart. Why, you don't think you have Horns, do you?

Sir John. No, I believe my Wife's Religion will keep her honeſt.

Heart. And what will make her keep her Religion?

Sir John. Perſecution; and therefore ſhe ſhall have it.

Heart. Have a care, Knight! Women are tender things.

Sir John.

Sir John. And yet, methinks, 'tis a hard Matter to break their Hearts.

Conſt. Fy, fy! You have one of the beſt Wives in the World, and yet you ſeem the moſt uneaſy Huſband.

Sir John. Beſt Wives! The Woman's well enough; ſhe has no Vice that I know of, but ſhe's a Wife, and ——damn a Wife! If I were married to a Hogſhead of Claret, Matrimony would make me hate it.

Heart. Why did you marry, then? You were old enough to know your own Mind.

Sir John. Why did I marry? I married becauſe I had a mind to lie with her, and ſhe would not let me.

Heart. Why did you not raviſh her?

Sir John. Yes, and ſo have lodg'd myſelf into forty Quarrels with her Relations, beſides buying my pardon: But more than all that, you muſt know, I was afraid of being damn'd in thoſe days: For I kept ſneaking, cowardly Company, Fellows that went to Church, ſaid Grace to their Meat, and had not the leaſt Tincture of Quality about them.

Heart. But I think you are got into a better Gang now?

Sir John. Zoons, Sir, my Lord *Rake* and I are Hand and Glove: I believe we may get our Bones broke together to-night; have you a mind to ſhare a Frolick?

Conſt. Not I, truly; my Talent lies to ſofter Exerciſes.

Sir John. What, a Down-Bed and a Strumpet? A pox of Venery, I ſay. Will you come and drink with me this Afternoon?

Conſt. I can't drink to-day, but we'll come and ſit an Hour with you, if you will.

Sir John. Phugh, Pox, ſit an Hour! Why can't you drink?

Conſt. Becauſe I'm to ſee my Miſtreſs.

Sir John. Who's that?

Conſt. Why, do you uſe to tell?

Sir John. Yes.

Conſt. So won't I.

Sir John. Why?

Conſt. Becauſe 'tis a Secret.

Sir John. Would my Wife knew it, 'twould be no Secret long.

Conſt.

Conſt. Why, do you think ſhe can't keep a Secret?

Sir John. No more than ſhe can keep *Lent.*

Heart. Pr'ythee, tell it her to try, *Conſtant.*

Sir John. No, pr'ythee, don't, that I mayn't be plagu'd with it.

Conſt. I'll hold you a Guinea you don't make her tell it you.

Sir John. I'll hold you a Guinea I do.

Conſt. Which way?

Sir John. Why, I'll beg her not to tell it me.

Heart. Nay, if any thing does it, that will.

Conſt. But do you think, Sir——

Sir John. Oons, Sir, I think a Woman and a Secret are the two impertinenteſt Themes in the Univerſe: Therefore pray let's hear no more of my Wife, nor your Miſtreſs. Damn 'em both with all my heart, and every thing elſe that daggles a Petticoat, except four generous Whores, with *Betty Sands* at the Head of 'em, who are drunk with my Lord *Rake* and I ten times in a Fortnight. [*Exit* Sir John.

Conſt. Here's a dainty Fellow for you! And the verieſt Coward too. But his Uſage of his Wife makes me ready to ſtab the Villain.

Heart. Lovers are ſhort-ſighted: All their Senſes run into that of Feeling. This Proceeding of his is the only thing on Earth can make your Fortune. If any thing can prevail with her to accept of a Gallant, 'tis his ill Uſage of her; for Women will do more for Revenge, than they'll do for the Goſpel. Pr'ythee, take heart, I have great hopes for you: And ſince I can't bring you quite off of her, I'll endeavour to bring your quite on; for a whining Lover is the damn'deſt Companion upon Earth.

Conſt. My dear Friend, flatter me a little more with theſe Hopes; for whilſt they prevail, I have Heaven within me, and could melt with Joy.

Heart. Pray, no melting yet; let things go farther firſt. This afternoon, perhaps, we ſhall make ſome advance. In the mean while, let's go dine at *Lockit*'s, and let Hope get you a Stomach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *Lady* Fancyfull's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Fancyfull *and* Madamoiſelle.

Lady Fan. DID you ever ſee any thing ſo *importune, Madamoiſelle?*

Madam. Inteed, Matam, to ſay de trute, he wanted leetel Good-breeding.

Lady Fan. Good-breeding! He wants to be caned, *Madamoiſelle* An inſolent Fellow! And yet let me expoſe my Weakneſs, 'tis the only Man on Earth I cou'd reſolve to diſpenſe my Favours on, were he but a fine Gentleman. Well! did Men but know how deep an Impreſſion a fine Gentleman makes in a Lady's Heart, they would reduce all their Studies to that of Good-breeding alone.

Enter Cornet.

Cor. Madam, here's Mr. *Treble.* He has brought home the Verſes your Ladyſhip made, and gave him to ſet.

Lady Fan. O, let him come in by all means. Now, *Madamoiſelle,* am I going to be unſpeakably happy.

Enter Treble.

So, Mr. *Treble,* you have ſet my little Dialogue?

Treb. Yes, Madam, and I hope your Ladyſhip will be pleaſed with it.

Lady Fan. O, no doubt on't; for really, Mr. *Treble,* you ſet all things to a wonder: But your Muſick is in particular Heavenly, when you have my Words to clothe in't.

Treb. Your Words themſelves, Madam, have ſo much Muſick in 'em, they inſpire me.

Lady Fan. Nay, now you make me bluſh, Mr. *Treble;* but pray let's hear what you have done.

Treb. You ſhall, Madam.

A SONG, to be ſung between a Man and a Woman.

M. *AH lovely Nymph, the World's on fire;*
Veil, veil thoſe cruel Eyes:
W. *The World may then in Flames expire,*
And boaſt that ſo it dies.
M. *But when all Mortals are deſtroy'd,*
Who then ſhall ſing your Praiſe?
W. *Thoſe who are fit to be employ'd:*
The Gods ſhall Altars raiſe.

Treb. How does your Ladyſhip like it, Madam?

Lady Fan. Rapture, Rapture, Mr. *Treble!* I'm all Rapture! O Wit and Art, what Power have you when join'd! I muſt needs tell you the Birth of this little Dialogue, Mr. *Treble.* Its Father was a Dream, and its Mother was the Moon. I dream'd that by an unanimous Vote, I was choſen Queen of that pale World; and that the firſt time I appear'd upon my Throne —— all my Subjects fell in love with me. Juſt then I wak'd, and ſeeing Pen, Ink and Paper lie idle upon the Table, I ſlid into my Morning-Gown, and writ this *impromptu.*

Treb. So I gueſs the Dialogue, Madam, is ſuppos'd to be between your Majeſty and your firſt Miniſter of State.

Lady Fan. Juſt: He, as Miniſter, adviſes me to trouble my Head about the Welfare of my Subjects; which I, as Sovereign, find a very impertinent Propoſal. But is the Town ſo dull, Mr. *Treble,* it affords us never another new Song?

Treb. Madam, I have one in my Pocket, came out but Yeſterday, if your Ladyſhip pleaſes to let Mrs. *Pipe* ſing it.

Lady Fan. By all means. Here, *Pipe,* make what Muſick you can of this Song, here.

SONG.

I.

NOT an Angel dwells above,
Half ſo fair as her I love.
Heaven knows, how ſhe'll receive me;

If ſhe ſmiles, I'm bleſt indeed;
If ſhe frowns, I'm quickly freed;
Heaven knows ſhe ne'er can grieve me.

II.

None can love her more than I,
Yet ſhe ne'er ſhall make me die.
If my Flame can never warm her,
Laſting Beauty I'll adore;
I ſhall never love her more,
Cruelty will ſo deform her.

Lady Fan. Very well: This is *Heartfree*'s Poetry without queſtion.

Treb. Won't your Ladyſhip pleaſe to ſing yourſelf this Morning?

Lady Fan. O Lord, Mr. *Treble*, my Cold is ſtill ſo barbarous to refuſe me that Pleaſure! He, he, hem.

Treb. I'm very ſorry for it, Madam: Methinks all Mankind ſhould turn Phyſicians for the Cure on't.

Lady Fan. Why, truly, to give Mankind their due, there's few that know me but have offer'd their Remedy.

Treb. They have reaſon, Madam; for I know no body ſings ſo near a Cherubim as your Ladyſhip.

Lady Fan. What I do, I owe chiefly to your Skill and Care, Mr. *Treble*. People do flatter me, indeed, that I have a Voice, and a *Je-ne-ſçai quoy* in the Conduct of it, that will make Muſick of any thing. And truly I begin to believe ſo, ſince what happen'd t'other Night: Wou'd you think it, Mr. *Treble?* Walking pretty late in the Park, (for I often walk late in the Park, Mr *Treble*) a Whim took me to ſing *Chevy Chaſe*; and, wou'd you believe it? next Morning I had three Copies of Verſes, and ſix Billet-doux at my Levée upon it.

Treb. And without all diſpute you deſerv'd as many more, Madam. Are there any further Commands for your Ladyſhip's humble Servant?

Lady Fan. Nothing more at this Time, Mr. *Treble*. But I ſhall expect you here every Morning for this Month, to ſing my little Matter there to me. I'll reward you for your Pains.

Treb.

Treb. O Lord, Madam———

Lady Fan. Good-morrow, ſweet Mr. *Treble.*

Treb. Your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient Servant.

[*Exit* Treb.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Will your Ladyſhip pleaſe to dine yet?

Lady Fan. Yes, let 'em ſerve. [*Exit Servant.*] Sure this *Heartfree* has bewitch'd me, *Madamoiſelle.* You can't imagine how oddly he mixt himſelf in my Thoughts during my Rapture e'en now. I vow 'tis a thouſand Pities he is not more poliſh'd: Don't you think ſo?

Madam. Matam, I tink it ſo great pity, dat if I was in your Ladyſhip place, I take him home in my Houſe, I lock him up in my Cloſet, and I never let him go till I teach him every ting dat fine Laty expect from fine Gentelman.

Lady Fan. Why, truly, I believe I ſhou'd ſoon ſubdue his Brutality; for without doubt, he has a ſtrange *Penchant* to grow fond of me, in ſpite of his Averſion to the Sex, elſe he wou'd ne'er have taken ſo much Pains about me. Lord, how proud wou'd ſome poor Creatures be of ſuch a Conqueſt! But I, alas! I don't know how to receive as a Favour what I take to be ſo infinitely my Due. But what ſhall I do to new-mould him, *Madamoiſelle?* for till then he's my utter Averſion.

Madam. Matam, you muſt laugh at him in all de place dat you meet him, and turn into de reticule all he ſay, and all he do.

Lady Fan. Why, truly, Satire has ever been of wondrous uſe to reform Ill-manners. Beſides, 'tis my particular Talent to ridicule Folks. I can be ſevere, ſtrangely ſevere, when I will, *Madamoiſelle*——Give me the Pen and Ink——I find myſelf whimſical——I'll write to him——Or I'll let it alone, and be ſevere upon him that way [*Sitting down to write, riſing up again.*]——Yet Active Severity is better than Paſſive. [*Sitting down.*]——'Tis as good let it alone, too; for every Laſh I give him, perhaps, he'll take for a Favour. [*Riſing.*]——Yet 'tis a thouſand pities ſo much Satire ſhould be loſt. [*Sitting.*]

But

——But if it ſhou'd have a wrong Effect upon him, 'twould diſtract me. [*Riſing*]——Well, I muſt write, tho', after all, [*Sitting*]——Or I'll let it alone, which is the ſame thing. [*Riſing.*]

Madam. *La voilà determinée.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE *opens*; *Sir* John, *Lady* Brute *and* Belinda *riſing from the Table.*

Sir John. HERE, take away the Things; I expect Company. But firſt bring me a Pipe; I'll ſmoak. [*To a Servant.*

Lady Brute. Lord, Sir *John*, I wonder you won't leave that naſty Cuſtom.

Sir John. Pr'ythee, don't be impertinent.

Bel. [*to Lady* Brute.] I wonder who thoſe People are he expects this Afternoon?

Lady Brute. I'd give the World to know: Perhaps 'tis *Conſtant*—he comes here ſometimes: if it does prove him, I'm reſolv'd I'll ſhare the Viſit.

Bel. We'll ſend for our Work, and ſit here.

Lady Brute. He'll choak us with his Tobacco.

Bel. Nothing will choak us when we are doing what we have a mind to. *Lovewell!*

Enter Lovewell.

Lov. Madam.

Lady Brute. Here; bring my Couſin's Work and mine hither. [*Exit* Lov. *and re-enters with their Work.*

Sir John. Whu! Pox, can't you work ſomewhere elſe?

Lady Brute. We ſhall be careful n t to diſturb you, Sir.

Bel. Your Pipe would make you too thoughtful, Uncle, if you were left alone; our Prittle-prattle will ſoo your Spleen.

Sir John. Will it ſo, Mrs. Pert? Now I believe it will ſo increaſe it, [*Sitting and ſmoaking.*] I ſhall take my own Houſe for a Paper-mill.

Lady Brute. [*to* Bel. *aſide.*] Don't let's mind him; let him ſay what he will.

Sir John. A Woman's Tongue a Cure for the Spleen!—Oons—[*aſide.*] If a Man had got the Head-ach, they'd be for applying the ſame Remedy.

Lady Brute. You have done a great deal, *Belinda*, ſince yeſterday.

Bel. Yes, I have work'd very hard; how do you like it?

Lady Brute. O, 'tis the prettieſt Fringe in the World. Well, Couſin, you have the happieſt Fancy: Pr'ythee, adviſe me about altering my Crimſon Petticoat.

Sir John. A Pox o' your Petticoat! Here's ſuch a Prating, a Man can't digeſt his own Thoughts for you.

Lady Brute. Don't anſwer him. [*aſide.*] Well, what do you adviſe me?

Bel. Why, really, I would not alter it at all. Methinks 'tis very pretty as it is.

Lady Brute. Ay, that's true: But you know one grows weary of the prettieſt things in the World, when one has had 'em long.

Sir John. Yes, I have taught her that.

Bel. Shall we provoke him a little?

Lady Brute. With all my Heart. *Belinda*, don't you long to be marry'd?

Bel. Why, there are ſome things in it I could like well enough.

Lady Brute. What do you think you ſhou'd diſlike?

Bel. My Huſband, a hundred to one elſe.

Lady Brute. O ye wicked Wretch! Sure you don't ſpeak as you think?

Bel. Yes, I do: eſpecially if he ſmoak'd Tobacco.

[*He looks earneſtly at her.*

Lady Brute. Why, that many times takes off worſe Smells.

Bel. Then he muſt ſmell very ill indeed.

Lady Brute. So ſome Men will, to keep their Wives from coming near 'em.

Bel.

Bel. Then thoſe Wives ſhou'd cuckold 'em at a diſtance.

He riſes in a Fury, throws his Pipe at 'em, and drives 'em out. As they run off, Conſtant *and* Heartfree *enter.* *Lady* Brute *runs againſt* Conſtant.

Sir John. 'Oons, get you gone up Stairs, you confederating Strumpets you, or I'll cuckold you, with a Vengeance!

Lady Brute. O Lord, he'll beat us, he'll beat us. Dear, dear Mr. *Conſtant*, ſave us! [*Exeunt.*

Sir John. I'll cuckold you, with a Pox.

Conſt. Heav'n! Sir *John*, what's the matter?

Sir John. Sure, if Women had been ready created, the Devil, inſtead of being kick'd down into Hell, had been marry'd.

Heart. Why, what new Plague have you found now?

Sir John. Why, theſe two Gentlewomen did but hear me ſay, I expected you here this Afternoon; upon which they preſently reſolv'd to take up the Room, o' purpoſe to plague me and my Friends.

Conſt. Was that all? Why, we ſhou'd have been glad of their Company.

Sir John. Then I ſhould have been weary of yours; for I can't reliſh both together. They found fault with my ſmoaking Tobacco, too; and ſaid Men ſtunk. But I have a good mind—to ſay ſomething.

Conſt. No, nothing againſt the Ladies, pray.

Sir John. Split the Ladies! Come, will you ſit down? Give us ſome Wine, Fellow: You won't ſmoak?

Conſt. No; nor drink, neither, at this time—I muſt aſk your Pardon.

Sir John. What, this Miſtreſs of yours runs in your Head! I'll warrant it's ſome ſuch ſqueamiſh Minx as my Wife, that's grown ſo dainty of late, ſhe finds fault even with a dirty Shirt.

Heart. That a Woman may do, and not be very dainty, neither.

Sir John. Pox o' the Women! lets drink. Come, you

ſhall take one Glaſs, tho' I ſend for a Box of Lozenges to ſweeten your Mouth after it.

Conſt. Nay, if one Glaſs will ſatisfy you, I'll drink it, without putting you to that Expence.

Sir John. Why, that's honeſt. Fill ſome Wine, Sirrah: So here's to you, Gentlemen—A Wife's the Devil. To your being both married. [*They drink.*

Heart. O, your moſt humble Servant, Sir.

Sir John. Well, how do you like my Wine?

Conſt. 'Tis very good, indeed.

Heart. 'Tis admirable.

Sir John. Then give us t'other Glaſs.

Conſt. No, pray excuſe us now: We'll come another time, and then we won't ſpare it.

Sir John. This one Glaſs, and no more: Come, it ſhall be your Miſtreſs's Health: And that's a great Compliment from me, I aſſure you.

Conſt. And 'tis a very obliging one to me: So give us the Glaſſes.

Sir John. So: let her live——

[*Sir* John *coughs in the Glaſs.*

Heart. And be kind.

Conſt. What's the matter? Does it go the wrong way?

Sir John. If I had Love enough to be jealous, I ſhou'd take this for an ill Omen: For I never drank my Wife's Health in my Life, but I puk'd in the Glaſs.

Conſt. O, ſhe's too virtuous to make a reaſonable Man jealous.

Sir John. Pox of her Virtue! If I cou'd but catch her Adulterating, I might be divorc'd from her by Law.

Heart. And ſo pay her a yearly Penſion, to be a diſtinguiſh'd Cuckold.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's my Lord *Rake*, Colonel *Bully*, and ſome other Gentlemen at the *Blue-Poſts*, deſire your Company.

Sir John. Cod's ſo, we are to conſult about playing the Devil to-night.

Heart. Well, we won't hinder Buſineſs.

Sir John

Sir John. Methinks I don't know how to leave you, tho': But for once I muſt make bold. Or look you; may be the Conference mayn't laſt long: So, if you'll wait here half an hour, or an hour; if I don't come then——why, then——I won't come at all.

Heart. [*to* Conſt.] A good modeſt Propoſition, truly! [*Aſide.*

Conſt. But let's accept on't, however. Who knows what may happen?

Heart. Well, Sir, to ſhew you how fond we are of your Company, we'll expect your Return as long as we can.

Sir John. Nay, may be I mayn't ſtay at all. But Buſineſs, you know, muſt be done. So your Servant—— Or hark you, if you have a mind to take a Friſk with us, I have an Intereſt with my Lord; I can eaſily introduce you.

Conſt. We are much beholden to you; but for my part, I'm engag'd another way.

Sir John. What! to your Miſtreſs, I'll warrant. Pr'ythee, leave your naſty Punk to entertain herſelf with her own lewd Thoughts, and make one with us to-night.

Conſt. Sir, 'tis Buſineſs that is to employ me.

Heart. And me; and Buſineſs muſt be done, you know.

Sir John. Ay, Women's Buſineſs, tho' the World were conſum'd for't. [*Exit Sir* John.

Conſt. Farewel, Beaſt! And now, my dear Friend, would my Miſtreſs be but as complaiſant as ſome Men's Wives, who think it a piece of good Breeding to receive the Viſits of their Huſband's Friends in his Abſence!

Heart. Why, for your ſake I could forgive her, tho' ſhe ſhould be ſo complaiſant to receive ſomething elſe in his Abſence. But what way ſhall we invent to ſee her?

Conſt. O, ne'er hope it: Invention will prove as vain as Wiſhes.

Enter Lady Brute *and* Belinda.

Heart. What do you think now, Friend?

Conſt. I think I ſhall ſwoon.

Heart. I'll ſpeak firſt, then, whilſt you fetch breath.

Lady Brute. We think ourſelves oblig'd, Gentlemen, to come and return you thanks for your Knight-Errantry. We were juſt upon being devour'd by the fiery Dragon.

Bel. Did not his Fumes almoſt knock you down, Gentlemen?

Heart. Truly, Ladies, we did undergo ſome Hardſhips; and ſhould have done more, if ſome greater Heroes than ourſelves, hard by, had not diverted him.

Conſt. Tho' I'm glad of the Service you are pleas'd to ſay we have done you, yet I'm ſorry we could do it in no other way, than by making ourſelves privy to what you would perhaps have kept a Secret.

Lady Brute. For Sir *John*'s part, I ſuppoſe he deſign'd it no Secret, ſince he made ſo much Noiſe. And for myſelf, truly I'm not much concern'd, ſince 'tis fallen only into this Gentleman's Hands and yours; who, I have many Reaſons to believe, will neither interpret nor report any thing to my diſadvantage.

Conſt. Your good Opinion, Madam, was what I fear'd I never could have merited.

Lady Brute. Your Fears were vain, then, Sir; for I'm juſt to every body.

Heart. Pr'ythee, *Conſtant*, what is't you do to get the Lady's good Opinions? for I'm a Novice at it.

Bel. Sir, will you give me leave to inſtruct you?

Heart. Yes, that I will, with all my Soul, Madam.

Bel. Why, then, you muſt never be ſlovenly, never be out of humour, fare well and cry Roaſt-meat, ſmoak Tobacco, nor drink but when you are dry.

Heart. That's hard.

Conſt. Nay, if you take his Bottle from him, you break his Heart, Madam.

Bel. Why, is it poſſible the Gentleman can love Drinking?

Heart. Only by way of Antidote.

Bel. Againſt what, pray?

Heart. Againſt Love, Madam.

Lady Brute. Are you afraid of being in Love, Sir?

Heart. I ſhould, if there were any Danger of it.

Lady Brute.

Lady Brute. Pray why ſo?

Heart. Becauſe I always had an Averſion to being us'd like a Dog.

Bel. Why, truly, Men in Love are ſeldom us'd better.

Lady Brute. But was you never in Love, Sir?

Heart. No, I thank Heav'n, Madam.

Bel. Pray, where got you your Learning, then?

Heart. From other People's Expence.

Bel. That's being a Spunger, Sir, which is ſcarce honeſt: If you'd buy ſome Experience with your own Money, as 'twould be fairlier got, ſo 'twould ſtick longer by you.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Madam, here's my Lady *Fancyfull*, to wait upon your Ladyſhip.

Lady Brute. Shield me, kind Heaven! What an Inundation of Impertinence is here coming upon us!

Enter Lady Fancyfull, *who runs firſt to Lady* Brute, *then to* Belinda, *kiſſing 'em.*

Lady Fan. My dear Lady *Brute*, and ſweet *Belinda*, methinks 'tis an Age ſince I ſaw you.

Lady Brute. Yet 'tis but three Days; ſure you have paſs'd your time very ill, it ſeems ſo long to you.

Lady Fan. Why, really, to confeſs the truth to you, I am ſo everlaſtingly fatigu'd with the Addreſſes of unfortunate Gentlemen, that, were it not for the Extravagancy of the Example, I ſhou'd e'en tear out theſe wicked Eyes with my own Fingers, to make both myſelf and Mankind eaſy. What think you on't, Mr. *Heartfree*, for I take you to be my faithful Adviſer?

Heart. Why, truly, Madam—I think—every Project that is for the good of Mankind ought to be encourag'd.

Lady Fan. Then I have your Conſent, Sir?

Heart. To do whatever you pleaſe, Madam.

Lady Fan. You had a much more limited Complaiſance this Morning, Sir. Would you believe it, Ladies? The Gentleman has been ſo exceeding generous, to

tell me of above fifty Faults, in leſs time than it was well poſſible for me to commit two of 'em.

Conſt. Why, truly, Madam, my Friend there is apt to be ſomething familiar with the Ladies.

Lady Fan. He is, indeed, Sir; but he's wondrous charitable with it: He has had the Goodneſs to deſign a Reformation, even down to my Fingers-ends.——— 'Twas thus, I think, Sir, [*Opening her fingers in an aukward manner.*] you'd have had 'em ſtand.—My Eyes, too, he did not like: How was't you wou'd have directed 'em? Thus, I think. [*Staring at him*]—Then there was ſomething amiſs in my Gait, too: I don't know well how 'twas; but as I take it, he would have had me walk like him. Pray, Sir, do me the Favour to take a turn or two about the Room, that the Company may ſee you.—He's ſullen, Ladies, and won't. But, to make ſhort, and give you as true an Idea as I can of the matter, I think 'twas much about this Figure, in general, he would have moulded me to: But I was an obſtinate Woman, and could not reſolve to make myſelf Miſtreſs of his Heart, by growing as aukward as his Fancy.

[*She walks aukwardly about, ſtaring and looking ungainly, then changes on a ſudden to the Extremity of her uſual Affectation.*

Heart. Juſt thus Women do, when they think we are in love with 'em, or when they are ſo with us.

[*Here* Conſtant *and Lady* Brute *talk together apart.*

Lady Fan. 'Twould, however, be leſs Vanity for me to conclude the former, than you the latter, Sir.

Heart. Madam, all I ſhall preſume to conclude, is, That if I were in love, you'd find the means to make me ſoon weary on't.

Lady Fan. Not by Over-fondneſs, upon my Word, Sir. But pray let's ſtop here; for you are ſo much govern'd by Inſtinct, I know you'll grow brutiſh at laſt.

Bel. [*aſide.*] Now am I ſure ſhe's fond of him: ſhe'll try to make her jealous. Well, for my part, I ſhould be glad to find ſome-body would be ſo free with me, that I might know my Faults, and mend 'em.

Lady Fan.

Lady Fan. Then pray let me recommend this Gentleman to you: I have known him ſome time, and will be Surety for him, that upon a very limited Encouragement on your ſide, you ſhall find an extended Impudence on his.

Heart. I thank you, Madam, for your Recommendation: But hating Idleneſs, I'm unwilling to enter into a Place where I believe there would be nothing to do. I was fond of ſerving your Ladyſhip, becauſe I knew you'd find me conſtant Employment.

Lady Fan. I told you he'd be rude, *Belinda.*

Bel. O, a little Bluntneſs is a ſign of Honeſty, which makes me always ready to pardon it. So, Sir, if you have no other Exceptions to my Service, but the fear of being idle in it, you may venture to liſt yourſelf: I ſhall find you Work, I warrant you.

Heart. Upon thoſe Terms I engage, Madam; and this (with your leave) I take for Earneſt.

[*Offering to kiſs her Hand.*

Bel. Hold there, Sir; I'm none of your Earneſt-givers. But if I'm well ſerv'd, I give good Wages, and pay punctually.

[Heartf. *and* Bel. *ſeem to continue talking familiarly.*

Lady Fan. [*aſide.*] I don't like this jeſting between 'em—Methinks the Fool begins to look as if he were in earneſt——But then he muſt be a Fool, indeed.——Lard, what a Difference there is between me and her! [*Looking at* Bel. *ſcornfully*] How I ſhou'd deſpiſe ſuch a Thing, if I were a Man!——What a Noſe ſhe has!——What a Chin——What a Neck!——Then her Eyes——And the worſt kiſſing Lips in the Univerſe——No, no, he can never like her, that's poſitive——Yet I can't ſuffer 'em together any longer. Mr. *Heartfree*, do you know that you and I muſt have no Quarrel for all this? I can't forbear being a little ſevere now and then: But Women, you know, may be allowed any thing.

Heart. Up to a certain Age, Madam.

Lady Fan. Which I'm not yet paſt, I hope.

Heart. [*aſide.*] Nor never will, I dare ſwear.

Lady Fan. [*to Lady* Brute.] Come, Madam, will your Ladyſhip be Witneſs to our Reconciliation?

Lady Brute. You agree, then, at laſt?

Heart. [*ſlightingly.*] We forgive.

Lady Fan. [*aſide.*] That was a cold, ill-natur'd Reply.

Lady Brute. Then there's no Challenges ſent between you?

Heart. Not from me, I promiſe. [*aſide to* Conſtant.] But that's more than I'll do for her; for I know ſhe can as well be damn'd as forbear writing to me.

Conſt. That I believe. But I think we had beſt be going, leſt ſhe ſhould ſuſpect ſomething, and be malicious.

Heart. With all my heart.

Conſt. Ladies, we are your humble Servants. I ſee Sir *John* is quite engag'd, 'twould be in vain to expect him. Come, *Heartfree.* [*Exit.*

Heart. Ladies, your Servant. [*To* Belinda.] I hope, Madam, you won't forget our Bargain; I'm to ſay what I pleaſe to you. [*Exit* Heartfree.

Bel. Liberty of Speech entire, Sir.

Lady Fan. [*aſide.*] Very pretty truly—But how the Blockhead went out—languiſhing at her, and not a Look toward me!—Well, Churchmen may talk, but Miracles are not ceas'd. For 'tis more than natural, ſuch a rude Fellow as he, and ſuch a little Impertinent as ſhe, ſhould be capable of making a Woman of my Sphere uneaſy. But I can bear her ſight no longer—methinks ſhe's grown ten times uglier than *Cornet.* I muſt home, and ſtudy Revenge. [*To Lady* Brute] Madam, your humble Servant; I muſt take my leave.

Lady Brute. What, going already, Madam?

Lady Fan. I muſt beg you'll excuſe me this once; for really I have eighteen Viſits to return this Afternoon: So you ſee I'm importun'd by the Women as well as the Men.

Bel. [*aſide.*] And ſhe's quits with them both.

Lady Fan. [*going*] Nay, you ſhan't go one Step out of the Room.

Lady Brute. Indeed I'll wait upon you down.

Lady Fan. No, ſweet Lady *Brute*, you know I ſwoon at Ceremony.

Lady Brute. Pray give me leave.

Lady Fan. You know I won't.

Lady Br

Lady Brute. Indeed I muſt.
Lady Fan. Indeed you ſhan't.
Lady Brute. Indeed I will.
Lady Fan. Indeed you ſhan't.
Lady Brute. Indeed I will.
Lady Fan. Indeed you ſhan't. Indeed, indeed, indeed you ſhan't. [*Exit Lady* Fan. *running*; *they follow.*

Re-enter Lady Brute *ſola.*

This impertinent Woman has put me out of Humour for a Fortnight——What an agreeable Moment has her fooliſh Viſit interrupted! Lord, how like a Torrent Love flows into the Heart, when once the Sluice of Deſire is open'd! Good Gods! What a Pleaſure there is in doing what we ſhould not do!

Re-enter Conſtant.

Ha! here again?

Conſt. Tho' the renewing my Viſit may ſeem a little irregular, I hope I ſhall obtain your Pardon for it, Madam, when you know I only left the Room, leſt the Lady who was here ſhould have been as malicious in her Remarks as ſhe's fooliſh in her Conduct.

Lady Brute. He who has Diſcretion enough to be tender of a Woman's Reputation, carries a Virtue about him may atone for a great many Faults.

Conſt. If it has a Title to atone for any, its Pretenſions muſt needs be ſtrongeſt where the Crime is Love. I therefore hope I ſhall be forgiven the Attempt I have made upon your Heart, ſince my Enterprize has been a Secret to all the World but yourſelf.

Lady Brute. Secrecy, indeed, in Sins of this kind, is an Argument of weight to leſſen the Puniſhment; but nothing's a Plea for a Pardon entire, without a ſincere Repentance.

Conſt. If Sincerity in Repentance conſiſts in Sorrow for offending, no Cloyſter ever inclos'd ſo true a Penitent as I ſhould be. But I hope it cannot be reckon'd an Offence to love where 'tis a Duty to adore.

Lady Brute. 'Tis an Offence, a great one, where it would rob a Woman of all ſhe ought to be ador'd for—my Virtue.

Conſt. Virtue?——Virtue, alas! is no more like the thing that's call'd ſo, than 'tis like Vice itſelf. Virtue conſiſts in Goodneſs, Honour, Gratitude, Sincerity, and Pity; and not in peeviſh, ſnarling, ſtrait-lac'd Chaſtity. True Virtue, whereſoever it moves, ſtill carries an intrinſick Worth about it, and is in every Place, and in each Sex, of equal Value. So is not Continence, you ſee: That Phantom of Honour, which Men in every Age have ſo contemned, they have thrown it amongſt the Women to ſcrabble for.

Lady Brute. If it be a thing of ſo little Value, why do you ſo earneſtly recommend it to your Wives and Daughters?

Conſt. We recommend it to our Wives, Madam, becauſe we wou'd keep 'em to ourſelves; and to our Daughters, becauſe we wou'd diſpoſe of 'em to others.

Lady Brute. 'Tis, then, of ſome Importance, it ſeems, ſince you can't diſpoſe of them without it.

Conſt. That Importance, Madam, lies in the Humour of the Country, not in the Nature of the Thing.

Lady Brute. How do you prove that, Sir?

Conſt. From the Wiſdom of a neighbouring Nation in a contrary Practice. In Monarchies, things go by Whimſy; but Commonwealths weigh all things in the Scale of Reaſon.

Lady Brute. I hope we are not ſo very light a People, to bring up Faſhions without ſome ground.

Conſt. Pray what does your Ladyſhip think of a powder'd Coat for deep Mourning?

Lady Brute. I think, Sir, your Sophiſtry has all the effect that you can reaſonably expect it ſhould have; it puzzles, but don't convince.

Conſt. I'm ſorry for it.

Lady Brute. I'm ſorry to hear you ſay ſo.

Conſt. Pray why?

Lady Brute. Becauſe, if you expected more from it, you have a worſe Opinion of my Underſtanding than I deſire you ſhould have.

Conſt. [*aſide.*] I comprehend her: She would have me ſet a Value upon her Chaſtity, that I might think myſelf

ſelf the more oblig'd to her when ſhe makes me a Preſent of it. [*to her.*] I beg you will believe I did but rally, Madam; I know you judge too well of Right and Wrong, to be deceiv'd by Arguments like thoſe. I hope you'll have ſo favourable an Opinion of my Underſtanding too, to believe the thing call'd Virtue has Worth enough with me, to paſs for an eternal Obligation where'er 'tis ſacrific'd.

Lady Brute. It is, I think, ſo great a one as nothing can repay.

Conſt. Yes; the making the Man you love your everlaſting Debtor.

Lady Brute. When Debtors once have borrow'd all we have to lend, they are very apt to grow ſhy of their Creditors' Company.

Conſt. That, Madam, is only when they are forc'd to borrow of Uſurers, and not of a generous Friend. Let us chooſe our Creditors, and we are ſeldom ſo ungrateful to ſhun 'em.

Lady Brute. What think you of Sir *John*, Sir? I was his free Choice.

Conſt. I think he's married, Madam.

Lady Brute. Does Marriage, then, exclude Men from your Rule of Conſtancy?

Conſt. It does. Conſtancy's a brave, free, haughty, generous Agent, that cannot buckle to the Chains of Wedlock. There's a poor ſordid Slavery in Marriage, that turns the flowing Tide of Honour, and ſinks us to the loweſt Ebb of Infamy. 'Tis a corrupted Soil: Ill-Nature, Avarice, Sloth, Cowardice, and Dirt, are all its Product.

Lady Brute. Have you no Exceptions to this general Rule, as well as to t'other?

Conſt. Yes; I would, after all, be an Exception to it myſelf, if you were free in Power and Will to make me ſo.

Lady Brute. Compliments are well plac'd where 'tis impoſſible to lay hold on 'em.

Conſt. I wou'd to Heaven 'twere poſſible for you to lay hold on mine, that you might ſee it is no Compliment

ment at all. But ſince you are already diſpos'd of, beyond Redemption, to one who does not know the Value of the Jewel you have put into his Hands, I hope you wou'd not think him greatly wrong'd, tho' it ſhould ſometimes be look'd on by a Friend, who knows how to eſteem it as he ought.

Lady Brute. If looking on't alone wou'd ſerve his turn, the Wrong, perhaps, might not be very great.

Conſt. Why, what if he ſhou'd wear it now and then a Day, ſo he gave good Security to bring it home again at Night?

Lady Brute. Small Security, I fancy, might ſerve for that. One might venture to take his Word.

Conſt. Then, where's the Injury to the Owner?

Lady Brute. 'Tis an Injury to him, if he think it one. For if Happineſs be ſeated in the Mind, Unhappineſs muſt be ſo, too.

Conſt. Here I cloſe with you, Madam, and draw my concluſive Argument from your own Poſition: If the Injury lie in the Fancy, there needs nothing but Secrecy to prevent the Wrong.

Lady Brute. [*going.*] A ſurer way to prevent it, is to hear no more Arguments in its behalf.

Conſt. [*following her.*] But, Madam———

Lady Brute. But, Sir, 'tis my turn to be diſcreet now, and not ſuffer too long a Viſit.

Conſt. [*catching her Hand.*] By Heaven, you ſhall not ſtir, till you give me hopes that I ſhall ſee you again at ſome more convenient Time and Place!

Lady Brute. I give you juſt hopes enough——[*breaking from him.*] to get looſe from you: and that's all I can afford you at this time. [*Exit running.*

Conſtant *ſolus.*

Now, by all that's great and good, ſhe is a charming Woman! In what Extaſy of Joy ſhe has left me! For ſhe gave me Hope, did ſhe not ſay ſhe gave me Hope?—Hope! Ay: what Hope? Enough to make me let her go—Why, that's enough in Conſcience. Or, no matter how 'twas ſpoke: Hope was the Word: it came from her, and it was ſaid to me. [*Enter*

Enter Heartfree.

Ha, *Heartfree!* Thou haſt done me noble Service in prattling to the young Gentlewoman without there; come to my Arms, thou venerable Bawd, and let me ſq[illegible] thee [*Embracing him eagerly*] as a new Pair of Stays does a fat Country Girl, when ſhe's carried to Court to ſtand for a Maid of Honour.

Heart. Why, what the Devil's all this Rapture for?

Conſt. Rapture! There's ground for Rapture, Man; there's Hopes, my *Heartfree*, Hopes, my Friend!

Heart. Hopes! of what?

Conſt. Why, Hopes that my Lady and I together (for 'tis more than one Body's Work) ſhould make Sir *John* a Cuckold.

Heart. Pr'ythee, what did ſhe ſay to thee?

Conſt. Say? What did ſhe not ſay? She ſaid that—ſays ſhe—ſhe ſaid—Zoons, I don't know what ſhe ſaid; but ſhe look'd as if ſhe ſaid every thing I'd have her. And ſo, if thou'lt go to the Tavern, I'll treat thee with any thing that Gold can buy; I'll give all my Silver amongſt the Drawers, make a Bonfire before the Door; ſay the Plenipo's have ſign'd the Peace, and the Bank of *England*'s grown honeſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *opens*; *Lord* Rake, *Sir* John, *&c. at a Table, drinking.*

All. HUZZA!

Lord Rake. Come, Boys, charge again—— So—Confuſion to all Order! Here's Liberty of Conſcience.

All. Huzza!

Lord Rake. I'll ſing you a Song I made this Morning to this purpoſe.

Sir John. 'Tis wicked, I hope.

Col. Bully. Don't my Lord tell you he made it?

Sir John. Well, then, let's ha't.

Lord

Lord *Rake* Sings.

I.

WHAT a Pother of late
Have they kept in the State,
About ſetting our Conſciences free!
A Bottle has more
Diſpenſations in ſtore,
Than the King and the State can decree.

II.

When my Head's full of Wine,
I o'erflow with Deſign,
And know no Penal-Laws that can curb me:
Whate'er I deviſe
Seems good in my Eyes,
And Religion ne'er dares to diſturb me.

III.

No ſaucy Remorſe
Intrudes in my Courſe,
Nor impertinent Notions of Evil;
So there's Claret in ſtore,
In Peace I've my Whore,
And in Peace I jog on to the Devil.

All ſing. *So there's Claret*, &c.

Lord Rake. [Rep.] *And in Peace I jog on to the Devil.* Well, how do you like it, Gentlemen?

All. O, admirable!

Sir John. I would not give a Fig for a Song that is not full of Sin and Impudence.

Lord Rake. Then my Muſe is to your Taſte. But drink away; the Night ſteals upon us; we ſhall want Time to be lewd in. Hey, Page! Sally out, Sirrah, and ſee what's doing in the Camp; we'll beat up their Quarters preſently.

Page. I'll bring your Lordſhip an exact Account. [*Exit Page.*

Lord Rake. Now let the Spirit of Clary go round. Fill me a Brimmer. Here's to our Forlorn Hope. Courage, Knight, Victory attends you.

Sir John.

Sir John. And Laurels ſhall crown me; drink away, and be damn'd.

Lord Rake. Again, Boys; t'other Glaſs, and damn Morality.

Sir John. [*drunk.*] Ay—damn Morality—and damn the [illegible]h. And let the Conſtable be married.

All. Huzza!

Re-enter Page.

Lord Rake. How are the Streets inhabited, Sirrah?

Page. My Lord, 'tis Sunday-night; they are full of drunken Citizens.

Lord Rake. Along, then, Boys, we ſhall have a Feaſt.

Col. Bully. Along, noble Knight.

Sir John. Ay——along, *Bully*; and he that ſays Sir *John Brute* is not as drunk and as religious as the drunkeneſt Citizen of them all—is a Liar, and the Son of a Whore.

Col. Bully. Why, that was bravely ſpoke, and like a free-born *Engliſhman.*

Sir John. What's that to you, Sir, whether I am an *Engliſhman* or a *Frenchman?*

Col. Bully. Zoons, you are not angry, Sir?

Sir John. Zoons, I am angry, Sir——for if I'm a free-born *Engliſhman*, what have you to do even to talk of my Privileges?

Lord Rake. Why, pr'ythee, Knight, don't quarrel here; leave private Animoſities to be decided by Day-light; let the Night be employ'd againſt the publick Enemy.

Sir John. My Lord, I reſpect you becauſe you are a Man of Quality. But I'll make that Fellow know, I am within a Hair's breadth as abſolute by my Privileges, as the King of *France* is by his Prerogative. He by his Prerogative takes Money where it is not his due; I by my Privilege refuſe paying it where I owe it. Liberty and Property, and *Old England*, Huzza!

All. Huzza! [*Exit Sir* John *reeling, all following him.*

SCENE

SCENE, *A Bed-Chamber.*

Enter Lady Brute *and* Belinda.

Lady Brute. SURE 'tis late, *Belinda*; I begin to be sleepy.

Bel. Yes, 'tis near Twelve. Will you go to Bed?

Lady Brute. To Bed, my Dear? And by that time I am fallen into a ſweet Sleep (or perhaps a ſweet Dream, which is better and better) Sir *John* will come home roaring drunk, and be overjoy'd he finds me in a Condition to be diſturb'd.

Bel. O, you need not fear him; he's in for all Night. The Servants ſay he's gone to drink with my Lord *Rake*.

Lady Brute. Nay, 'tis not very likely, indeed, ſuch ſuitable Company ſhould part preſently. What Hogs Men turn, *Belinda*, when they grow weary of Women!

Bel. And what Owls they are, whilſt they are fond of 'em!

Lady Brute. But That we may forgive well enough, becauſe they are ſo upon our accounts.

Bel. We ought to do ſo, indeed; but 'tis a hard matter. For when a Man is really in love, he looks ſo unſufferably ſilly, that tho' a Woman lik'd him well enough before, ſhe has then much ado to endure the Sight of him: And this I take to be the Reaſon why Lovers are ſo generally ill-us'd.

Lady Brute. Well, I own, now, I'm well enough pleaſed to ſee a Man look like an Aſs for me.

Bel. Ay, I'm pleas'd he ſhould look like an Aſs, too;—that is, I'm pleaſed with myſelf for making him look ſo.

Lady Brute. Nay, truly, I think if he'd find ſome other way to expreſs his Paſſion, 'twould be more to his advantage.

Bel. Yes; for then a Woman might like his Paſſion and him too.

Lady Brute. Yet, *Belinda*, after all, a Woman's Life would

would be but a dull Buſineſs, if it were not for Men; and Men that can look like Aſſes, too. We ſhou'd never blame Fate for the ſhortneſs of our Days; our Time would hang wretchedly upon our Hands.

Bel. Why, truly, they do help us off with a good ſhare on't: For were there no Men in the World, o'my Conſcience, I ſhou'd be no longer a-dreſſing than I'm a-ſaying my Prayers; nay, tho' it were Sunday: For you know that one may go to Church without Stays on.

Lady Brute. But don't you think Emulation might do ſomething? For every Woman you ſee deſires to be finer than her Neighbour.

Bel. That's only that the Men may like her better than her Neighbour. No, if there were no Men, adieu fine Petticoats, we ſhould be weary of wearing 'em.

Lady Brute. And adieu Plays, we ſhould be weary of ſeeing 'em.

Bel. Adieu *Hyde Park*, the Duſt would choak us.

Lady Brute. Adieu *St. James's*, walking would tire us.

Bel. Adieu *London*, the Smoke would ſtifle us.

Lady Brute. And adieu going to Church, for Religion wou'd ne'er prevail with us.

Both. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Bel. Our Confeſſion is ſo very hearty, ſure we merit Abſolution.

Lady Brute. Not unleſs we go thro' with't, and confeſs all. So, pr'ythee, for the Eaſe of our Conſciences, let's hide nothing.

Bel. Agreed.

Lady Brute. Why, then, I confeſs, that I love to ſit in the Fore-front of a Box; for if one ſits behind, there's two Acts gone, perhaps, before one's found out. And when I am there, if I perceive the Men whiſpering and looking upon me, you muſt know I cannot for my Life forbear thinking they talk to my Advantage; and that ſets a thouſand little tickling Vanities on foot——

Bel. Juſt my Caſe, for all the World; but go on.

Lady Brute. I watch with Impatience for the next Jeſt in the Play, that I might laugh, and ſhew my white Teeth. If the Poet has been dull, and the Jeſt be long a-coming,

a-coming, I pretend to whiſper one to my Friend; and from thence fall into a little ſmall Diſcourſe, in which I take occaſion to ſhew my Face in all Humours, briſk, pleas'd, ſerious, melancholy, languiſhing——Not that what we ſay to one another cauſes any of theſe alterations. But——

Bel. Don't trouble yourſelf to explain. For if I'm not miſtaken, you and I have had ſome of theſe neceſſary Dialogues before now with the ſame Intention.

Lady Brute. Why, I ſwear, *Belinda*, ſome People do give ſtrange agreeable Airs to their Faces in ſpeaking. Tell me true—Did you never practiſe in the Glaſs?

Bel. Why, did you?

Lady Brute. Yes, faith, many a time.

Bel. And I too, I own it; both how to ſpeak myſelf, and how to look when others ſpeak. But my Glaſs and I could never yet agree what Face I ſhould make when they come blunt out with a naſty thing in a Play: For all the Men preſently look upon the Women, that's certain: ſo laugh we muſt not, tho' our Stays burſt for't, becauſe that's telling Truth, and owning we underſtand the Jeſt. And to look ſerious is ſo dull, when the whole Houſe is a laughing——

Lady Brute. Beſides, that looking ſerious does really betray our Knowledge in the matter, as much as laughing with the Company would do: For if we did not underſtand the thing, we ſhou'd naturally do like other People.

Bel. For my part, I always take that occaſion to blow my Noſe.

Lady Brute. You muſt blow your Noſe half off, then, at ſome Plays.

Bel. Why don't ſome Reformer or other beat the Poet for't?

Lady Brute. Becauſe he is not ſo ſure of our private Approbation, as of our publick Thanks. Well, ſure there is not upon Earth ſo impertinent a thing as Women's Modeſty.

Bel. Yes: Men's Fantaſque, that obliges us to it. If we quit our Modeſty, they ſay we loſe our Charms: and

and yet they know that very Modeſty is Affectation, and rail at our Hypocriſy.

Lady Brute. Thus, one would think 'twere a hard matter to pleaſe 'em, Niece; yet our kind Mother Nature has given us ſomething that makes amends for all. Let our Weakneſs be what it will, Mankind will ſtill be weaker; and whilſt there is a World, 'tis Woman that will govern it. But, pr'ythee, one Word of poor *Conſtant* before we go to bed, if it be but to furniſh matter for Dreams: I dare ſwear he's talking of me now, or thinking of me at leaſt, tho' it be in the middle of his Prayers.

Bel. So he ought, I think; for you were pleas'd to make him a good round Advance to-day, Madam.

Lady Brute. Why, I have e'en plagu'd him enough to ſatisfy any reaſonable Woman: He has beſieg'd me theſe two Years, to no purpoſe.

Bel. And if he beſieg'd you two Years more, he'd be well enough pay'd, ſo he had the plundering of you at laſt.

Lady Brute. That may be; but I'm afraid the Town won't be able to hold out much longer: for to confeſs the Truth to you, *Belinda*, the Garriſon begins to grow mutinous.

Bel. Then the ſooner you capitulate, the better.

Lady Brute. Yet, methinks, I wou'd fain ſtay a little longer to ſee you fix'd too, that we might ſtart together, and ſee who cou'd love longeſt. What think you, if *Heartfree* ſhou'd have a Month's Mind to you?

Bel. Why, 'faith, I cou'd almoſt be in love with him for deſpiſing that fooliſh, affected Lady *Fancyfull*; but I'm afraid he's too cold ever to warm himſelf by my Fire.

Lady Brute. Then he deſerves to be froze to death. You'd I were a Man for your ſake, dear Rogue! [*Kiſſing her.*]

Bel. You'd wiſh yourſelf a Woman again for your own, if the Men are miſtaken. But if I cou'd make a Conqueſt of this Son of *Bacchus*, and rival his Bottle, what ſhou'd I do with him? He has no Fortune, I can't marry him: and ſure you wou'd not have me commit Fornication?

Lady Brute.

Lady Brute. Why, if you did, Child, 'twould be but a good friendly part; if 'twere only to keep me in countenance whilſt I commit——you know what.

Bel. Well, if I can't reſolve to ſerve you that way, I may perhaps ſome other, as much to your Satisfaction. But pray how ſhall we contrive to ſee the[illegible] Blades again quickly?

Lady Brute. We muſt e'en have recourſe to the old way; make 'em an Appointment 'twixt Jeſt and Earneſt; 'twill look like a Frolick, and that you know 's a very good thing to ſave a Woman's Bluſhes.

Bel. You adviſe well; but where ſhall it be?

Lady Brute. [illegible] *Spring Garden.* But they ſhan't know their Women till their Women pull off their Maſks; for a Surprize is the moſt agreeable thing in the World: And I find myſelf in a very good Humour, ready to do 'em any good turn I can think on.

Bel. Then pray write 'em the neceſſary Billet, without farther delay.

Lady Brute. Let's go into your Chamber, then, and whilſt you ſay your Prayers I'll do it, Child. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Covent Garden.*

Enter Lord Rake, *Sir* John, *&c. with Swords drawn.*

Lord Rake. IS the Dog dead?

Col. Bully. No, damn him, I heard him wheeze.

Lord Rake. How the Witch his Wife howl'd!

Col. Bully. Ay, ſhe'll alarm the Watch preſently.

Lord Rake. Appear, Knight, then; come, you have a good Cauſe to fight for—there's a Man murder'd.

Sir John. Is there? Then let his Ghoſt be ſatisfy'd; for

for I'll ſacrifice a Conſtable to it preſently, and burn his Body upon his wooden Chair.

Enter a Taylor, with a Bundle under his Arm.

Sir Bully. How now? What have we got here? A Thief.

Taylor. No, an't pleaſe you, I'm no Thief.

Lord Rake. That we'll ſee preſently: Here, let the General examine him.

Sir John. Ay, ay, let me examine him, and I'll lay a hundred Pound I find him guilty, in ſpite of his Teeth—for he looks—like a—ſneaking Raſcal. Come, Sirrah, without Equivocation or mental Reſervation, tell me of what Opinion you are, and what Calling; for by them——I ſhall gueſs at your Morals.

Taylor. An't pleaſe you, I'm a Diſſenting Journeyman Taylor.

Sir John. Then, Sirrah, you love Lying by your Religion, and Theft by your Trade: And ſo, that your Puniſhment may be ſuitable to your Crimes—I'll have you firſt gagg'd—and then hang'd.

Tayl. Pray, good worthy Gentlemen, don't abuſe me: indeed I'm an honeſt Man, and a good Workman, tho' I ſay it, that ſhould not ſay it.

Sir John. No Words, Sirrah, but attend your Fate.

Lord Rake. Let me ſee what's in that Bundle.

Tayl. An't pleaſe you, it is the Doctor of the Pariſh's Gown.

Lord Rake. The Doctor's Gown!——Hark you, Knight, you won't ſtick at abuſing the Clergy, will you?

Sir John. No, I'm drunk, and I'll abuſe any thing—but my Wife; and her I name—with Reverence.

Lord Rake. Then you ſhall wear this Gown, whilſt you charge the Watch; that tho' the Blows fall upon you, the Scandal may light upon the Church.

Sir John. A generous Deſign——by all the Gods——give it me. [*Takes the Gown, and puts it on.*

Tayl. O dear Gentlemen, I ſhall be quite undone, if you take the Gown.

Sir John. Retire, Sirrah; and ſince you carry off your Skin—go home and be happy.

Tayl.

Tayl. [*pauſing.*] I think I had e'en as good follow the Gentleman's friendly Advice, for if I diſpute any longer, who knows but the Whim may take him to caſe me? 'Theſe Courtiers are fuller of Tricks than they are of Money; they'll ſooner cut a Man's Throat, than pay his Bill. [*Exit Taylor.*

Sir John. So, how do you like my Shapes now?

Lord Rake. This will do to a Miracle; he looks like a Biſhop going to the Holy War. But to your Arms, Gentlemen, the Enemy appears.

Enter Conſtable and Watch.

Watch. Stand! Who goes there? Come before the Conſtable.

Sir John. The Conſtable is a Raſcal——and you are the Son of a Whore.

Watch. A good civil Anſwer for a Parſon, truly!

Conſtab. Methinks, Sir, a Man of your Coat might ſet a better Example.

Sir John. Sirrah, I'll make you know——there are Men of my Coat can ſet as bad Examples——as you can do, you Dog, you.

[*Sir* John *ſtrikes the Conſtable. They knock him down, diſarm him, and ſeize him. Lord* Rake, *&c. run away.*

Conſtab So, we have ſecur'd the Parſon, however.

Sir John. Blood, and Blood——and Blood.

Watch. Lord have mercy upon us! How the wicked Wretch raves of Blood! I'll warrant he has been murdering ſome body to-night.

Sir John. Sirrah, there's nothing got by Murder but a Halter: My Talent lies towards Drunkenneſs and Simony.

Watch. Why, that now was ſpoke like a Man of Parts, Neighbours; 'tis pity he ſhou'd be ſo diſguiſed.

Sir John. You lye——I'm not diſguis'd; for I am drunk barefac'd.

Watch. Look you there again—This is a mad Parſon, Mr. *Conſtable*; I'll lay a Pot of Ale upon 's Head, he's a good Preacher.

Conſtab. Come, Sir, out of reſpect to your Calling, I ſhan't

ſhall put you into the Round-houſe; but we muſt ſecure you in our Drawing-room till Morning, that you may do no Miſchief. So, come along.

Sir John. You may put me where you will, Sirrah, now you have overcome me ——— But if I can't do Miſchief, I'll think of Miſchief—in ſpite of your Teeth, you Dog, you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Bed-Chamber.*

Enter Heartfree *ſolus.*

WHAT the Plague ails me? ——love? No, I thank you for that, my Heart's ſafe ſtill—— Yet 'tis *Belinda* that diſturbs me; that's poſitive—— Well, what of all that? Muſt I love her for being troubleſome? At that rate I might love all the Women I meet, I'gad. But hold!—Tho' I don't love her for diſturbing me, yet ſhe may diſturb me, becauſe I love her ——Ay, that may be, 'faith. I have dreamt of her, that's certain——Well, ſo I have of my Mother; therefore what's that to the purpoſe? Ay, but *Belinda* runs in my Mind waking—and ſo does many a damn'd thing that I don't care a Farthing for——Methinks, tho', I would fain be talking to her, and yet I have no Buſineſs——Well, am I the firſt Man that has had a Mind to do an impertinent thing?

Enter Conſtant.

Conſt. How now, *Heartfree*? What makes you up and dreſs'd ſo ſoon? I thought none but Lovers quarrell'd with their Beds; I expected to have found you snoring, as I us'd to do.

Heart. Why, 'faith, Friend, 'tis the Care I have of your Affairs, that makes me ſo thoughtful; I have been ſtudying all Night how to bring your Matter about with *Belinda.*

Conſt. With *Belinda*?

Heart. With my Lady, I mean: And, 'faith, I have mighty Hopes on't. Sure you muſt be very well ſatisfied with her Behaviour to you yeſterday?

Conſt. So well, that nothing but a Lover's Fears can make me doubt of Succeſs. But what can this ſudden Change proceed from?

Heart. Why, you ſaw her Huſband beat her, did you not?

Conſt. That's true: A Huſband is ſcarce to be borne upon any terms, much leſs when he fights with his Wife. Methinks, ſhe ſhou'd e'en have cuckolded him upon the very ſpot, to ſhew that after the Battle ſhe was Maſter of the Field.

Heart. A Council of War of Women wou'd infallibly have adviſ'd her to't. But, I confeſs, ſo agreeable a Woman as *Belinda* deſerves better Uſage.

Conſt. *Belinda* again!

Heart. My Lady, I mean. What a Pox makes me blunder ſo to-day? [*Aſide.*] A Plague of this treacherous Tongue!

Conſt. Pr'ythee, look upon me ſeriouſly, *Heartfree*—Now anſwer me directly: Is it my Lady, or *Belinda*, employs your careful Thoughts thus?

Heart. My Lady, or *Belinda?*

Conſt. In Love; by this Light, in Love.

Heart. In Love!

Conſt. Nay, ne'er deny it; for thou'lt do it ſo aukwardly, 'twill but make the Jeſt ſit heavier about thee. My dear Friend, I give thee much Joy.

Heart. Why, pr'ythee, you won't perſuade me to it, will you?

Conſt. That ſhe's Miſtreſs of your Tongue, that's plain; and I know you are ſo honeſt a Fellow, your Tongue and Heart always go together. But how, but how the Devil? Pha, ha, ha, ha—

Heart. Hey-dey! Why, ſure you don't believe it in earneſt?

Conſt. Yes, I do, becauſe I ſee you deny it in jeſt.

Heart. Nay, but look you, *Ned*—a—deny in jeſt—a—gadzooks, you know I ſay—a—when a Man denies a thing in jeſt—a—

Conſt.

Conſt. Pha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Heart. Nay, then we ſhall have it: What, becauſe a Man ſtumbles at a Word: did you never make a Blunder?

Conſt. Yes; for I am in Love, I own it.

Heart. Then, ſo am I—Now laugh till thy Soul's glutted with Mirth. [*Embracing him.*] But, dear *Conſtant*, don't tell the Town on't.

Conſt. Nay, then, 'twere almoſt pity to laugh at thee, after ſo honeſt a Confeſſion. But tell us a little, *Jack*, by what new-invented Arms has this mighty Stroke been given?

Heart. E'en by that unaccountable Weapon call'd *Je-ne-ſçai-quoy*: For every thing that can come within the Verge of Beauty, I have ſeen it with indifference.

Conſt. So in few Words, then, the *Je-ne-ſçai-quoy* has been too hard for the quilted Petticoat.

Heart. I'gad, I think the *Je-ne-ſçai-quoy* is in the quilted Petticoat; at leaſt 'tis certain, I ne'er think on't without——a——a *Je-ne-ſçai-quoy* in every Part about me.

Conſt. Well, but have all your Remedies loſt their Virtue? Have you turn'd her in-ſide out yet?

Heart. I dare not ſo much as think on't.

Conſt. But don't the two Years Fatigue I have had diſcourage you?

Heart. Yes: I dread what I foreſee; yet cannot quit the Enterprize. Like ſome Soldiers, whoſe Courage dwells more in their Honour, than their Nature—on they go, tho' the Body trembles at what the Soul makes it undertake.

Conſt. Nay, if you expect your Miſtreſs will uſe you as your Profanations againſt her Sex deſerve, you tremble juſtly. But how do you intend to proceed, Friend?

Heart. Thou know'ſt I'm but a Novice; be friendly, and adviſe me.

Conſt. Why, look you, then: I'd have you—Serenade and a——write a Song——Go to Church; look like a Fool——Be very officious; Ogle, write and lead out: And who knows but in a Year or two's time you may

be—— call'd a troubleſome Puppy, and ſent about your Buſineſs.

Heart. That's hard.

Conſt. Yet thus it oft falls out with Lovers, Sir.

Heart. Pox on me for making one of the Number!

Conſt. Have a care: Say no ſaucy things; 'twill but augment your Crime; and if your Miſtreſs hears on't, increaſe your Puniſhment.

Heart. Pr'ythee ſay ſomething, then, to encourage me; you know I help'd you in your Diſtreſs.

Conſt. Why, then, to encourage you to Perſeverance, tho' you may be thoroughly ill-us'd for your Offences; I'll put you in mind, that even the coyeſt Ladies of 'em all are made up of Deſires, as well as we; and tho' they do hold out a long time, they will capitulate at laſt. For the thundering Engineer, Nature, does make ſuch Havock in the Town, they muſt ſurrender at long run, or periſh in their own Flames.

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, there's a Porter without with a Letter; he deſires to give it into your own Hands.

Conſt. Call him in.

Enter Porter.

Conſt. What, *Joe!* Is it thee?

Porter. An't pleaſe you, Sir, I was order'd to deliver this into your own Hands by two well-ſhap'd Ladies, at the *New Exchange*. I was at your Honour's Lodgings, and your ſervants ſent me hither.

Conſt. 'Tis well; are you to carry any Anſwer?

Porter. No, my noble Maſter. They gave me my Orders, and whip they were gone, like a Maidenhead at Fifteen.

Conſt. Very well; there. [*Gives him Money.*

Porter. God bleſs your Honour! [*Exit Porter.*

Conſt. Now let's ſee what honeſt, truſty *Joe* has brought us.

Reads.

Reads.

If you and your Play-Fellow can ſpare time from your Buſineſs and Devotions, don't fail to be at Spring-Garden *about Eight in the Evening. You'll find nothing there but Women, ſo you need bring no other Arms than what you uſually carry about you.*

So, Play-fellow: here's ſomething to ſtay your Stomach till your Miſtreſs's Diſh is ready for you.

Heart. Some of our old batter'd Acquaintance. I won't go, not I.

Conſt. Nay, that you can't avoid; there's Honour in the Caſe; 'tis a Challenge, and I want a Second.

Heart. I doubt I ſhall be but a very uſeleſs one to you; for I'm ſo diſhearten'd by this Woman *Belinda* has given me, I don't think I ſhall have Courage enough to draw my Sword.

Conſt. O, if that be all, come along; I'll warrant you find Sword enough for ſuch Enemies as we have to deal withal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Street.*

Enter Conſtable, &c. with Sir John.

Conſtab. COME along, Sir; I thought to have let you ſlip this Morning, becauſe you were a Miniſter; but you are as drunk and as abuſive as ever. We'll ſee what the Juſtice of the Peace will ſay to you.

Sir John. And you ſhall ſee what I'll ſay to the Juſtice of the Peace, Sirrah. [*They knock at the Door.*

Enter Servant.

Conſtab. Pray, acquaint his Worſhip, we have got an unruly Parſon here: We are unwilling to expoſe him, but don't know what to do with him.

Serv. I'll acquaint my Maſter. [*Exit Serv.*

Sir John. You——Conſtable—What damn'd Juſtice is this?

Conſtab. One that will take Care of you, I warrant you.

Enter Juſtice.

Juſt. Well, Mr. Conſtable, what's the Diſorder here?

Conſtab. An't pleaſe your Worſhip——

Sir John. Let me ſpeak, and be damn'd: I'm a Divine, and can unfold Myſteries better than you can do.

Juſt. Sadneſs, ſadneſs! A Miniſter ſo overtaken! Pray, Sir, give the Conſtable leave to ſpeak, and I'll hear you very patiently: I aſſure you, Sir, I will.

Sir John. Sir——You are a very civil Magiſtrate! Your moſt humble Servant.

Conſtab. An't pleaſe your Worſhip, then, he has attempted to beat the Watch to-night, and ſwore——

Sir John. You lye.

Juſt. Hold, pray, Sir, a little.

Sir John. Sir, your very humble Servant.

Conſtab. Indeed, Sir, he came at us without any Provocation, call'd us Whores and Rogues, and laid us on with a great Quarter-ſtaff. He was in my Lord *Rake*'s Company: They have been playing the Devil to-night.

Juſt. Hem——Hem——Pray, Sir——may you be Chaplain to my Lord?

Sir John. Sir——I preſume——I may if I will.

Juſt. My meaning, Sir, is——Are you ſo?

Sir John. Sir——You mean very well.

Juſt. He, hem——hem——Under Favour, Sir, pray anſwer me directly.

Sir John. Under Favour, Sir——Do you uſe to anſwer directly when you are drunk?

Juſt. Good lack, good lack! Here's nothing to be got from him: Pray, Sir, may I crave your Name?

Sir John. Sir——My Name's——— [*He hiccups*] Hiccup, Sir.

Juſt. Hiccup? Doctor *Hiccup*, I have known a great many Country Parſons of that Name, eſpecially down in the *Fenns*. Pray where do you live, Sir?

Sir John.

Sir John. Here——and there, Sir.

Juſt. Why, what'a ſtrange Man is this! Where do you preach, Sir? Have you any Cure?

Sir John. Sir——I have——a very good Cure——for a Clap, at your Service.

Juſt. Lord have mercy upon us!

Sir John. [*aſide*] This Fellow aſks ſo many impertinent Queſtions, I believe, I'gad, 'tis the Juſtice's Wife in the Juſtice's Clothes.

Juſt. Mr. Conſtable, I vow and proteſt, I don't know what to do with him.

Conſtab. Truly, he has been but a troubleſome Gueſt to us all Night.

Juſt. I think, I had e'en beſt let him go about his Buſineſs; for I'm unwilling to expoſe him.

Conſtab. E'en what your Worſhip thinks fit.

Sir John. Sir——not to interrupt Mr. Conſtable, I have a ſmall Favour to aſk.

Juſt. Sir, I open both my Ears to you.

Sir John. Sir, your very humble Servant. I have a little urgent Buſineſs calls upon me; and therefore I deſire the Favour of you to bring Matters to a Concluſion.

Juſt. Sir, if I were ſure that Buſineſs were not to commit more Diſorders, I wou'd releaſe you.

Sir John None——By my Prieſthood!

Juſt. Then, Mr. Conſtable, you may diſcharge him.

Sir John. Sir, your very humble Servant. If you pleaſe to accept of a Bottle——

Juſt. I thank you, kindly, Sir; but I never drink in a Morning. Good-by t'ye, Sir, good-by t'ye.

Sir John. Good by t'ye, good Sir. [*Exit Juſtice.*] So——now, Mr. Conſtable, ſhall you and I go pick up a Whore together?

Conſtab. No, thank you, Sir; my Wife's enough to ſatisfy any reaſonable Man.

Sir John. [*aſide*] He, he, he, he——the Fool is married, then. Well, you won't go?

Conſtab. Not I, truly.

Sir John. Then I'll go by myſelf; and you and your

Wife may be damn'd. [*Exit Sir* John.

Conſtable. [*gazing after him.*] Why, God a-mercy, Parſon?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Spring-Garden.*

Conſtant *and* Heartfree *croſs the Stage. As they go off, enter Lady* Fancyfull *and* Madamoiſelle *maſk'd, and dogging 'em.*

Conſt. SO; I think we are about the time appointed: let us walk up this way. *Exeunt.*

Lady Fan. Good: Thus far I have dogg'd 'em without being diſcover'd. 'Tis infallibly ſome Intrigue that brings them to *Spring-Garden.* How my poor Heart is torn and rackt with Fear and Jealouſy! Yet let it be any thing but that Flirt *Belinda*, and I'll try to bear it. But if it prove her, all that's Woman in me ſhall be employ'd to deſtroy her.

[*Exeunt after* Conſtant *and* Heartfree.

Re-enter Conſtant *and* Heartfree, *Lady* Fancyfull *and* Madamoiſelle *ſtill following at a Diſtance.*

Conſt. I ſee no Females yet, that have any thing to ſay to us. I'm afraid we are banter'd.

Heart. I wiſh we were; for I'm in no Humour to make either them or myſelf merry.

Conſt. Nay, I'm ſure you'll make them merry enough, if I tell 'em why you are dull. But pr'ythee why ſo heavy and ſad before you begin to be ill us'd?

Heart. For the ſame Reaſon, perhaps, that you are ſo briſk and well pleas'd; becauſe both Pains and Pleaſures are generally more conſiderable in Proſpect, than when they come to paſs.

Enter Lady Brute *and* Belinda, *maſk'd and poorly dreſs'd.*

Conſt. How now! who are theſe? Not our Game, I hope.

Heart.

Heart. If they are, we are e'en well enough ſerv'd, to come a-hunting here, when we had ſo much better Game in Chaſe elſewhere.

Lady Fan. [*to Madamoiſelle.*] So, thoſe are their Ladies, without doubt. But I'm afraid that *Doily* Stuff is not worn for want of better Clothes. They are the very Shape and Size of *Belinda* and her Aunt.

Madam. So dey be intecd, Matam.

Lady Fan. We'll ſlip into this cloſe Arbour, where we may hear all they ſay.

[*Exeunt Lady* Fancyfull *and* Madamoiſelle.

Lady Brute. What, are you afraid of us, Gentlemen?

Heart. Why, truly, I think we may, if Appearance don't lye.

Bel. Do you always find Women what they appear to be, Sir?

Heart. No, forſooth; but I ſeldom find 'em better than they appear to be.

Bel. Then the Outſide's beſt, you think?

Heart. 'Tis the honeſteſt.

Conſt. Have a care, *Heartfree*; you are relapſing again.

Lady Brute. Why, does the Gentleman uſe to rail at Women?

Conſt. He has done formerly.

Bel. I ſuppoſe he had very good Cauſe for't. They did not uſe you ſo well as you thought you deſerv'd, Sir.

Lady Brute. They made themſelves merry at your Expence, Sir.

Bel. Laugh'd when you ſigh'd—

Lady Brute. Slept while you were waking—

Bel. Had your Porter beat—

Lady Brute. And threw your Billet-doux in the Fire.

Heart. Hey-day, I ſhall do more than rail preſently.

Bel. Why, you won't beat us, will you?

Heart. I don't know but I may.

Conſt. What the Devil's coming here? Sir *John* in a Gown——And drunk, i'faith.

Enter Sir John.

Sir John. What a Pox——here's *Conſtant*, *Heartfree*——and

and two Whores, I'gad——O you covetous Rogues! what, have you never a ſpare Punk for your Friend?—— But I'll ſhare with you. [*He ſeizes both the Women.*

Heart. Why, what the plague have you been doing, Knight?

Sir John. Why, I have been beating the Watch, and ſcandalizing the Clergy.

Heart. A very good Account, truly.

Sir John. And what do you think I'll do next?

Conſt. Nay, that no Man can gueſs.

Sir John. Why, if you'll let me ſup with you, I'll treat both your Strumpets.

Lady Brute. [*aſide*] O Lord, we're undone!

Heart. No, we can't ſup together, becauſe we have ſome Affairs elſewhere. But if you'll accept of theſe two Ladies, we'll be ſo complaiſant to you, to reſign our Right in 'em.

Bel. [*aſide*] Lord, what ſhall we do?

Sir John. Let me ſee; their Clothes are ſuch damn'd Clothes, they won't pawn for the Reckoning.

Heart. Sir *John*, your Servant. Rapture attend you!

Conſt. Adieu, Ladies, make much of the Gentleman.

Lady Brute. Why, ſure, you won't leave us in the Hands of a drunken Fellow to abuſe us.

Sir John. Who do you call a drunken Fellow, you Slut you? I'm a Man of Quality; the King has made me a Knight. [Heart. *runs off.*

Hunt. Ay, ay, you are in good Hands! Adieu, Adieu!

Lady Brute. The Devil's Hands: Let me go, or I'll—For Heaven's ſake, protect us!

[*She breaks from him, runs to* Conſtant, *twitching off her Maſk, and clapping it on again.*

Sir John. I'll Devil you, you Jade you. I'll demoliſh your ugly Face.

Conſt. Hold a little, Knight, ſhe ſwoons.

Sir John. I'll ſwoon her.

Conſt. Hey, *Heartfree*——

Re-enter

Re-enter Heartfree. Belinda *runs to him, and ſhews her Face.*

Heart. O Heavens! My dear Creature, ſtand there a little.

Conſt. Pull him off, *Jack.*

Heart. Hold, mighty Man; look ye, Sir, we did but jeſt with you. Theſe are Ladies of our Acquaintance that we had a mind to frighten a little, but now you muſt leave us.

Sir John. Oons, I won't leave you, not I.

Heart. Nay, but you muſt, though; and therefore make no Words on't.

Sir John. Then you are a couple of damned uncivil Fellows. And I hope your Punks will give you Sauce to your Mutton. [*Exit Sir* John.

Lady Brute. Oh, I ſhall never come to myſelf again, I'm ſo frightened.

Conſt. 'Twas a narrow 'Scape, indeed.

Bel. Women muſt have Frolicks, you ſee, whatever they coſt them.

Heart. This might have proved a dear one, though.

Lady Brute. You are the more obliged to us for the Riſk we run upon your Accounts.

Conſt. And I hope you'll acknowledge ſomething due to our Knight-Errantry, Ladies. This is the ſecond time we have delivered you.

Lady Brute. 'Tis true; and ſince we ſee Fate has deſigned you for our Guardians, 'twill make us the more willing to truſt ourſelves in your Hands. But you muſt not have the worſe Opinion of us for our innocent Frolick.

Heart. Ladies, you may command our Opinions in every thing that is to your Advantage.

Bel. Then, Sir, I command you to be of Opinion, That Women are ſometimes better than they appear to be: [*Lady* Brute *and* Conſtant *talk apart.*

Heart. Madam, you have made a Convert of me in every thing. I'm grown a Fool: I cou'd be fond of a Woman.

Bel. I thank you, Sir, in the Name of the whole Sex.

Heart. Which Sex nothing but yourſelf cou'd ever have aton'd for.

Bel. Now has my Vanity a deviliſh Itch, to know in what my Merit conſiſts.

Heart. In your Humility, Madam, that keeps you ignorant it conſiſts at all.

Bel. One other Compliment, with that ſerious Face, and I hate you for ever after.

Heart. Some Women love to be abus'd: Is that it you wou'd be at?

Bel. No, not that, neither: But I'd have Men talk plainly what's fit for Women to hear; without putting 'em either to a real or an affected Bluſh.

Heart. Why, then, in as plain Terms as I can find to expreſs myſelf, I could love you even to—Matrimony itſelf a'moſt, Egad.

Bel. Juſt as Sir *John* did her Ladyſhip there.—— What think you? Don't you believe one Month's time might bring you down to the ſame Indifference, only clad in a little better Manners, perhaps? Well, you Men are unaccountable things, mad till you have your Miſtreſſes, and then ſtark mad till you are rid of 'em again. Tell me honeſtly, Is not your Patience put to a much ſeverer Trial after Poſſeſſion than before?

Heart. With a great many I muſt confeſs it is, to our eternal Scandal; but I——dear Creature, do but try me.

Bel. That's the ſureſt way, indeed, to know, but not the ſafeſt. [*To Lady* Brute.] Madam, are not you for taking a Turn in the Great Walk? It's almoſt dark, no body will know us.

Lady Brute. Really I find myſelf ſomething idle, *Belinda*: beſides, I doat upon this little odd private Corner. But don't let my lazy Fancy confine you. [Conſt. *aſide.*] So, ſhe wou'd be left alone with me; that's well.

Bel. Well, we'll take one Turn, and come to you again. [*To* Heart.] Come, Sir, ſhall we go pry into the Secrets of the Garden? Who knows what Diſcoveries we may make?

Heart.

Heart. Madam, I'm at your Service.

Conſt. [*to* Heart. *aſide.*] Don't make too much haſte back; for, d'ye hear?——I may be buſy.

Heart. Enough. [*Exeunt* Belinda *and* Heartfree.

Lady Brute. Sure you think me ſcandalouſly free, Mr. *Conſtant.* I'm afraid I ſhall loſe your good Opinion of me.

Conſt. My good Opinion, Madam, is like your Cruelty——ne'er to be remov'd.

Lady Brute. But if I ſhould remove my Cruelty, then there's an end of your good Opinion.

Conſt. There is not ſo ſtrict an Alliance between 'em, neither. 'Tis certain I ſhou'd love you then better (if that be poſſible) than I do now; and where I love, I always eſteem.

Lady Brute. Indeed, I doubt you much. Why, ſuppoſe you had a Wife, and ſhe ſhould entertain a Gallant?

Conſt. If I gave her juſt Cauſe, how cou'd I juſtly condemn her?

Lady Brute. Ah! but you'd differ widely about juſt Cauſes.

Conſt. But Blows can bear no Diſpute.

Lady Brute. Nor ill Manners much, truly.

Conſt. Then no Woman upon Earth has ſo juſt a Cauſe as you have.

Lady Brute. O, but a faithful Wife is a beautiful Character.

Conſt. To a deſerving Huſband, I confeſs it is.

Lady Brute. But can his Faults releaſe my Duty?

Conſt. In Equity, without doubt. And where Laws diſpenſe with Equity, Equity ſhould diſpenſe with Laws.

Lady Brute. Pray let's leave this Diſpute; for you Men have as much Witchcraft in your Arguments, as Women have in their Eyes.

Conſt. But whilſt you attack me with your Charms, 'tis but reaſonable I aſſault you with mine.

Lady Brute. The Caſe is not the ſame. What Miſchief we do, we can't help, and therefore are to be forgiven.

Conſt. Beauty ſoon obtains Pardon for the Pain that it

it gives, when it applies the Balm of Compaſſion to the Wound: But a fine Face, and a hard Heart, is almoſt as bad as an ugly Face and a ſoft one; both very troubleſome to many a poor Gentleman.

Lady Brute. Yes, and to many a poor Gentlewoman, too, I can aſſure you. But pray, which of 'em is it that moſt afflicts you?

Conſt. Your Glaſs and Conſcience will inform you, Madam. But for Heaven's ſake (for now I muſt be ſerious), if Pity, or if Gratitude can move you; [*Taking her Hand.*] if Conſtancy and Truth have power to tempt you; if Love, if Adoration can affect you; give me at leaſt ſome Hopes, that Time may do what you perhaps mean never to perform; 'twill eaſe my Sufferings, tho' not quench my Flame.

Lady Brute. Your Sufferings eas'd, your Flame wou'd ſoon abate: And that I would preſerve, not quench it, Sir.

Conſt. Wou'd you preſerve it, nouriſh it with Favours; for that's the Food it naturally requires.

Lady Brute. Yet on that natural Food 'twould ſurfeit ſoon, ſhou'd I reſolve to grant all you wou'd aſk.

Conſt. And in refuſing all, you ſtarve it Forgive me, therefore, ſince my Hunger rages, if I at laſt grow wild, and in my frenzy force at leaſt this from you. [*Kiſſing her Hand.*] Or if you'd have my Flame ſoar higher ſtill, then grant me this, and this, and a thouſands more; [*Kiſſing firſt her Hand, then her Neck.* [*aſide.*] For now's the time ſhe melts into Compaſſion.

Lady Brute. [*aſide.*] Poor Coward Virtue, how it ſhuns the Battle! O Heavens! let me go.

Conſt. Ay, go, ay: Where ſhall we go, my charming Angel——into this private Arbour——Nay, let's loſe no time——Moments are precious.

Lady Brute. And Lovers wild. Pray let us ſtop here; at leaſt for this time.

Conſt. 'Tis impoſſible; he that has power over you, can have none over himſelf.

As he is forcing her into the Arbour, Lady Fancyfull *and* Madamoiſelle *bolt out upon them, and run over the Stage.*

Lady Brute.

Lady Brute. Ah! I'm loſt!

Lady Fan. Fe, fe, fe, fe, fe.

Madam. Fe, fe, fe, fe, fe.

Conſt. Death and Furies, who are theſe?

Lady Brute. O Heavens! I'm out of my Wits; if they knew me, I am ruin'd.

Conſt. Don't be frightened: Ten thouſand to one they are Strangers to you.

Lady Brute. Whatever they are, I won't ſtay here a Moment longer.

Conſt. Whither will you go?

Lady Brute. Home, as if the Devil were in me. Lord, where's this *Belinda* now?

Enter Belinda *and* Heartfree.

O! 'tis well you are come: I'm ſo frightened, my Hair ſtands an end. Let's be gone, for Heaven's ſake!

Bel. Lord, what's the matter?

Lady Brute. The Devil's the Matter; we are diſcovered. Here's a couple of Women have done the moſt impertinent thing. Away, away, away, away, away.

[*Exit running.*

Re-enter Lady Fancyfull *and* Madamoiſelle.

Lady Fan. Well, *Madamoiſelle*, 'tis a prodigious thing how Women can ſuffer filthy Fellows to grow ſo familiar with 'em.

Madam. *Ah Madame, il n'y a rien de ſi naturel.*

Lady Fan. Fe, fe, fe! But, oh my Heart! O Jealouſy! O Torture! I'm upon the rack. What ſhall I do? My Lover's loſt, I ne'er ſhall ſee him mine. [*Pauſing.*]—— But I may be reveng'd; and that's the ſame thing. Ah ſweet Revenge! Thou welcome Thought, thou healing Balſam to my wounded Soul! Be but propitious on this one Occaſion, I'll place my Heaven in thee, for all my Life to come.

To Woman how indulgent Nature's kind!
No Blaſt of Fortune long diſturbs her Mind:
Compliance to her Fate ſupports her ſtill;
If Love won't make her happy — Miſchief will.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *Lady* Fancyfull's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Fancyfull *and* Madamoiſelle.

Lady Fan. WELL, *Madamoiſelle*, did you dog the filthy Things?

Madam. O *que ouy*, *Madame.*

Lady Fan. And where are they?

Madam. *Au Logis.*

Lady Fan. What, Men and all?

Madam. *Tous enſemble.*

Lady Fan. O Confidence! What, carry their Fellows to their own Houſe?

Madam. *C'eſt que le Mari n'y eſt pas.*

Lady Fan. No; ſo I believe, truly. But he ſhall be there, and quickly too, if I can find him out. Well, 'tis a prodigious thing, to ſee when Men and Women get together, how they fortify one another in their Impudence. But if that drunken Fool, her Huſband, be to be found in e'er a Tavern in Town, I'll ſend him amongſt 'em: I'll ſpoil their ſport.

Madam. *En verité, Madame, ce ſeroit domage.*

Lady Fan. 'Tis in vain to oppoſe it, *Madamoiſelle*; therefore never go about it. For I am the ſteadieſt Creature in the World — when I have determin'd to do Miſchief. So, come along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *Sir* John Brute's *Houſe.*

Enter Conſtant, Heartfree, *Lady* Brute, Belinda, *and* Lovewell.

Lady Brute. BUT are you ſure you don't miſtake, *Lovewell?*

Lov. Madam, I ſaw 'em all go into the Tavern together, and my Maſter was ſo drunk he cou'd ſcarce ſtand.

Lady Brute. Then, Gentlemen, I believe we may venture to let you ſtay, and play at Cards with us, an Hour or two: For they'll ſcarce part till Morning.

Bel. I think 'tis pity they ſhould ever part.

Conſt. The Company that's here, Madam.

Lady Brute. Then, Sir, the Company that's here muſt remember to part itſelf in time.

Conſt. Madam, we don't intend to forfeit your future Favours by an indiſcreet Uſag of this. The Moment you give us the Signal, we ſhan't fail to make our Retreat.

Lady Brute. Upon thoſe Conditions, then, let us ſit down to Cards.

Enter Lovewell.

Lov. O Lord, Madam, here's my Maſter juſt ſtaggering in upon you; he has been quarrelſome yonder, and they have kick'd him out of the Company.

Lady Brute. Into the Cloſet, Gentlemen, for Heaven's ſake; I'll wheedle him to Bed, if poſſible.

[Conſt. *and* Heart. *run into the Cloſet.*

Enter Sir John, *all dirt and bloody.*

Lady Brute. Ah——Ah——he's all over Blood!

Sir John. What the plague does the Woman—ſquall for? Did you never ſee a Man in Pickle before?

Lady Brute. Lord, where have you been?

Sir John. I have been at——Cuffs.

Lady Brute. I fear that is not all. I hope you are not wounded.

Sir John.

Sir John. Sound as a Roach, Wife.

Lady Brute. I'm mighty glad to hear it.

Sir John. You know—I think you lye.

Lady Brute. You do me wrong to think ſo. For Heaven's my Witneſs, I had rather ſee my own Blood trickle down, than yours.

Sir John. Then will I be crucify'd.

Lady Brute. 'Tis a hard Fate, I ſhou'd not be believ'd.

Sir John. 'Tis a damn'd Atheiſtical Age, Wife.

Lady Brute. I am ſure I have given you a thouſand tender Proofs, how great my Care is of you. But, ſpite of all your cruel Thoughts, I'll ſtill perſiſt, and at this Moment, if I can, perſuade you to lie down and ſleep a little.

Sir John. Why—do you think I am drunk—you Slut, you?

Lady Brute. Heaven forbid I ſhou'd! But I'm afraid you are feveriſh. Pray let me feel your Pulſe.

Sir John. Stand off, and be damn'd.

Lady Brute. Why, I ſee your Diſtemper in your very Eyes. You are all on Fire. Pray, go to Bed; let me intreat you.

Sir John. ——Come, kiſs me, then.

Lady Brute. [*kiſſing him.*] There: Now go. [*Aſide.*] He ſtinks like Poiſon.

Sir John. I ſee it goes damnably againſt your Stomach—And therefore—Kiſs me again.

Lady Brute. Nay, now you fool me.

Sir John. Do't, I ſay.

Lady Brute. [*aſide.*] Ah, Lord have mercy upon me! Well—there: now will you go?

Sir John. Now, Wife, you ſhall ſee my Gratitude. You gave me two Kiſſes—I'll give you—two hundred. [*Kiſſes, and tumbles her.*

Lady Brute. O Lord! Pray, Sir *John*, be quiet. Heavens, what a Pickle am I in!

Bel. [*aſide.*] If I were in her Pickle, I'd call my Gallant out of the Cloſet, and he ſhou'd cudgel him ſoundly.

Sir John. So, now you being as dirty and as naſty as myſelf,

myſelf, we may go pig together. But firſt I muſt have a Cup of your cold Tea, Wife. [*Going to the Cloſet.*

Lady Brute. O I'm ruin'd! There's none there, my Dear.

Sir John. I'll warrant you I'll find ſome, my Dear.

Lady Brute. You can't open the Door, the Lock's ſpoil'd; I have been turning and turning the Key this half Hour to no purpoſe. I'll ſend for the Smith to-morrow.

Sir John. There's ne'er a Smith in *Europe* can open a Door with more Expedition than I can do——As for Example—Poh! [*He burſts open the Door with his Foot.*]——How now! What the Devil have we got here?——*Conſtant*——*Heartfree*——And two Whores again, I'gad——This is the worſt cold Tea——that ever I met with in my Life——

Enter Conſtant *and* Heartfree.

Lady Brute. [*aſide.*] O Lord, what will become of us?

Sir John. Gentlemen——I am your very humble Servant——I give you many Thanks——I ſee you take Care of my Family——I ſhall do all I can to return the Obligation.

Conſt. Sir, how oddly ſoever this Buſineſs may appear to you, you would have no cauſe to be uneaſy, if you knew the Truth of all things; your Lady is the moſt virtuous Woman in the World, and nothing has paſt but an innocent Frolick.

Heart. Nothing elſe, upon my Honour, Sir.

Sir John. You are both very civil Gentlemen—And my Wife, there, is a very civil Gentlewoman; therefore I don't doubt but many civil things have paſt between you. Your very humble Servant.

Lady Brute. [*aſide to* Conſt.] Pray be gone: He's ſo drunk he can't hurt us to-night, and to-morrow Morning you ſhall hear from us.

Conſt. I'll obey you, Madam. Sir, when you are cool, you'll underſtand Reaſon better. So then I ſhall take the pains to inform you. If not——I wear a Sword, Sir——ſo good by t'ye. Come along, *Heartfree.* [*Exit.*

Sir John.

Sir John. Wear a Sword, Sir—And what of all that, Sir? He comes to my Houſe; eats my Meat; lies with my Wife; diſhonours my Family; gets a Baſtard to inherit my Eſtate——And when I aſk a civil Account of all this—Sir, ſays he, I wear a Sword——Wear a Sword, Sir? Yes, Sir, ſays he, I wear a Sword——It may be a good Anſwer at Croſs-purpoſes; but 'tis a damn'd one to a Man in my whimſical Circumſtance——Sir, ſays he, I wear a Sword! [*To Lady* Brute] And what do you wear now? ha! tell me. [*Sitting down in a great Chair.*] What, you are modeſt, and can't——Why, then, I'll tell you, you Slut, you. You wear——an impudent, lewd Face——A damn'd deſigning Heart——And a Tail ——and a Tail full of——[*He falls faſt aſleep, ſnoaring.*]

Lady Brute. So; thanks to kind Heaven, he's faſt for ſome Hours.

Bel. 'Tis well he is ſo, that we may have time to lay our Story handſomely; for we muſt lye like the Devil, to bring ourſelves off.

Lady Brute. What ſhall we ſay, *Belinda?*

Bel. [*muſing.*]——I'll tell you: It muſt all light upon *Heartſfree* and I. We'll ſay he has courted me ſome time, but, for Reaſons unknown to us, has ever been very earneſt the thing might be kept from Sir *John.* That therefore hearing him upon the Stairs, he ran into the Cloſet, tho' againſt our Will, and *Conſtant* with him, to prevent Jealouſy. And to give this a good impudent Face of Truth, (that I may deliver you from the trouble you are in) I'll e'en, if he pleaſes, marry him.

Lady Brute. I'm beholden to you, Couſin; but that wou'd be carrying the Jeſt a little too far for your own ſake: You know he's a younger Brother, and has nothing.

Bel. 'Tis true: But I like him, and have Fortune enough to keep above Extremity: I can't ſay I would live with him in a Cell, upon Love and Bread and Butter: But I had rather have the Man I love, and a middle State of Life, than that Gentleman in the Chair there, and twice your Ladyſhip's Splendour.

Lady Brute. In truth, Niece, you are in the right on't;

for

for I am very uneaſy with my Ambition. But, perhaps, had I married as you'll do, I might have been as ill us'd.

Bel. Some Riſk, I do confeſs, their always is: But if a Man has the leaſt Spark either of Honour or Good-nature, he can never uſe a Woman ill, that loves him, and makes his Fortune both. Yet I muſt own to you, ſome little ſtruggling I ſtill have with this teazing Ambition of ours; for Pride, you know, is as natural to a Woman, as 'tis to a Saint. I can't help being fond of this Rogue; and yet it goes to my Heart, to think I muſt never whiſk to *Hyde-Park* with above a Pair of Horſes; have no Coronet upon my Coach, nor a Page to carry up my Train. But above all—that Buſineſs of Place—Well, taking place is a noble Prerogative—

Lady Brute. Eſpecially after a Quarrel—

Bel. Or of a Rival. But pray ſay no more on't, for fear I change my Mind; for, o' my Conſcience, wer't not for your Affair in the Balance, I ſhould go near to pick up ſome odious Man of Quality yet, and only take poor *Heartfree* for a Gallant.

Lady Brute. Then him you muſt have, however things go?

Bel. Yes.

Lady Brute. Why, we may pretend what we will: but 'tis a hard matter to live without the Man we love.

Bel. Eſpecially when we are married to the Man we hate. Pray tell me: Do the Men of the Town ever believe us virtuous, when they ſee us do ſo?

Lady Brute. O, no: Nor indeed, hardly, let us do what we will. The moſt of them think, there is no ſuch thing as Virtue, conſider'd in the ſtricteſt Notions of it; and therefore when you hear 'em ſay, ſuch a one is a Woman of Reputation, they only mean ſhe's a Woman of Diſcretion. For they conſider we have no more Religion than they have, nor ſo much Morality; and between you and I, *Belinda*, I'm afraid the want of Inclination ſeldom protects any of us.

Bel. But what think you of the Fear of being found out?

Lady Brute. I think That never kept any Woman virtuous

tuous long. We are not ſuch Cowards, neither. No: Let us once paſs Fifteen, and we have too good an Opinion of our own Cunning, to believe the World can penetrate into what we would keep a Secret. And ſo, in ſhort, we cannot reaſonably blame the Men for judging of us by themſelves.

Bel. But ſure we are not ſo wicked as they are, after all?

Lady Brute. We are as wicked, Child, but our Vice lies another way: Men have more Courage than we, ſo they commit more bold, impudent Sins. They quarrel, fight, ſwear, drink, blaſpheme, and the like: Whereas we, being Cowards, only backbite, tell Lyes, cheat at Cards, and ſo forth. But 'tis late: Let's end our Diſcourſe for to-night, and, out of an exceſs of Charity, take a ſmall Care of that naſty, drunken Thing there——Do but look at him, *Belinda!*

Bel. Ah——'tis a ſavoury Diſh.

Lady Brute. As ſavoury as 'tis, I'm cloy'd with't. Pr'ythee call the Butler to take it away.

Bel. Call the Butler!——Call the Scavenger! [*To a Servant within.*] Who's there? Call *Raſor!* Let him take away his Maſter, ſcour him clean with a little Sope and Sand, and ſo put him to Bed.

Lady Brute. Come, *Belinda,* I'll e'en lie with you to-night; and in the Morning we'll ſend for our Gentlemen to ſet this Matter even.

Bel. With all my Heart.

Lady Brute. Good Night, my Dear.

[*Making a low Curtſy to Sir* John.

Both. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Raſor.

Raſor. My Lady there's a Wag—My Maſter there's a Cuckold. Marriage is a ſlippery thing—Women have depraved Appetites.—My Lady's a Wag; I have heard all; I have ſeen all; I underſtand all; and I'll tell all; for my little *French-woman* loves News dearly. This Story'll gain her Heart, or nothing will. [*To his Maſter.*] Come, Sir, your Head's too full of Fumes at preſent, to make room for your Jealouſy; but I reckon we ſhall

have rare work with you, when your Pate's empty. Come to your Kennel, you cuckoldly, drunken Sot, you!
[*Carries him out upon his Back.*

SCENE, *Lady* Fancyfull's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Fancyfull *and* Madamoiſelle.

Lady Fan. BUT, why did not you tell me before, *Madamoiſelle*, that *Raſor* and you were fond?

Madam. De Modeſty hinder me, Matam.

Lady Fan. Why, truly, Modeſty does often hinder us from doing things we have an extravagant mind to. But does he love you well enough yet, to do any thing you bid him? Do you think, to oblige you, he wou'd ſpeak Scandal?

Madam. Matam, to oblige your Ladyſhip, he ſhall ſpeak Blaſphemy.

Lady Fan. Why, then, *Madamoiſelle*, I'll tell you what you ſhall do. You ſhall engage him to tell his Maſter all that paſt at *Spring Garden*: I have a mind he ſhou'd know what a Wife and a Niece he has got.

Madam. *Il le ſera, Madame.*

Enter a Footman, who ſpeaks to Madamoiſelle *apart.*

Foot. Madamoiſelle, yonder's Mr. *Raſor* deſires to ſpeak with you.

Madam. Tell him, I come preſently. [*Exit Footman.*] *Raſor* be dare, Matam.

Lady Fan. That's fortunate. Well, I'll leave you together. And if you find him ſtubborn, *Madam iſelle* — hark you—don't refuſe him a few little reaſonable Liberties to put him into Humour.

Madam. *Laiſiz moy faire.* [*Exit* Lady *Fancyfull.*

[Raſor *keeps in; and ſeeing Lady* Fancyfull *gone, runs to* Madamoiſelle, *takes her about the Neck, and kiſſes her.*

Madam. How now, Confidence?

Raſor.

Raſor. How now, Modeſty!

Madam. Who make you ſo familiar, Sirrah?

Raſor. My Impudence, Huſſy.

Madam. Stand off, Rogue-Face.

Raſor. Ah——*Madamoiſelle*——great News at our Houſe.

Madam. Why, vat be de matter?

Raſor. The Matter?--Why, Uptails All's the Matter.

Madam. *Tu te mocque de moy.*

Raſor. Now do you long to know the Particulars? The Time when—The Place where—The Manner how. But I don't tell you a Word more.

Madam. Nay, den dou kill me, *Raſor.*

Raſor. Come, kiſs me, then.

[*Clapping his Hands behind him.*

Madam. Nay, pridee tell me.

Raſor. Good by t' ye. [*Going.*

Madam. Hold, hold: I will kiſs dee. [*Kiſſing him.*

Raſor. So, that's civil: Why, now, my pretty Poll, my Goldfinch, my little Waterwagtail——you muſt know, that——Come, kiſs me again.

Madam. I won't kiſs de no more.

Raſor. Good by t' ye. [*Going.*

Madam. *Doucement! Derre: es tu content?* [*Kiſſing him.*

Raſor. So: Now I'll tell thee all. Why, the News is, That Cuckoldom in Folio is newly printed; and Matrimony in Quarto is juſt going into the Preſs. Will you buy any Books, *Madamoiſelle?*

Madam. *Tu parle comme un Libraire*; de Devil no underſtand dee.

Raſor. Why, then, that I may make myſelf intelligible to a Waiting-Woman, I'll ſpeak like a Valet de Chambre. My Lady has cuckolded my Maſter.

Madam. *Eon.*

Raſor. Which we take very ill from her Hands, I can tell her that. We can't yet prove Matter of Fact upon her.

Madam. *N'importe.*

Raſor. But we can prove, that Matter of Fact had like to have been upon her.

Madam.

Madam. *Ouy-da.*

Raſor. For we have ſuch bloody Circumſtances—

Madam. *Sans doute.*

Raſor. That any Man of Parts may draw tickling Concluſions from 'em.

Madam. *Fort bien.*

Raſor. We found a couple of tight, well-built Gentlemen ſtufft into her Ladyſhip's Cloſet.

Madam. *Le Diable!*

Raſor. And I, in my particular Perſon, have diſcovered a moſt damnable Plot, how to perſuade my poor Maſter, that all this Hide and Seek, this *Will* in the *Whiſp*, has no other meaning than a Chriſtian Marriage for ſweet Mrs. *Belinda.*

Madam. *Une Mariage?——Ah les Droles!*

Raſor. Don't you interrupt me, Huſſy; 'tis agreed, I ſay. And my innocent Lady, to wriggle herſelf out at the Back-door of the Buſineſs, turns Marriage-Bawd to her Niece, and reſolves to deliver up her fair Body to be tumbled and mumbled by that young liquoriſh Whipſter, *Heartfree.* Now are you ſatisfy'd?

Madam. No.

Raſor. Right Woman; always gaping for more.

Madam. Dis be all, den, dat dou know?

Raſor. All? Aye, and a great deal, too, I think.

Madam. Dou be Fool, dou know noting. *Ecoute, mon pauvre* Raſor. Dou ſees des two Eyes?—Des two Eyes have ſee de Devil.

Raſor. The Woman's mad.

Madam. In *Spring-Garden*, dat Rogue *Conſtant* meet dy Lady.

Raſor. *Bon.*

Madam.——I'll tell dee no more.

Raſor. Nay, pr'ythee, my Swan.

Madam. Come, kiſs me den.

[*Clapping her Hands behind her as he did before.*

Raſor. I won't kiſs you, not I.

Madam. Adieu. [*Going.*

Raſor. Hold——Now proceed. [*Gives her a hearty Kiſs.*

Madam. *Aça*——I hide myſelf in one cunning Place, where I hear all, and ſee all. Firſt, dy drunken Maſter come *mal a propos*; but de Sot no know his own dear Wife, ſo he leave her to her Sport—Den de Game begin. De Lover ſay ſoft ting: De Lady look upon de Ground. [*As ſhe ſpeaks*, Raſor *ſtill acts the Man, and ſhe the Woman*] He take her by de Hand: She turn her Head oſt oder Way. Den he ſqueeze very hard: Den ſhe pull——very ſofily. Den he take her in his Arm: Den ſhe give him leetel pat. Den he kiſs her Tettons. Den ſhe ſay—Piſh, nay ſee. Den he tremble: Den ſhe—ſigh. Den he pull her into de Arbour: Den ſhe pinch him.

Raſor. Aye, but not ſo hard, you Baggage, you.

Madam. Den he grow bold: She grow weak, he tro her down, *il tombe deſſu, le Diable aſſiſte, il emport tout.* [Raſor *ſtruggles with her, as if he would throw her down.*] Stand off, Sirrah!

Raſor. You have ſet me a-fire, you Jade, you.

Madam. Den go to de River, and quench dy ſelf.

Raſor. What an unnatural Harlot 'tis!

Madam. Raſor. [*Looking languiſhingly on him.*

Raſor. Madamoiſelle.

Madam. Dou no love me.

Raſor. Not love thee?—More than a *Frenchman* does Soup.

Madam. Den dou will refuſe nothing dat I bid dee?

Raſor. Don't bid me be damn'd, then.

Madam. No, only tell dy Maſter all I have tell dee of dy Laty.

Raſor. Why, you little malicious Strumpet, you, ſhou'd you like to be ſerv'd ſo?

Madam. Dou diſpute den?—Adieu.

Raſor. Hold—But why wilt thou make me ſuch a Rogue, my Dear?

Madam *Voila un vrai Anglois! Il eſt amoureux, et cependant il veut raiſonner. Va t'en au Diable.*

Raſor. Hold once more: In hopes thou'lt give me up thy Body, I reſign thee my Soul.

Madam. *Bon, ecoute donc*;——If dou fail me——

I never

I never ſee de more——If dou obey me——*Je m' abandonne a toy.* [*She takes him about the Neck, and gives him a ſmacking Kiſs.*] [*Exit* Madamoiſelle.

Raſor. [*licking his Lips.*] Not be a Rogue?——*Amor vincit Omnia.* [Exit *Raſor.*

Enter Lady Fancyfull *and* Madamoiſelle.

Lady Fan. Marry, ſay ye? Will the two Things marry? Madam. *On le va faire, Madame.*

Lady Fan. Look you, *Madamoiſelle*—In ſhort, I can't bear it——No; I find I can't——If once I ſee 'em a-bed together, I ſhall have ten thouſand Thoughts in my Head will make me run diſtracted. Therefore run and call *Raſor* back immediately; for ſomething muſt be done to ſtop this impertinent Wedding. If I can but defer it four-and-twenty Hours, I'll make ſuch Work about Town, with that little pert Slut's Reputation, he ſhall as ſoon marry a Witch.

Madam. [*aſide.*] *La voila bien intentionée.* [Exeunt.

SCENE, Conſtant's *Lodgings.*

Enter Conſtant *and* Heartfree.

Conſt. BUT what doſt think will become of this Buſineſs?

Heart. 'Tis eaſier to think what will not come on't.

Conſt. What's that?

Heart. A Challenge. I know the Knight too well for that; his dear Body will always prevail upon his noble Soul to be quiet.

Conſt. But tho' he dare not challenge me, perhaps he may venture to challenge his Wife.

Heart. Not if you whiſper him in the Ear, you won't have him do't; and there's no other way left, that I ſee. For as drunk as he was, he'll remember you and I were where we ſhou'd not be; and I don't think him quite Blockhead enough yet to be perſuaded we were got into his Wife's Cloſet only to peep into her Prayer-Book.

Enter a Servant with a Letter.

Serv. Sir, here's a Letter; a Porter brought it.

Conſt. O ho, here's Inſtructions for us.

Reads:

The Accident that has happen'd has touch'd our Invention to the quick. We wou'd fain come off, without your help; but find that's impoſſible. In a Word, the whole Buſineſs muſt be thrown upon a Matrimonial Intrigue between your Friend and mine. But if the Parties are not fond enough to go quite through with the matter, 'tis ſufficient for our Turn, they own the Deſign. We'll find Pretences enough to break the Match. Adieu.

——Well, Woman for Invention! How long wou'd my Block-Head have been producing this!——Hey, *Heart-free?* What, muſing, Man? Pr'ythee be chearful. What ſay'ſt thou, Friend, to this matrimonial Remedy?

Heart. Why, I ſay, 'tis worſe than the Diſeaſe.

Conſt. Here's a Fellow for you! There's Beauty and Money on her Side, and Love up to the Ears on his: and yet——.

Heart. And yet, I think, I may reaſonably be allow'd to boggle at marrying the Niece, in the very Moment that you are debauching the Aunt.

Conſt. Why, truly, there may be ſomething in that. But have not you a good Opinion enough of your own Parts, to believe you cou'd keep a Wife to yourſelf?

Heart. I ſhou'd have, if I had a good Opinion enough of her's, to believe ſhe cou'd do as much by me. For to do 'em right, after all, the Wife ſeldom rambles, till the Huſband ſhews her the way.

Conſt. 'Tis true, a Man of real Worth ſcarce ever is a Cuckold, but by his own Fault. Women are not naturally lewd; there muſt be ſomething to urge 'em to it. They'll cuckold a Churl, out of Revenge; a Fool, becauſe they deſpiſe him; a Beaſt, becauſe they loath him. But when they make bold with a Man they once had a well-grounded Value for, 'tis becauſe they firſt ſee themſelves neglected by him.

Heart.

Heart. Nay, were I well aſſured that I ſhould never grow Sir *John*, I ne'er ſhou'd fear *Belinda* wou'd play my Lady. But our Weakneſs, thou knoweſt, my Friend, conſiſts in that very Change we ſo impudently throw upon (indeed) a ſteadier and more generous Sex.

Conſt. Why, 'faith, we are a little impudent in that matter, that's the truth on't. But this is wonderful, to ſee you grown ſo warm an Advocate for thoſe whom (but t'other Day) you took ſo much Pains to abuſe.

Heart. All Revolutions run into Extremes; the Bigot makes the boldeſt Atheiſt; and the coyeſt Saint, the moſt extravagant Strumpet. But, pr'ythee, adviſe me in this Good and Evil, this Life and Death, this Bleſſing and Curſing, that's ſet before me. Shall I marry, or die a Maid?

Conſt. Why, 'faith, *Heartfree*, Matrimony is like an Army going to engage. Love's the forlorn Hope, which is ſoon cut off; the Marriage-Knot is the main Body, which may ſtand buff a long, long time; and Repentance is the Rear-Guard, which rarely gives ground as long as the main Body has a Being.

Heart. Concluſion, then; you adviſe me to whore on, as you do.

Conſt. That's not concluded yet. For tho' Marriage be a Lottery, in which there are a wondrous many Blanks; yet there is one ineſtimable Lot, in which the only Heaven on Earth is written. Wou'd your kind Fate but guide your Hand to that, tho' I were wrapt in all that Luxury itſelf could clothe me with, I ſtill ſhou'd envy you.

Heart. Ay, juſtly, too; for to be capable of loving one, doubtleſs is better than to poſſeſs a thouſand. But how far that Capacity's in me, alas! I know not.

Conſt. But you wou'd know.

Heart. I wou'd ſo.

Conſt. Matrimony will inform you. Come, one Flight of Reſolution carries you to the Land of Experience; where, in a very moderate time, you'll know the Capacity of your Soul and your Body both, or I'm miſtaken.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Sir* John Brute's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Brute *and* Belinda.

Bel. WELL, Madam, what Anſwer have you from 'em?

Lady Brute. That they'll be here this Moment. I fancy 'twill end in a Wedding: I'm ſure he's a Fool if it don't. Ten thouſand Pounds, and ſuch a Laſs as you are, is no contemptible Offer to a younger Brother. But are not you under ſtrange Agitations? Pr'ythee, how does your Pulſe beat?

Bel. High and low, I have much ado to be valiant: ſure it muſt feel very ſtrange to go to Bed to a Man?

Lady Brute. Um————it does feel a little odd at firſt; but it will ſoon grow eaſy to you.

Enter Conſtant *and* Heartfree.

Lady Brute. Good-morrow, Gentlemen: How have you ſlept after your Adventure?

Heart. Some careful Thoughts, Ladies, on your accounts, have kept us waking.

Bel. And ſome careful Thoughts on your own, I believe, have hindered you from ſleeping. Pray how does this matrimonial Project reliſh with you?

Heart. Why, 'faith, e'en as ſtorming Towns does with Soldiers, where the Hope of delicious Plunder baniſhes the Fear of being knock'd on the Head.

Bel. Is it then poſſible, after all, that you [illegible] of downright lawful Wedlock?

Heart. Madam, you have made me ſo fool-hardy, I dare do any thing.

Bel. Then, Sir, I challenge you; and Matrimony's the Spot where I expect you.

Heart. 'Tis enough; I'll not fail. [*aſide.*] So, now, I am in for *Hobbes*'s Voyage; a great Leap in the Dark.

Lady Brute. Well, Gentlemen, this Matter being concluded then, have you got your Leſſons ready? for Sir *John* is grown ſuch an Atheiſt of late, he'll believe nothing upon eaſy Terms.

Conſt.

Conſt. We'll find ways to extend his Faith, Madam. But pray how do you find him this Morning?

Lady Brute. Moſt lamentably moroſe, chewing the Cud after laſt Night's Diſcovery, of which, however, he had but a confus'd Notion e'en now. But I'm afraid the Valet de Chambre has told him all; for they are very buſy together at this Moment. When I told him of *Belinda*'s Marriage, I had no other Anſwer but a Grunt: From which, you may draw what Concluſions you think fit. But to your Notes, Gentlemen, he's here.

Enter Sir John *and* Raſor.

Conſt. Good-morrow, Sir.

Heart. Good-morrow, Sir *John*; I'm very ſorry my Indiſcretion ſhou'd cauſe ſo much Diſorder in your Family.

Sir John. Diſorders generally come from Indiſcretion, Sir; 'tis no ſtrange thing at all.

Lady Brute. I hope, my Dear, you are ſatisfied there was no wrong intended you.

Sir John. None, my Dove.

Bel. If not, I hope my Conſent to marry Mr. *Heartfree* will convince you. For as little as I know of Amours, Sir, I can aſſure you, one Intrigue is enough to bring four People together, without further Miſchief.

Sir John. And I know too, that Intrigues tend to Procreation of more kinds than one. One Intrigue will beget another, as ſoon as beget a Son or a Daughter.

Conſt. I am very ſorry, Sir, to ſee you ſtill ſeem unſatisfy'd with Lady, whoſe more than common Virtue, I am ſure were ſhe my Wife, ſhou'd meet a better Uſage.

Sir John. If her Conduct has put a Trick upon her Virtue, her Virtue's the Bubble, but her Huſband's the Loſer.

Conſt. Sir, you have receiv'd a ſufficient Anſwer already, to juſtify both her Conduct and mine. You'll pardon me for meddling in your Family-affairs; but I perceive I am the Man you are jealous of, and therefore it concerns me.

Sir John. Wou'd it did not concern me, and then I ſhou'd not care who it concern'd.

Conſt. Well, Sir, if Truth and Reaſon won't content you, I know but one way more, which, if you think fit, you may take.

Sir John. Lord, Sir, you are very haſty! If I had been found at Prayers in your Wife's Cloſet, I ſhould have allow'd you twice as much time to come to yourſelf in.

Conſt. Nay, Sir, if Time be all you want, we have no Quarrel.

Heart. I told you how the Sword wou'd work upon him. [*Sir* John *muſes.*

Conſt. Let him muſe; however, I'll lay fifty Pound our Foreman brings us in, Not Guilty.

Sir John. [*aſide.*] 'Tis well——'tis very well——In ſpite of that young Jade's matrimonial Intrigue, I am a downright ſtinking Cuckold——Here they are——Boo——[*Putting his hand to his Forehead*] Methinks, I could butt with a Bull. What the Plague did I marry her for? I knew ſhe did not like me; if ſhe had, ſhe wou'd have lain with me; for I wou'd have done ſo, becauſe I lik'd her; but that's paſt, and I have her. And now, what ſhall I do with her?——If I put my Horns into my Pocket, ſhe'll grow inſolent——if I don't, that Goat there, that Stallion, is ready to whip me thro' the Guts.—The Debate then is reduced to this: Shall I die a Hero, or live a Raſcal?——Why, wiſer Men than I have long ſince concluded, that a living Dog is better than a dead Lion.——[*To* Conſt. *and* Heart.] Gentlemen, now my Wine and my Paſſion are gone, I muſt own, I have never obſerv'd anything amiſs in my Wife's Courſe of Life, to back me in my Jealouſy of her: But Jealouſy's a Mark of Love; ſo ſhe need not trouble her Head about it, as long as I make no more Words on't.

Lady Fancyfull *enters diſguis'd, and addreſſes* Belinda *apart.*

Conſt. I'm glad to ſee your Reaſon rule at laſt. Give me your Hand: I hope you'll look upon me as you are wont.

Sir John. Your humble Servant. [*aſide.*] A wheedling Son of a Whore! *Heart.*

Heart. And that I may be ſure you are Friends with me, too, pray give me your Conſent to wed your Niece.

Sir John. Sir, you have it with all my Heart: Damn me if you han't. [*aſide.*] 'Tis time to get rid of her: A young, pert Pimp; ſhe'll make an incomparable Bawd in a little time.

Enter a Servant, who gives Heartfree *a Letter.*

Bel. Heartfree your Huſband, ſay you? 'Tis impoſſible.

Lady Fan. Wou'd to kind Heaven it were! But 'tis too true; and in the World there lives not ſuch a Wretch. I'm young; and either I have been flatter'd by my Friends, as well as Glaſs, or Nature has been kind and generous to me. I had a Fortune, too, was greater far than he could ever hope for; but with my Heart I am robb'd of all the reſt. I am ſlighted and I'm beggar'd both at once: I have ſcarce a bare Subſiſtence from the Villain, yet dare complain to none; for he has ſworn if e'er 'tis known I'm his Wife, he'll murder me.

[*Weeping.*

Bel. The Traitor!

Lady Fan. I accidentally was told he courted you: Charity ſoon prevail'd upon me to prevent your Miſery: And, as you ſee, I'm ſtill ſo generous even to him, as not to ſuffer he ſhould do a thing for which the Law might take away his Life. [*Weeping.*

Bel. Poor Creature! how I pity her!

[*They continue talking aſide.*

Heart. [*aſide*] ... and Damnation!——Let me read it again. [Reads.] *Tho' I have a particular reaſon not to let you know who I am till I ſee you; yet you'll eaſily believe 'tis a* ... *ful Friend that gives you this Advice. I have lain with* Belinda (Good!)—*I have a Child by her* (Better and better!) *which is now at Nurſe*; (Heaven be praiſed) *and I think the Foundation laid for another.* (Ha!——Old Truepenny!)—*No Rack cou'd have extorted this Story from me; but Friendſhip has done it. I heard of your Deſign to marry her, and cou'd not ſee you impos'd. Make uſe of my Advice, but keep my Secret till I ask you for't again. Adieu.* [*Exit Lady* Fan. full.

Conſt. [*to* Bel.] Come, Madam, ſhall we ſend for the Parſon? I doubt here's no Buſineſs for the Lawyer: Younger Brothers have nothing to ſettle but their Hearts, and that I believe my Friend here has already done very faithfully.

Bel. [*ſcornfully.*] Are you ſure, Sir, there are no old Mortgages upon it?

Heart. [*coldly.*] If you think there are, Madam, it may'n't be amiſs to defer the Marriage till you are ſure they are paid off.

Bel. [*Aſide*] How the gall'd Horſe kicks!

[*To* Heart.] We'll defer it as long as you pleaſe, Sir.

Heart. The more time we take to conſider on't, Madam, the leſs apt we ſhall be to commit Overſights; therefore, if you pleaſe, we will put it off for juſt nine Months.

Bel. Guilty Conſciences make Men Cowards; I don't wonder you want time to reſolve.

Heart. And they make Women deſperate; I don't wonder you are ſo quickly determin'd.

Bel. What does the Fellow mean?

Heart. What does the Lady mean?

Sir John. Zoons, what do you both mean?

[Heart. *and* Bel. *walk chaſing about.*

Raſor. [*aſide.*] Here is ſo much Sport going to be ſpoil'd, it makes me ready to weep again. A Pox o' this impertinent Lady *Fancyful*, and her Plots, and her *Frenchwoman* too; ſhe's a whimſical, ill-natur'd Bitch, and when I have got my Bones broke in her Service, 'tis ten to one but my Recompence is a Clap; I hear them tittering without ſtill. I-cod, I'll e'en go in, and ſwinge them both in by the Ears, and diſcover the Plot, to ſecure my Pardon.

[*Exit* Raſor.

Conſt. Pr'ythee, explain, *Heartfree.*

Heart. A fair Deliverance; thank my Stars and my Friend.

Bel. 'Tis well it went no farther; a baſe Fellow!

Lady Brute. What can be the meaning of all this?

Bel. What's his Meaning, I don't know; but mine is, that if I had married him——I had had no Huſband.

Heart.

Heart. And what's her Meaning I don't know; but mine is, that if I had married her--I had had Wife enough.

Sir John. Your People of Wit have got ſuch cramp ways of expreſſing themſelves, they ſeldom comprehend one another. Pox take you both, will you ſpeak that you may be underſtood?

Enter Raſor *in Sackcloth, pulling in* Lady Fancyfull *and* Madamoiſelle.

Raſor. If they won't, here comes an Interpreter.

Lady Brute. Heavens! what have we here?

Raſor. A Villain——but a repenting Villain. Stuff which Saints in all Ages have been made of.

All. Raſor!

Lady Brute. What means this ſudden Metamorphoſe?

Raſor. Nothing, without my Pardon.

Lady Brute. What Pardon do you want?

Raſor. Imprimis, Your Ladyſhip's; for a damnable Lie made upon your ſpotleſs Virtue, and ſet to the Tune of *Spring-Garden*. [*To Sir* John.] Next, at my generous Maſter's Feet I bend, for interrupting his more noble Thoughts with Phantoms of diſgraceful Cuckoldom. [*To* Conſt.] Thirdly, I to this Gentleman apply, for making him the Hero of my Romance. [*To* Heart.] Fourthly, your Pardon, noble Sir, I aſk, for clandeſtinely marrying you, without either [illegible]dding of Banns, Biſhop's Licence, Friends Conſent——[illegible]r your own Knowledge. [*To* Bel.] And, laſtly, to my good young Lady's Clemency I come, [illegible] pretending [illegible] Corn was ſow'd in the Ground, before ever the Plough had been in the Field.

Sir John. [*Aſide.*] [illegible] that, after all, 'tis a moot point, whether I am a [illegible]cold or not.

Bel. Well, Sir, upon Condition you confeſs all, I'll pardon you myſelf, and try to obtain as much from the reſt of the Company. But I muſt know, then, who 'tis has put you upon all this Miſchief?

Raſor. Satan, and his Equipage; Woman tempted me, Luſt weakened me——and ſo the Devil over-came me; as it did *Adam*, ſo fell I.

Bel. Then pray, Mr. *Adam*, will you make us acquainted with your *Eve*?

Raſor.

Rasor. [*To* Madam.] Unmask, for the Honour of *France*.

All. Madamoiselle!

Madam. Me ask ten tousand Pardon of all de good Company.

Sir John. Why, this Mystery thickens, instead of clearing up. [*To* Rasor.] You Son of a Whore, you, put us out of our Pain.

Rasor. One Moment brings Sunshine. [*Shewing* Madam.] 'Tis true, this is the Woman that tempted me, but this is the Serpent that tempted the Woman; and if my Prayers might be heard, her Punishment for so doing shou'd be like the Serpent's of old—[*Pulls off Lady* Fancyfull's *Mask.*] She should lie upon her Face all the Days of her Life.

All. Lady *Fancyfull!*

Bel. Impertinent!

Lady Brute. Ridiculous!

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Bel. I hope your Ladyship will give me leave to wish you Joy, since you have own'd your Marriage yourself—[*To* Heart.] I vow 'twas strangely wicked in you to think of another Wife, when you had one already so charming as her Ladyship.

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Lady Fan. [*Aside.*] Confusion seize 'em, as it seizes me!

Madam. *Que le Diable e tou[illegible]ce M[illegible]uraut de* Rasor.

Bel. Your Ladyship seems [illegible]isos[illegible]er'd: A breeding Qualm, perhaps, Mr. *Heartfree*: [illegible]our Bottle of H[illegible]gary Water to your Lady. Wh[illegible] Madam[illegible] stands as unconcern'd, as if he were you[illegible]sba[illegible] in earnest.

Lady Fan. Your Mirth's as nat[illegible]ou[illegible]s yourself. *Belinda*, you think you triumph over a [illegible]l now: *Helas ma pauvre fille.* Where'er I'm Riva[illegible] there's no Cau[illegible] for Mirth. No, m[illegible] poor Wretch, 'tis f[illegible]m another Principle I have acted. I knew that Thing there[illegible] you'd make so perverse a Husband, and you so impertinent a Wife, that left your mutual Plagues should make you both run mad, I charitably would have broke the Match. He! he! he! he! he!

[*Exit, laughing affectedly,* Madamoiselle *following her.*

Madam.

Madam. He! he! he! he! he!

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Sir John. [*Aside.*] Why, now, this Woman will be married to ſomebody, too.

Bel. Poor Creature! what a Paſſion ſhe's in! But I forgive her.

Heart. Since you have ſo much Goodneſs for her, I hope you'll pardon my Offence, too, Madam.

Bel There will be no great Difficulty in that, ſince I am guilty of an equal Fault.

Heart. Then Pardons being paſt on all ſides, pray let's to Church to conclude the Day's Work.

Conſt. But before you go, let me treat you, pray, with a Song a new-married Lady made within this Week; it may be of uſe to you both.

SONG.

I.

WHEN yielding firſt to Damon's *Flame,*
I ſunk into his Arms;
He ſwore he'd ever be the ſame,
Then rifled all my Charms.
But fond of what he'd long deſir'd,
Too greedy of his Prey,
My Shepherd's Flame, alas! expir'd
Before the Riſe of Day.

II.

My Innocence in Lovers Wars
Receiv'd his quick Defeat;
Confus'd, aſham'd, and bath'd in Tears,
I return'd his cold Retreat.
At length, Ah Shepherdeſs! cry'd he,
Wou'd you my Fire renew,
Alas, you muſt retreat like me,
I'm loſt if you purſue.

Heart.

Heart. So, Madam; now had the Parſon but done his Buſineſs——

Bel. You'd be half weary of your Bargain.

Heart. No, ſure, I might diſpenſe with one Night's Lodging.

Bel. I'm ready to try, Sir.

Heart. Then let's to Church:
And if it be our Chance to diſagree——

Bel. Take heed—the ſurly Huſband's Fate you ſee.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE,

By Another Hand.

Spoken by Lady BRUTE and BELINDA.

Lady Brute. NO *Epilogue!*
Belinda. *I swear I know of none.*
Lord! How shall we excuse it to the Town?
Bel. *Why, we must e'en say something of our own.*
Lady Brute. *Our own! Ay, that must needs be precious stuff.*
Bel. *I'll lay my Life, they'll like it well enough.*
Come, faith, begin ———
Lady Brute. *Excuse me, after you.*
Bel. *Nay, pardon me for that, I know my Cue.*
Lady Brute. *O for the World, I would not have Precedence.*
Bel. *O Lord!*
Lady Brute. *I swear* ———
Bel. *O fye!*
Lady Brute. *I'm all Obedience.*
First then, know all, before our Doom is fixt,
The Third Day is for us ———
Bel. *Nay, and the Sixth.*
Lady Brute. *We* [illegible] *from the Poet now, nor is it*
His Fault [illegible] *(I want a Rhyme)*
That [illegible] *follicit.*
Lady Brute. *That* [illegible] *you cannot have the Hearts to be severe*
And [illegible] *on us* ———
Bel. *Damn us! Let 'em if they dare.*
Lady Brute. *Why, if they should, what Punishment remains?*
Bel. *Eternal Exile from behind our Scenes.*
Lady Brute. *But if they're kind, that Sentence we'll recal.*
We can be grateful ———
Bel. *And have wherewithal.*
Lady Brute. *But at Grand* Treaties *hope not to be trusted,*
Before Preliminaries *are adjusted.*
Bel. *You know the Time, and we appoint the Place;*
Where, if you please, we'll meet and sign the Peace.

Upon the revival of this Play in 1725, Sir *John Vanbrugh* thought proper to write the two following Scenes, in the room of thoſe printed Page 166,—168, 173, *&c. &c.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

Enter Lord Rake, *Sir* John, *&c. with Swords drawn.*

Lord Rake. IS the Dog dead?

Col. Bully. No, damn him, I heard him wheeze.

Lord Rake. How the Witch his Wife howl'd?

Col. Bully. Aye, ſhe'll alarm the Watch preſently.

Lord Rake. Appear, Knight, then: Come, you have a good Cauſe to fight for, there's a Ma murder'd.

Sir John. Is there? Then let the Ghoſt be ſatisfy'd; for I'll ſacrifice a Conſtable to him preſently, and burn his Body upon his wooden Chair.

Enter a Taylor, with a Bundle under his Arm.

Col. Bully. How now! what have we got here? A Thief?

Taylor. No, an't pleaſe you, I'm no Thief.

Lord Rake. That we'll ſee preſently: Here! let the General examine him.

Sir John. Ay, ay, let me examine him; and I'll lay a hundred Pound I find him guilty in ſpite of his Teeth ——for he looks——like a——ſneaking Raſcal. Come, Sirrah, without Equivocation or mental Reſervation, tell

tell me of what Opinion you are, and what Calling; for by them——I ſhall gueſs at your Morals.

Taylor. An't pleaſe you, I'm a Diſſenting Journeyman Woman's Taylor.

Sir John. Then, Sirrah, you love Lying by your Religion, and Theft by your Trade: And ſo, that your Puniſhment may be ſuitable to your Crimes——I'll have you firſt gagg'd——and then hang'd.

Tayl. Pray, good worthy Gentlemen, don't abuſe me: Indeed I'm an honeſt Man, and a good Workman, tho' I ſay it, that ſhou'd not ſay it.

Sir John. No Words, Sirrah, but attend your Fate.

Lord Rake. Let me ſee what's in that Bundle.

Tayl. An't pleaſe you, it's my Lady's ſhort Cloak and Sack.

Sir John. What Lady, you Reptile, you?

Tayl. My Lady *Brute*, an't pleaſe your Honour.

Sir John. My Lady *Brute!* my Wife! the Robe of my Wife——with Reverence let me approach it. The dear Angel is always taking Care of me in Danger, and has ſent me this Suit of Armour to protect me in this Day of Battle; on they go.

All. O brave Knight!

Lord Rake. Live *Don Quixote* the Second!

Sir John. *Sancho*, my 'Squire, help me on with my Armour.

Tayl. O dear Gentlemen! I ſhall be quite undone if you take the Sack.

Sir John. Retire, Sirrah! and ſince you carry off your Skin, go home and be happy.

Tayl. I think I'm even as good follow the Gentleman's Advice, for if I diſpute any longer, who knows but the whim may take 'em to caſe me—Theſe Courtiers are fuller of Tricks than they are of Money: they'll ſooner break a Man's Bones, than pay his Bill. [*Exit* Tayl.

Sir John. So! how d'ye like my ſhapes now?

Lord Rake. To a Miracle! He looks like a Queen of the *Amazons*—But to your Arms! Gentlemen! The Enemy's upon their March—here's the Watch—

Sir John. 'Oons! if it were *Alexander* the Great, at the

the Head of his Army, I would drive him into a Horſe-Pond.

All. Huzza! O brave Knight!

Enter Watchmen.

Sir John. See! Here he comes, with all his *Greeks* about him—Follow me, Boys.

Watch. Hey-dey! Who have we got here?—Stand.

Sir John. May-hap not!

Watch. What are you all doing here in the Streets at this time o'night? And who are you, Madam, that ſeem to be at the Head of this noble Crew?

Sir John. Sirrah, I am *Bonduca*, Queen of the *Welchmen*; and with a Leek as long as my Pedigree, I will deſtroy your *Roman* Legion in an Inſtant—*Britons*, ſtrike home.

[*They fight off.* Watch. *return with Sir* John.

Watch. So! We have got the Queen, however! We'll make her pay well for her Ranſom—Come, Madam, will your Majeſty pleaſe to walk before the Conſtable?

Sir John. The Conſtable's a Raſcal! And you are a Son of a Whore!

Watch. A moſt noble Reply, truly! If this be her royal Style, I'll warrant her Maids of Honour prattle prettily: But we'll teach you ſome of our Court Dialect before we part with you, Princeſs—Away with her to the Round-houſe.

Sir John. Hands off, you Ruffians! My Honour is dearer to me than my Life; I hope you won't be uncivil.

Watch. Away with her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Street.*

Enter Conſtable and Watchmen, with Sir John.

Conſtab. COME, forſooth, come along, if you pleaſe! I once in Compaſſion thought to have ſeen you ſafe home this Morning: But you have been ſo ram-

pant

pant and abuſive all Night, I ſhall ſee what the Juſtice of Peace will ſay to you.

Sir John And you ſhall ſee what I'll ſay to the Juſtice of Peace. [Watchman *knocks at the Door.*

Enter Servant.

Conſtab. Is Mr. Juſtice at home?

Serv. Yes.

Conſtab. Pray acquaint his Worſhip we have got an unruly Woman here, and deſire to know what he'll pleaſe to have done with her.

Serv. I'll acquaint my Maſter. [*Exit Serv.*

Sir John. Hark you, Conſtable, what cuckoldly Juſtice is this?

Conſt. One that knows how to deal with ſuch Romps as you are, I'll warrant you.

Enter Juſtice.

Juſt. Well, Mr. Conſtable, what is the matter there?

Conſt. An't pleaſe your Worſhip, this here comical ſort of a Gentlewoman has committed great Outrages to-night. She has been frolicking with my Lord *Rake* and his Gang; they attacked the Watch, and I hear there has been a Man kill'd: I believe 'tis they have done it.

Sir John. Sir, there may have been Murder, for aught I know; and 'tis a great Mercy there has not been a Rape too—that Fellow would have raviſh'd me.

2d Watch. Raviſh! Raviſh!-O lud! O lud! O lud! Raviſh her! Why, pleaſe your Worſhip, I heard Mr. Conſtable ſay he believed ſhe was little better than a Maphrodite.

Juſt. Why, truly, ſhe does ſeem a little maſculine about the Mouth.

2d Watch. Yes, and about the Hands too, an't pleaſe your Worſhip; I did but offer in mere civility to help her up the Steps into our Apartment, and with her gripen Fiſt—ay, juſt ſo, Sir, [*Sir* John *knocks him down.*

Sir John. I fell'd him to the Ground like an Ox.

Juſt. Out upon this boiſterous Woman! Out upon her. *Sir John.*

Sir John. Mr. Juſtice, he wou'd have been uncivil! It was in Defence of my Honour, and I demand Satisfaction.

2d Watch. I hope your Worſhip will ſatisfy her Honour in Bridewell; that Fiſt of hers will make an admirable Hemp-beater.

Sir John. Sir, I hope you will protect me againſt that libidinous Raſcal; I am a Woman of Quality and Virtue too, for all I am in an Undreſs this Morning.

Juſt. Why, ſhe has really the Air of a Sort of a Woman a little ſomething out of the common——Madam, if you expect I ſhou'd be favourable to you, I deſire I may know who you are.

Sir John. Sir, I am any body, at your Service.

Juſt. Lady, I deſire to know your Name?

Sir John. Sir, my Name's *Mary*.

Juſt. Ay, but your Sur-name, Madam?

Sir John. Sir, my Sur-name's the very ſame with my Huſband's.

Juſt. A ſtrange Woman this! Who is your Huſband, pray?

Sir John. Sir *John*.

Juſt. Sir *John* who?

Sir John. Sir *John Brute*.

Juſt. Is it poſſible, Madam, you can be my Lady *Brute?*

Sir John. That happy Woman, Sir, am I; only a little in my Merriment to-night.

Juſt. I am concern'd for Sir *John*.

Sir John. Truly, ſo am I.

Juſt. I have heard he's an honeſt Gentleman——

Sir John. As ever drank.

Juſt. Good lack! Indeed, Lady, I'm ſorry he has ſuch a Wife.

Sir John. I am ſorry he has any Wife at all.

Juſt. And ſo perhaps may he——I doubt you have not given him a very good Taſte of Matrimony.

Sir John. Taſte, Sir! Sir, I have ſcorn'd to ſtint him to a Taſte, I have given him a full Meal of it——

Juſt. Indeed I believe ſo! But pray, fair Lady, may

h

he have given you any Occaſion for this extraordinary Conduct?—Does he not uſe you well?

Sir John. A little upon the rough ſometimes.

Juſt. Ay, any Man may be out of Humour now and then.

Sir John. Sir, I love Peace and Quiet, and when a Woman don't find that at home, ſhe's apt ſometimes to comfort herſelf with a few innocent Diverſions abroad.

Juſt. I doubt he uſes you but too well. Pray how does he as to that weighty thing, Money? Does he allow you what is proper of that?

Sir John. Sir, I have generally enough to pay the reckoning, if this Son of a Whore of a Drawer wou'd but bring his Bill.

Juſt. A ſtrange Woman this—Does he ſpend a reaſonable Portion of his time at home, to the Comfort of his Wife and Children?

Sir John. He never gave his Wife cauſe to repine at his being abroad in his Life.

Juſt. Pray, Madam, how may he be in the grand matrimonial Point——Is he true to your Bed?

Sir John. Chaſte! Oons! This Fellow aſks ſo many impertinent Queſtions! I'gad, I believe it is the Juſtice's Wife in the Juſtice's Clothes.

Juſt. 'Tis a great pity he ſhould have been thus diſpoſed of—Pray, Madam, (and then I've done) what may be your Ladyſhip's common Method of Life, if I may preſume ſo far?

Sir John. Why, Sir, much that of a Woman of Quality.

Juſt. Pray how may you generally paſs your time, Madam? Your Morning, for example.

Sir John. Sir, like a Woman of Quality——I wake about two o'Clock in the Afternoon——I ſtretch——and make a ſign for my Chocolate——When I have drank three Cups——I ſlide down again upon my Back, with my Arms over my Head, while my two Maids put on my Stockings——Then hanging upon their Shoulders, I am trail'd to my great Chair, where I ſit——and yawn ——for my Breakfaſt——If it don't come preſently, I lie

lie down upon my Couch to ſay my Prayers, while my Maid reads me the Play-bills.

Juſt. Very well, Madam.

Sir John. When the Tea is brought in, I drink twelve regular Diſhes, with eight Slices of Bread and Butter——And half an Hour after, I ſend to the Cook to know if the Dinner is almoſt ready.

Juſt. So! Madam!

Sir John. By that time my Head is half dreſt, I hear my Huſband ſwearing himſelf into a State of Perdition, that the Meat's all cold upon the Table; to amend which, I come down in an Hour more, and have it ſent back to the Kitchen, to be all dreſt over again.

Juſt. Poor Man!

Sir John. When I have din'd, and my idle Servants are preſumptuouſly ſet down at their Eaſe, to do ſo too, I call for my Coach, to go viſit fifty dear Friends, of whom I hope I ſhall never find one at home, while I ſhall live.

Juſt. So! There's the Morning and Afternoon pretty well diſpos'd of—Pray, Madam, how do you paſs your Evenings?

Sir John. Like a Woman of Spirit, Sir, a great Spirit. Give me a Box and Dice—Seven's the main, Oons! Sir, I ſet you a hundred Pound! Why, do you think Women are married now-a-Days, to ſit at home and mend Napkins? Sir, we have noble ways of paſſing time.

Juſt. Mercy upon us, Mr. Conſtable, what will this Age come to?

Conſtab. What will it come to, indeed, if ſuch Women as theſe are not ſet in the Stocks?

Sir John. Sir, I have a little urgent Buſineſs calls upon me; and therefore I deſire the Favour of you to bring Matters to a Concluſion.

Juſt. Madam, if I were ſure that Buſineſs were not to commit more Diſorders, I wou'd releaſe you.

Sir John. None——by my virtue.

Juſt. Then, Mr. Conſtable, you may diſcharge her.

Sir John. Sir, your very humble Servant. If you pleaſe to accept of a Bottle——

Juſt.

Juſt. I thank you, kindly, Madam; but I never drink in a Morning. Good-by t'ye.

Sir John. Good-by-t'ye, good Sir. [*Exit Juſtice.* So——now, Mr. Conſtable, ſhall you and I go pick up a Whore together?

Conſtab. No, thank you, Madam; my Wife's enough to ſatisfy any reaſonable Man.

Sir John. [*aſide.*] He, he, he, he, he——the Fool is married, then. Well, you won't go?

Conſtab, Not I, truly.

Sir John. Then I'll go by myſelf; and you and your Wife may be damn'd. [*Exit Sir* John.

Conſtable gazing after her.] Why, God-a-mercy, Lady. [*Exeunt.*

E S O P

A

COMEDY.

PREFACE.

TO ſpeak for a Play, if it cannot ſpeak for itſelf, is vain; and if it can, it is needleſs. For one of theſe Reaſons (I cannot yet tell which, for it is now but the ſecond Day of acting) I reſolve to ſay nothing for *Eſop*, though I know he would be glad of Help; for let the beſt happen that can, his Journey is up Hill, with a dead *Engliſh* Weight at the Tail of him.

At *Paris*, indeed, he ſcrambled up ſomething faſter (for it was up Hill there, too) than I am afraid he will do here: The *French* having more Mercury in their Heads, and leſs Beef and Pudding in their Bellies. Our Solidity may ſet hard, what their Folly makes eaſy; for Fools I own they are, you know we have found them ſo in the Conduct of the War; I wiſh we may do ſo in the Management of the Peace; but that is neither *Eſop*'s Buſineſs nor mine.

This Play, Gentlemen (or one not much unlike it), was writ in *French* about ſix Years ſince by one Monſieur *Bourſaut*; it was play'd at *Paris* by the *French* Comedians, and this was its Fate.

The firſt Day it appeared, it was routed (People ſeldom being fond of what they do not underſtand, their own ſweet Perſons excepted). The ſecond (by the help of ſome bold Knights-Errant) it rallied; the third it advanced; the fourth it gave a

vigorous Attack; and the fifth put all the Feathers in Town to the ſcamper, purſuing them on to the fourteenth, and then they cried out Quarter.

It is not reaſonable to expect *Eſop* ſhould gain ſo great a Victory here, ſince it is poſſible, by fooling with his Sword, I may have turned the Edge on't. For I confeſs in the Tranſlation I have not at all ſtuck to the Original; nay, I have gone farther: I have wholly added the fifth Act, and crouded a Country Gentleman into the fourth; for which I aſk Monſieur *Bourſaut*'s Pardon with all my Heart, but doubt I never ſhall obtain it for bringing him into ſuch Company. Though, after all, had I been ſo complaiſant to have waited on his Play Word for Word, it is poſſible, even that might not have enſured the Succeſs of it; for though it ſwam in *France*, it might have ſunk in *England*. Their Country abounds in Cork, ours in Lead.

PROLOGUE.

Gallants, we never yet produc'd a Play
With greater Fears than this we act to-day;
Barren of all the Graces of the Stage,
Barren of all that entertains this Age.
No Hero, no Romance, no Plot, no Shew,
No Rape, no Bawdy, no Intrigue, no Beau:
There's nothing in't with which we uſe to pleaſe ye;
With downright dull Inſtruction w'are to teaſe ye;
The Stage turns Pulpit, and the World's ſo fickle,
The Play-Houſe in a Whim turns Conventicle.
But Preaching here muſt prove a hungry Trade;
The Patentees will find ſo, I'm afraid:
For tho' with heavenly Zeal you all abound,
As by your Lives and Morals may be found;
Tho' every Female here o'erflows with Grace,
And chaſte Diana's *written in her Face;*
Tho' Maids renounce the Sweets of Fornication,
And one lewd Wife's not left in all the Nation;
Tho' Men grow true, and the foul Fiend defy;
Tho' Tradeſmen cheat no more, nor Lawyers lye;
Tho' not one Spot be found on Levi's *Tribe,*
Nor one ſoft Courtier that will touch a Bribe;
Yet in the midſt of ſuch religious Days,
Sermons have never borne the Price of Plays.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Eſop,	Mr. *Cibber*.
Learchus, Governor of *Syzicus*,	Mr. *Dogget*.
Oronces, in love with *Euphronia*,	Mr. *Harland*.

W O M E N.

Euphronia, Daughter to *Learchus*, in love with *Oronces*,	Mrs. *Temple*.
Doris, her Nurſe,	Mrs. *Verbruggen*.

People who come to *Eſop*, upon ſeveral Occaſions, independent one of another.

Two Country Tradeſmen,	Mr. *Pinkethman* and Mr. *Smeton*.
Roger, a Country Bumpkin,	Mr. *Haynes*.
Quaint, a Herald,	Mr. *Pinkethman*.
Fruitful, an Inn-keeper	Mr. *Smeton*.
A Country Gentleman,	Mr. *Pinkethman*.
A Prieſt, Muſicians, *&c.*	
Hortenſia, an affected learned Lady,	Mrs. *Kent*.
Aminta, a lewd Mother,	Mrs. *Willis*.
Forge-Will, a Scrivener's Widow,	Mrs. *Finch*.
Fruitful, Wife to the Inn-keeper,	Mrs. *Powell*.

E S O P.

E S O P.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Learchus*'s Houſe.

Enter Learchus, Euphronia, *and* Doris.

Lear. AT length I am bleſt with the ſight of the World's Wonder, the Delight of Mankind, the incomparable *Eſop*. You had time to obſerve him laſt Night, Daughter, as he ſat at Supper with me. Tell me how you like him, Child; is he not a charming Perſon?

Euph. Charming!

Lear. What ſay'ſt thou to him, *Doris?* Thou art a good Judge, a Wench of a nice Palate.

Dor. You wou'd not have me flatter, Sir?

Lear. No, ſpeak thy Thoughts boldly.

Dor. Boldly, you ſay?

Lear. Boldly, I ſay.

Dor. Why, then, Sir, my Opinion of the Gentleman is, that he's uglier than an old Beau.

Lear. How! Impudence.

Dor. Nay, if you are angry, Sir, ſecond Thoughts are

beſt; he's as proper as a Pikeman, holds up his Head like a Dancing-Maſter, has the Shape of a Barb, the Face of an Angel, the Voice of a Cherubim, the Smell of a Civet-Cat———

Lear. In ſhort, thou art Fool enough not to be pleas'd with him.

Dor. Excuſe me for that, Sir; I have Wit enough to make myſelf merry with him———

Lear If his Body's deform'd, his Soul is beautiful. Would to kind Heaven, as he is, my Daughter cou'd but find the means to pleaſe him!

Euph. To what End, dear Father?

Lear. That he might be your Huſband, dear Daughter.

Euph. My Huſband! Shield me, kind Heaven——

Dor. Pſha! he has a mind to make us laugh, that's all.

Lear. Eſop, then, is not worth her Care, in thy Opinion.

Dor. Why, truly, Sir, I'm always for making ſuitable Matches, and don't much approve of breeding Monſters. I wou'd have nothing marry a Baboon, but what has been got by a Monkey.

Lear. How dar'ſt thou liken ſo incomparable a Man to ſo contemptible a Beaſt?

Dor. Ah, the Inconſtancy of this World! Out of ſight, out of Mind. Your little Monkey is ſcarce cold in his Grave, and you have already forgot what you us'd ſo much to admire: Do but call him to remembrance, Sir, in his red Coat, new Gloves, little Hat, and clean Linen; then diſcharge your Conſcience, utter the Truth from your Heart, and tell us whether he was not the prettier Gentleman of the two—By my Virginity, Sir, (tho' that's but a ſlippery Oath, you'll ſay) had they made love to me together, *Eſop* ſhould have worn the Willow.

Lear. Since nothing but an Animal will pleaſe thee, 'tis pity my Monkey had not that Virginity thou haſt ſworn by. But I, whom Wiſdom charms even in the homelieſt Dreſs, can never think the much-deſerving *Eſop* unworthy of my Daughter.

Do

Dor. Now, in the Name of Wonder, what is't you ſo admire in him?

Lear. Hark, and thou ſhalt know; but you, *Euphronia*, Be you more eſpecially attentive.
'Tis true he's plain; but that's, my Girl, a Trifle.
All manly Beauty's ſeated in the Soul;
And that of *Eſop*, Envy's ſelf muſt own,
Outſhines whate'er the World has yet produc'd.
Cræſus, the proſperous Favourite of Heaven;
Crœſus, the happieſt Potentate on Earth;
Whoſe Treaſure (tho' immenſe) is the leaſt Part
Of what he holds from Providence's Care,
Leans on his Shoulder as his grand Support,
Admires his Wiſdom, doats upon his Truth,
And makes him Pilot to Imperial Sway.
But in this elevated Poſt of Power,
What's his Employ? Where does he point his Thoughts?
To live in Splendour, Luxury, and Eaſe,
Do endleſs Miſchiefs, by neglecting Good,
And build his Family on others Ruins?
No:
He ſerves the Prince, and ſerves the People too;
Is uſeful to the Rich, and helps the Poor;
There's nothing ſtands neglected, but himſelf.
With conſtant Pain, and yet with conſtant Joy,
From Place to Place throughout the Realm he goes,
With uſeful Leſſons, form'd to every Rank:
The People learn Obedience from his Tongue,
The Magiſtrate is guided in Command,
The Prince is minded of a Father's Care,
The Subjects taught the Duty of a Child.
And as 'tis dangerous to be bold with Truth,
He often calls for Fable to his Aid,
Where, under abject Names of Beaſts and Birds,
Virtue ſhines out, and Vice is cloath'd in Shame.
And thus, by inoffenſive Wiſdom's Force,
He conquers Folly whereſoe'er he moves:
This is his Portrait.

Dor. A very good Picture of a very ill Face!

Lear. Well, Daughter; what, not a Word? Is it poſ-

ſible any thing that I am Father of can be untouch'd with ſo much Merit?

Euph. My Duty may make all things poſſible: But *Eſop* is ſo ugly, Sir——

Lear. His Soul has ſo much Beauty in't, your Reaſon ought to blind your Eyes: Beſides, my Intereſt is concern'd; his Power alarms me. I know throughout the Kingdom he's the Scourge of evil Magiſtrates, turns out Governors when they turn Tyrants; breaks Officers for falſe Muſters; excludes Judges from giving Sentence, when they have been abſent during the Trial; hangs Lawyers when they take Fees on both Sides; forbids Phyſicians to take Money of thoſe they don't cure. 'Tis true, my Innocence ought to baniſh my Fears: But my Government, Child, is too delicious a Morſel, not to ſet many a frail Mouth a-watering. Who knows what Accuſations Envy may produce? But all you'd be ſecure, if thou could'ſt touch the Heart of *Eſop*. Let me blow up thy Ambition, Girl; the Fire of that will make thy Eyes ſparkle at him. [*She ſighs.*]——What's that Sigh for, now? Ha! A young Huſband, by my Conſcience: Ah Daughter, hadſt thou a young Huſband, he'd make thee ſigh indeed. I'll tell thee what he's compos'd of. He has a Wig full of Pulvilio, a Pocket full of Dice, a Heart full of Treaſon, a Mouth full of Lyes, a Belly full of Drink, a Carcaſe full of Plaiſters, a Tail full of Pox, and a Head full of——nothing. There's his Picture: wear it at thy Heart, if thou can'ſt. But here comes one of greater Worth.

Enter Eſop.

Lear. Good Morning to my noble Lord; your Excellency——

Eſop. Softly, good Governor: I'm a poor Wanderer from Place to Place; too weak to train the Weight of Grandeur with me! The Name of Excellency's not for me.

Lear. My noble Lord, 'tis due to your Imploy; your Predeceſſors all——

Eſop. My Predeceſſors all deſerv'd it, Sir; they were great

great Men in Wiſdom, Birth and Service; whilſt I, a poor, unknown, decrepid Wretch, mounted aloft for Fortune's Paſtime, expect each Moment to conclude the Farce, by ſinking to the Mud from whence I ſprung.

Lear. Great *Cræſus*'s Gratitude will ſtill ſupport you; his Coffers all are open to your Will, your future Fortune's wholly in your Power.

Eſop. But 'tis a Power that I ſhall ne'er employ.

Lear. Why ſo, my Lord?

Eſop. I'll tell you, Sir.

A hungry Goat, who had not eat
Some Nights and Days——(for want of Meat)
Was kindly brought at laſt,
By Providence's Care,
To better Cheer,
After a more than penitential Faſt.
He found a Barn well ſtor'd with Grain:
To enter in requir'd ſome Pain;
But a delicious Bait
Makes the Way eaſy, tho' the Paſs is ſtrait.
Our Gueſt obſerving various Meats,
He put on a good modiſh Face,
He takes his Place,
He ne'er ſays Grace,
But where he likes, he there falls to and eats.
At length, with jaded Teeth and Jaws,
He made a Pauſe;
And finding ſtill ſome room,
Fell to as he had done before,
For time to come laid in his Store;
And when his Guts cou'd hold no more,
He thought of going home.
But here he met the Glutton's Curſe;
He found his Belly grown ſo great,
'Twas vain to think of a Retreat,
Till he had render'd all he had eat,
And well he fav'd no worſe.

To the Application, Governor.

Lear. 'Tis eaſy to be made, my Lord.

Eſop. I'm glad on't. Truth can never be too clear.

[*Seeing* Euph.] Is this young Damſel your fair Daughter, Sir?

Lear. 'Tis my Daughter, my good Lord: Fair too, if ſhe appears ſuch in the Eyes of the unerring *Eſop.*

Eſop. [*going up to ſalute her.*] I never ſaw ſo beautiful a Creature.

Lear. [*aſide.*] Now's the time; kiſs ſoft, Girl, and fire him.

Eſop. [*gazing at her.*] How partial's Nature 'twixt her Form and mine!

Lear. [*aſide.*] Look, look, look, how he gazes at her! ——*Cupid*'s hard at work, I ſee that already. Slap; there he hits him—if the Wench would but do her Part. But ſee, ſee, how the perverſe young Baggage ſtands biting her Thumbs, and won't give him one kind Glance —— Ah the ſullen Jade! Had it been a handſome ſtrong Dog, of five-and-twenty, ſhe'd [illegible] fall'n a coquetting on't, with every Inch about her. But may be 'tis I that ſpoils Sport; I'll make a Pretence to leave them together. Will your Lordſhip pleaſe to drink any Coffee this Morning?

Eſop. With all my Heart, Governor.

Lear. Your Lordſhip will give me leave to go and order it myſelf; for unleſs I am by, 'tis never perfect.

Eſop. Provided you leave me this fair Maid in Hoſtage for your Return, I conſent.

Lear. My good Lord does my Daughter too much Honour. Ah that the Wench would but do her Part! [*Aſide going off.*]——Hark, you, Huſſy——[*Turning back to* Euphronia, *aſide.*]——You can [illegible] Airs ſometimes, you know you can. Do you remember what work you made with yourſelf at Church t'other Day? Play your Tricks over again, once more, for my Pleaſure, and let me have a good Account of this Stateſman, or, d'ye hear?——You ſhall die a Maid; go chew upon that; go. [*Exit* Lear.

Eſop. Here I am left, fair Damſel, too much expos'd to your Charms, not to fall your Victim.

Euph. Your Fall will then be due to your own Weakneſs.

neſs, Sir; for, Heaven's my Witneſs, I neither endeadour nor wiſh to wound you.

Eſop. I underſtand you, Lady; your Heart's already diſpos'd of; 'tis ſeldom otherways, at your Age.

Euph. My Heart diſpos'd of!

Dor. Nay, never mince the Matter, Madam. The Gentleman looks like a civil Gentleman, e'en confeſs the Truth to him: He has a good Intereſt with your Father, and no Doubt will employ it to break the Heathenish Match he propoſes to you. [*To* Eſop.] Yes, Sir, my young Lady has been in love theſe two Years, and that with as pretty a Fellow as ever entered a Virgin's Heart; tall, ſtrait, young, vigorous, good Clothes, long Perriwig, clean Linen; in brief, he has every thing that's neceſſary to ſet a young Lady a-longing, and to ſtay it when he has done: but her Father, whoſe Ambition makes him turn Fool in his old Age, comes with a back Stroke upon us, and ſpoils all our Sport. Wou'd you believe it, Sir? He has propos'd to her to-day the moſt confounded ugly Fellow! Look, if the very Thoughts of him don't ſet the poor Thing a-crying! And you, Sir, have ſo much Power with the old Gentleman, that one Word from you would ſet us all right again. If he will have her a Wife, in the Name of *Venus*, let him provide her a handſome Huſband, and not throw her into the Paws of a Thing, that Nature, in a merry Humour, has made half Man, half Monkey.

Eſop. Pray, what's this Monſter's Name, Lady?

Euph. No matter for his Name, Sir; my Father will know what you mean, at firſt Word.

Eſop. But you ſhou'd not always chuſe by the Outſide alone: believe me, fair Damſel, a fine Perriwig keeps many a Fool's Head from the Weather: Have a Care of your young Gallant.

Dor. There's no Danger, I have examin'd him; his Inſide's as good as his out! I ſay, he has Wit, and I think I know.

Euph. Nay, ſhe ſays true; he's even a Miracle of Wit and Beauty: Did you but ſee him, you'd be yourſelf my Rival.

Eſop.

Eſop. Then you are reſolv'd againſt the Monſter?

Dor. Fy, Sir, fy; I wonder you'll put her in Mind of that foul, frightful Thing: We ſhall have her dream of nothing all Night but Bats and Owls, and Toads and Hedge-hogs; and then we ſhall have ſuch a ſqueaking and ſqualling with her, the whole Houſe will be in an Uproar: Therefore, pray, Sir, name him no more, but uſe your Intereſt with her Father, that ſhe may never hear of him again.

Eſop. But if I ſhou'd be ſo generous to ſave you from the old Gallant, what ſhall I ſay for your young one?

Euph. O, Sir, you may venture to enlarge upon his Perfections; you need not fear ſaying too much in his Praiſe.

Dor. And pray, Sir, be as copious upon the Defects of t'other; you need not fear out-running the Text there, neither, ſay the worſt you can.

Euph. You may ſay, the firſt is the moſt graceful Man that *Aſia* ever brought forth.

Dor. And you may ſay the latter is the moſt deform'd Monſter that Copulation ever produc'd.

Euph. Tell him that *Oronces* (for that is his dear Name) has all the Virtues that compoſe a perfect Hero.

Dor. And tell him, that *Pigmy* has all the Vices that go to equip an Attorney.

Euph. That to one I cou'd be true to the laſt Moment of my Life.

Dor. That for t'other, ſhe'd cuckold him the very Day of her Marriage. This, Sir, in few Words, is the Theme you are deſir'd to preach upon.

Eſop. I never yet had one that furniſh'd me with more Matter.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, there's a Lady below deſires to ſpeak with your Honour.

Eſop. What Lady?

Ser. 'Tis my Lady—my Lady--[*To* Doris.] The Lady there, the wiſe Lady, the great Scholar, that Nobody can underſtand.

Dor.

Dor. O ho, is it ſhe? Pray let's withdraw, and oblige her, Madam; ſhe's ready to ſwoon at the inſipid Sight of one of her own Sex.

Euph. You'll excuſe us, Sir; we leave you to wiſer Company. [*Exeunt* Euph. *and* Dor.

Enter Hortenſia.

Hort. The Deeſs, who from *Atropos*'s Breaſt preſerves the Names of Heroes and their Actions, proclaims your Fame throughout this mighty Orb, and——

Eſop. [*aſide.*] Shield me, my Stars! What have you ſent me here? For Pity's Sake, good Lady, be more humane: My Capacity is too heavy, to mount to your Style: If you wou'd have me know what you mean, pleaſe to come down to my Underſtanding.

Hort. I've ſomething in my Nature ſoars too high,
For vulgar Flight, I own;
But *Eſop*'s Sphere muſt needs be within Call;
Eſop and I may converſe together:
I know he's modeſt, but I likewiſe know
His Intellects are categorical.

Eſop. Now, by my Faith, Lady, I don't know what *Intellect* is; and methinks, *categorical* ſounds as if you call'd me Names. Pray, ſpeak that you may be underſtood: Language was deſign'd for it; indeed it was.

Hort. Of vulgar Things in vulgar Phraſe we talk;
But when of *Eſop* we muſt ſpeak,
The Theme's too lofty for an humble Style:
Eſop is ſure no common Character.

Eſop. No, truly; I am ſomething particular. Yet if I am not miſtaken, what I have extraordinary about me, may be deſcrib'd in very homely Language. Here was a young Gentlewoman but juſt now pencil'd me out to a Hair, I thought; and yet, I vow to God, the learned'ſt Word I heard her make uſe of, was Monſter.

Hort. That was a Woman, Sir, a very Woman;
Her Cogitations all were on the outward Man:
But I ſtrike deeper; 'tis the Mind I view.
The Soul's the worthy Object of my Care;
The Soul, that Sample of Divinity, that glorious

Ray

Ray of heavenly Light. The Soul, that awful Throne of Thought, that ſacred Seat of Contemplation. The Soul, that noble Source of Wiſdom,
That Fountain of Comfort,
That Spring of Joy, that happy Token of eternal Life. The Soul, that——

Eſop. Pray, Lady, are you married?

Hort. Why that Queſtion, Sir?

Eſop. Only that I might wait upon your Husband, to wiſh him Joy.

Hort. When People of my Compoſition would marry, they firſt find ſomething of their own Species to join with; I never could reſolve to take a Thing of common Fabric to my Bed, leſt, when his brutiſh Inclinations prompt him, he ſhou'd make me Mother to a Form like his own.

Eſop. Methinks, a Lady ſo extremely nice ſhould be much at a Loſs who to converſe with.

Hort. I keep my Chamber, and converſe with myſelf; 'tis better being alone, than to miſ-ally one's Converſation: Men are ſcandalous, and Women are inſipid: Diſcourſe without Figure makes me ſick at my Soul: O the Charms of a Metaphor! What Harmony there is in the Words of Erudition! The Muſick of them is inimaginable.

Eſop. Will you hear a Fable, Lady?

Hort. Willingly, Sir; the Apologue pleaſes me, when the Application of it is juſt.

Eſop. It is, I'll anſwer for it.

Once on a Time a Nightingale,
To Changes prone,
Unconſtant, fickle, whimſical,
(A Female one)
Who ſung like others of her kind,
Hearing a well-taught Linnet's Airs,
Had other Matters in her Mind.
To imitate him ſhe prepares;
Her Fancy ſtrait was on the Wing:
I fly, quoth ſhe,
As well as he;

I don't know why
I ſhould not try
As well as he to ſing.
From that Day forth ſhe chang'd her Note,
She ſpoil'd her Voice, ſhe ſtrain'd her Throat:
She did, as learned Women do,
Till every Thing
That heard her ſing
Would run away from her——as I from you.
[Exit *Eſop* running.

Hortenſia *ſola.*

How groſly does this poor World ſuffer itſelf to be impos'd upon!——*Eſop*, a Man of Senſe——Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Alas, poor Wretch! I ſhou'd not have known him but by his Deformity; his Soul's as nauſeous to my Underſtanding, as his odious Body to my Senſe of Feeling. Well,

'Mongſt all the Wits that are allow'd to ſhine,
Methinks there's nothing yet approaches mine:
Sure I was ſent the homely Age t'adorn;
What Star, I know not, rul'd when I was born,
But every Thing beſides myſelf's my Scorn. [Exit.

ACT II.

Enter Euphronia *and* Doris.

Dor. WHAT, in the Name of *Jove*, 's the matter with you? Speak, for Heaven's ſake!

Euph. Oh! what ſhall I do? *Doris*, I'm undone.

Dor. What, raviſh'd?

Euph. No, ten times worſe! Ten times worſe! Unlace me, or I ſhall ſwoon.

Dor. Unlace you? Why, you are not thereabouts, I hope?

Euph.

Euph. No no, worſe ſtill; worſe than all that.

Dor. Nay, then 'tis bad, indeed. [Doris *unlaces her.* There: How d'ye do now?

Euph. So; 'tis going over.

Dor. Courage, pluck up your Spirits: Well, now what's the matter?

Euph. The matter! Thou ſhalt hear. Know that—that Cheat—*Eſop*——

Dor. Like enough; ſpeak: What has he done? That ugly ill-boding Cyclops—

Euph. Why, inſtead of keeping his Promiſe, and ſpeaking for *Oronces*, he has not ſaid one Word, but what has been for himſelf. And by my Father's Order, before to-morrow Noon he's to marry me.

Dor. He marry you!

Euph. Am I in the wrong to be in this Deſpair? Tell me, *Doris*, if I am to blame.

Dor. To blame? No, by my troth. That ugly, old, treacherous piece of Vermin—that melancholy Mixture of Impotence and Deſire—does his Mouth ſtand to a young Partridge? Ah the old Goat! And your Father! He downright doats at laſt, then.

Euph. Ah, *Doris*, what a Huſband does he give me! And what a Lover does he rob me of! Thou know'ſt 'em both; think of *Oronces*, and think of *Eſop*.

Dor. [*Spitting.*] A foul Monſter! And yet, now I think on't, I'm almoſt as angry at t'other too: Methinks he makes but a ſlow Voyage on't, for a Man in Love: 'Tis now above two Months ſince he went to *Leſbos* to pack up the old Bones of his dead Father; ſure he might have made a little more Haſte.

Enter Oronces.

Euph. Oh! my Heart, what do I ſee?

Dor. Talk of the Devil, and he's at your Elbow.

Oron. My dear Soul!

[Euph. *runs and leaps about his Neck.*

Euph. Why wou'd you ſtay ſo long from me?

Oron. 'Twas not my Fault, indeed; the Winds——

Dor. The Winds! Will the Winds blow you your Miſtreſs

Miſtreſs again? We have had Winds too, and Waves into the Bargain; Storms and Tempeſts, Sea-Monſters, and the Devil and all. She ſtruggled as long as ſhe cou'd, but a Woman can do no more than ſhe can do; when her Breath was gone, down ſhe ſunk.

Oron. What's the meaning of all this?

Dor. There's meaning and mumping too: your Miſtreſs is married: that's all.

Oron. Death and Furies———

Euph. [*clinging about him.*] Don't you frighten him too much, neither, *Doris.* No, my Dear, I'm not yet executed, tho' I'm condemn'd.

Oron. Condemn'd! To what? Speak! Quick!

Dor. To be married.

Oron. Married? When? How? Where? To what? To whom?

Dor. *Eſop*, *Eſop*, *Eſop*, *Eſop*, *Eſop*.

Oron. Fiends and Spectres! What! That piece of Deformity! That Monſter! That Crump!

Dor. The ſame, Sir; the ſame. I find he knows him. You might have come home ſooner.

Oron. Dear *Euphronia*, eaſe me from my Pain.
Swear that you neither have nor will conſent.
I know this comes from your ambitious Father;
But you're too generous, too true to leave me:
Millions of Kingdoms ne'er wou'd ſhake my Faith,
And I believe your Conſtancy as firm.

Euph. You do me Juſtice, you ſhall find you do: For Racks and Tortures, Crowns and Scepters join'd, ſhall neither fright me from my Truth, nor tempt me to be falſe. On this you may depend.

Dor. Wou'd to the Lord you wou'd find ſome other Place to make your fine Speeches in! Don't you know that your dear Friend *Eſop*'s coming to receive his Viſits here? In this great downy Chair, your pretty little Huſband Elect is to ſit and hear all the Complaints of the Town: One of Wiſdom's chief Recompences being to be conſtantly troubled with the Buſineſs of Fools. Pray, Madam, will you take the Gentleman by the Hand, and lead him into your Chamber; and when you

you are there, don't lie whining, and crying, and ſighing, and wiſhing———[*Aſide.*] If he had not been more modeſt than wiſe, he might have ſet ſuch a Mark upon the Goods before now, that ne'er a Merchant of 'em all wou'd have bought 'em out of his Hands. But young Fellows are always in the wrong: Either ſo impudent they are nauſeous, or ſo modeſt they are uſeleſs. Go; pray get you gone together.

Euph. But if my Father catch us, we are ruin'd.

Dor. By my Conſcience, this Love will make us all turn Fools. Before your Father can open the Door, can't he ſlip down the Back-ſtairs? I'm ſure he may, if you don't hold him; but that's the old Trade. Ah—Well, get you gone, however——Hark——I hear the old Baboon cough; away! [*Ex.* Oron. *and* Euph. *running.*] Here he comes, with his ugly Beak before him. Ah—a luſcious Bedfellow, by my troth!

Enter Learchus *and* Eſop.

Lear. Well, *Doris*; what News from my Daughter? Is ſhe prudent?

Dor. Yes, very prudent.

Lear. What ſays ſhe? What does ſhe do?

Dor. Do? What ſhou'd ſhe do? Tears her Cornet; bites her Thumbs; throws her Fan in the Fire; thinks 'tis dark Night at Noon-day; dreams of Monſters and Hobgoblins; raves in her Sleep of forc'd Marriage and Cuckoldom; cries, *Avaunt* Deformity; then wakens on a ſudden, with fifty Arguments at her Fingers-ends to prove the Lawfulneſs of Rebellion in a Child, when a Parent turns Tyrant.

Lear. Very fine! But all this ſhan't ſerve her turn. I have ſaid the Word, and will be obey'd——My Lord does her Honour.

Dor. [*aſide.*] Yes, and that's all he can do to her. [*To* Lear.] But I can't blame the Gentleman, after all; he loves my Miſtreſs, becauſe ſhe's handſome; and ſhe hates him, becauſe he's ugly. I never ſaw two People more in the right in my Life. [*To* Eſop.] You'll pardon me, Sir, I'm ſomewhat free.

Eſop.

Eſop. Why, a Ceremony wou'd but take up time. But, Governor, methinks I have an admirable Advocate about your Daughter.

Lear. Out of the Room, Impudence: be gone, I ſay.

Dor. So I will: But you'll be as much in the wrong when I'm gone, as when I'm here. And your Conſcience, I hope, will talk as pertly to you as I can do.

Eſop. If ſhe treats me thus before my face, I may conclude I'm finely handled behind my Back.

Dor. I ſay the Truth here; and I can ſay no worſe any where. [*Exit* Doris.

Lear. I hope your Lordſhip won't be concern'd at what this prattling Wench bleats out: my Daughter will be govern'd. She's bred up to Obedience. There may be ſome ſmall Diffi-ulty in weaning her from her young Lover: But 'twon't be the firſt time ſhe has been wean'd from a Breaſt, my Lord.

Eſop. Does ſhe love him fondly, Sir?

Lear. Fooliſh, my Lord.

Eſop. And he her?

Lear. The ſame.

Eſop. Is he young?

Lear. Yes, and vigorous.

Eſop. Rich?

Lear. So, ſo.

Eſop. Well-born?

Lear. He has good Blood in his Veins.

Eſop. Has he Wit?

Lear. He had, before he was in Love.

Eſop. And handſome with all this?

Lear. Or elſe we ſhou'd not have half ſo much trouble with him.

Eſop. Why do you, then, make her quit him for me? All the World knows I am neither young, noble, nor rich: And as for my Beauty——Look you, Governor, I'm honeſt. But when Children cry, they tell 'em *Eſop*'s a-coming. Pray, Sir, what is it makes you ſo earneſt to force your Daughter?

Lear. Am I, then, to count for nothing the favour you are in at Court? Father-in-law to the great *Eſop!* What may

may not I aſpire to? My fooliſh Daughter, perhaps mayn't be ſo well pleas'd with it, but we wiſe Parents uſually weigh our Children's Happineſs in the Scale of our own Inclinations.

Eſop. Well, Governor, let it be your Care, then, to make her conſent.

Lear. This Moment, my Lord, I reduce her either to Obedience, or to Duſt and Aſhes. [*Exit* Lear.

Eſop. Adieu. Now let in the People who come for Audience. [Eſop *ſits in his Chair, reading of Papers.*

Enter two ordinary Tradeſmen.

1 *Tra.* There he is, Neighbour: Do but look at him.

2 *Tra.* Aye; one may know him: He's well mark'd. But do'ſt hear me? What Title muſt we give him? for if we fail in that point, d'ye ſee me, we ſhall never get our Buſineſs done. Courtiers love Titles almoſt as well as they do Money, and that's a bold Word now.

1 *Tra.* Why, I think we had beſt call him, his Grandeur.

2 *Tra.* That will do; thou hast hit on't. Hold ſtill, let me ſpeak. May it pleaſe your Grandeur——

Eſop. There I interrupt you, Friend; I have a weak Body that will ne'er be able to bear that Title.

2 *Tra.* D'ye hear that, Neighbour? What ſhall we call him now?

1 *Tra.* Why, call him, call him, his Excellency; try what that will do.

2 *Tra.* May it pleaſe your Excellency——

Eſop. Excellency's a long Word, it takes up too much time in Buſineſs: Tell me what you'd have in few Words.

2 *Tra.* Neighbour, this Man will never give
Ten thouſand Pounds to be made a Lord.
But what ſhall I ſay to him now?
He puts me quite out of my play.

1 *Tra.* Why e'en talk to him as we do to one another.

2 *Tra.* Shall I? Why, ſo I will, then. Hem! Neighbour, we want a new Governor, Neighbour.

Eſop. A new Governor, Friend?

2 *Tra.* Aye, Friend.

Eſop.

Eſop. Why, what's the matter with your old one?

2 *Tra.* What's the matter!
Why, he grows rich; that's the matter;
And he that's rich can't be innocent; that's all.

Eſop. Does he uſe any of you harſhly? Or puniſh you without a Fault?

2 *Tra.* No, but he grows as rich as a Miſer; his Purſe is ſo cramm'd, 'tis ready to burſt again.

Eſop. When 'tis full, 'twill hold no more; a new Governor will have an empty one.

2 *Tra.* 'Fore Gad, Neighbour, the little Gentleman's in the right on't,

1 *Tra.* Why, truly, I don't know but he may:
For now it comes in my Head,
It coſt me more Money to fat my Hog,
Than to keep him fat when he was ſo.
Pr'ythee tell him we'll keep our old Governor.

2 *Tra.* I'll do't. Why, look you, Sir, d'ye ſee me: Having ſeriouſly conſider'd of the matter, my Neighbour *Hobſon* and I here we are content to jog on a little longer with him we have: but if you'd do us another Courteſy, you might.

Eſop. What's that, Friend?

2 *Tra.* Why, that's this: Our King *Cræſus* is a very good Prince, as a Man may ſay: But——a——but——Taxes are high, an't pleaſe you; and——a——poor Men want Money, d'ye ſee me: 'Tis very hard, as we think, that the Poor ſhou'd work to maintain the Rich. If there were no Taxes, we ſhou'd do pretty well.

1 *Tra.* Taxes, indeed, are very burdenſome.

Eſop. I'll tell you a Story, Countrymen.

Once on a time, the Hands and Feet,
As Mutineers, grew mighty great;
They met, caball'd, and talk'd of Treaſon,
They ſwore by Jove *they knew no Reaſon*
The Belly ſhou'd have all the Meat——
It was a damn'd notorious Cheat
They did the Work, and—Death and Hell, they'd eat.

The

The Belly, who ador'd good Chear,
Had like t'have dy'd away for Fear:
Quoth he, Good Folks, you little know
What 'tis you are about to do;
If I am ſtarv'd, what will become of you?
We neither know nor care, cry'd they,
But this we will be bold to ſay,
We'll ſee you damn'd
Before we'll work,
And you receive the Pay.
With that the Hands to Pocket went
Full Wriſt-band deep,
The Legs and Feet fell faſt aſleep:
Their Liberty they had redeem'd,
And all, except the Belly, ſeem'd
Extremely well content.
But mark what follow'd; 'twas not long
Before the right became the wrong:
The Mutineers were grown ſo weak,
They found 'twas more than time to ſqueak:
They call for work, but 'twas too late.
The Stomach (like an aged Maid,
Shrunk up, for want of human Aid)
The common Debt of Nature paid,
And with its Deſtiny entrain'd their Fate.

Eſop. What think you of this Story, Friends, ha? Come, you look like wiſe Men; I'm ſure you underſtand what's for your good; in giving part of what you have, you ſecure all the reſt: If the King had no Money, there cou'd be no Army; and if there were no Army, your Enemies would be amongſt you: One Day's Pillage wou'd be worſe than twenty Years Taxes. What ſay ye? Is't not ſo?

2 *Tra.* By my troth, I think he's in the right on't, again. Who'd think that little Hump-back of his Shou'd have ſo much Brains in't, Neighbour?

Eſop. Well, honeſt Men, is there any thing elſe that I can ſerve you in?

1 *Tra.* D'ye hear that, *Humphry?*——Why, that was civil

civil now. But Courtiers ſeldom want Good-breeding; let's give the Devil his due. Why, to tell you the truth, honeſt Gentlemen, we had a whole Budget full of Grievances to complain of. But I think——a——Ha, Neighbour? We had e'en as good let 'em alone.

1 *Tra.* Why good feath I think ſo too; for by all I can ſee, we are like to make no great hond on't. Beſides, between thee and me, I began to daubt, whether aur Grievances do us ſuch a plaguy deal of Miſchief as we fancy.

2 *Tra.* Or put the Caſe they did, *Humphry*; I'ſe afraid he that goes to a Courtier, in hope to get fairly rid of 'em, may be ſaid (in our Country Dialect) to take the wrong Sow by the Ear. But here's Neighbour *Roger*, he's a Wit, let's leave him to him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Roger, *a Country Bumkin, looks ſeriouſly upon* Eſop; *then burſts out a laughing.*

Rog. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Did ever Mon behold the like? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Eſop. Haſt thou any buſineſs with me, Friend?

Rog. Yes, by my troth have I;
But if *Roger* were to be hang'd up for't,
Look you now, he cou'd not hold laughing:
What I have in my Mind, out it comes: But bar that; I'ſe on honeſt Lad as well as another.

Eſop. My time's dearer to me than yours, Friend; have you any thing to ſay to me?

Rog. Gadſwookers, do People uſe to aſk for Folks when they have nothing to ſay to 'em? I'ſe tell you my Buſineſs.

Eſop. Let's hear it.

Rog. I have, as you ſee, a little Wit.

Eſop. True.

Rog. I live in a Village hard by, and I'ſe the beſt Man in it, tho' I ſay it that ſhould not ſay it. I have good Drink in my Cellar, and good Corn in my Barn: I have Cows and Oxen, Hogs and Sheep, Cocks and Hens, and Geeſe and Turkeys: But the Truth will out, and to let it out, I'ſe e'en tired of being call'd plain *Roger*.

I has a Leathern Purſe, and in that Purſe there's many a fair Half-crown, with the King's ſweet Face upon't, God bleſs him; and with his Money, I have a mind to bind myſelf 'Prentice to a Courtier: 'Tis a good Trade, as I have heard ſay; there's Money ſtirring: Let a Lad be but diligent, and do what he's bid, he ſhall be let into the Secret, and ſhare Part of the Profits; I have not lived to theſe Years for nothing: Thoſe that will ſwim muſt go into deep water: I'ſe get our Wife *Joan* to be the Queen's Chamber-maid; and then——Crack, ſays me I; and forget all my Acquaintance. But to come to the Buſineſs. You who are the King's great Favourite, I deſire you'd be pleas'd to ſell me ſome of your Friendſhip, that I may get a Court-Place. Come, you ſhall chuſe me one yourſelf; you look like a ſhrewd Man; by the Maſs, you do.

Eſop. I chuſe thee a Place!

Rog. Yes, I wou'd willingly have it ſuch a ſort of a Place, as wou'd coſt little, and bring in a great deal; in a Word, much Profit, and nothing to do.

Eſop. But you muſt name what Poſt you think wou'd ſuit your Humour.

Rog. Why I'ſe pratty indifferent as to that: Secretary of State, or Butler; twenty Shillings more, or twenty Shillings leſs, is not the thing I ſtand upon. I'ſe no Hagler, Godſwookers; and he that ſays I am—'Zbud he lies: There's my Humour now.

Eſop. But hark you, Friend, you ſay you are well as you are, why then do you deſire to change?

Rog. Why what a Queſtion now is there for a Man of your Parts? I'm well, d'ye ſee me; and what of all, that I deſire to be better: There's an Anſwer for you. [*aſide.*] Let *Roger* alone with him.

Eſop. Very well: This is reaſoning; and I love a Man ſhould reaſon with me. But let us enquire a little whether your Reaſons are good or not. You ſay, at home you want for nothing?

Rog. Nothing, 'fore *George.*

Eſop. You have good Drink?

Rog. 'Zbud, the beſt i'th' Pariſh. [*Singing.*] And dawne

dawne it merrily goes, my Lad, and dawne it merrily goes.

Eſop. You eat heartily?

Rog. I have a noble Stomach.

Eſop. You ſleep well?

Rog. Juſt as I drink, till I can ſleep no longer.

Eſop. You have ſome honeſt Neighbours?

Rog. Honeſt! 'Zbud we are all ſo, the Tawne-raund, we live like Breether; when one can ſarve another, he does it with all his Heart and Guts; when we have any thing that's good, we eat it together, Holidays and Sundays we play at Nine-pins, tumble upon the Graſs with wholeſome young Maids, laugh till we ſplit, daunce till we are weary, eat till we burſt, drink till we are ſleepy, then ſwap into Bed, and ſnore till we riſe to Breakfaſt.

Eſop. And all this thou wou'dſt leave to go to Court? I'll tell thee what once happen'd:

A Mouſe, who long had liv'd at Court,
(Yet ne'er the better Chriſtian for't)
Walking one Day to ſee ſome Country Sport,
He met a home-bred Village-Mouſe;
Who with an awkward Speech and Bow,
That ſavour'd much of Cart and Plow,
Made a ſhift, I know not how,
T' invite him to his Houſe.
Quoth he, My Lord, I doubt you'll find
Our Country Fare of homely kind;
But by my troth, you're welcome to't,
Y'ave that, and Bread and Cheeſe to boot:
And ſo they ſat and din'd.

Rog. Very well.

Eſop. *The* Courtier *cou'd have eat at leaſt*
As much as any Houſhold Prieſt,
But thought himſelf oblig'd in Feeding,
To ſhew the difference of Town breeding;
He pick'd and cull'd, and turn'd the Meat,
He champt and chew'd, and cou'd not eat:
No toothleſs Woman at Fourſcore,
Was ever ſeen to mumble more.

He made a thouſand ugly Faces,
Which (as ſometimes in Ladies caſes)
Were all deſign'd for Airs and Graces.
Rog. Ha, ha!
Eſop. *At laſt he from the Table roſe,*
He pick'd his Teeth and blow'd his Noſe,
And with an eaſy Negligence,
As tho' he lately came from France,
He made a careleſs ſliding Bow:
'Fore Gad, quoth he, I don't know how
I ſhall return your friendly Treat;
But if you'll take a bit of Meat
In Town with me,
You there ſhall ſee
How we poor Courtiers eat.
Rog. Tit for tat; that was friendly.
Eſop. *There needed no more Invitation*
To e'er a Country 'Squire i'th' Nation:
Exactly to the time he came,
Punctual as Woman when ſhe meets
A Man between a pair of Sheets,
As good a Stomach, and as little Shame.
Rog. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
Eſop. *To ſay the Truth, he found good Chear,*
With Wine, inſtead of Ale and Beer:
But juſt as they ſat down to eat,
Came bouncing in a hungry Cat.
Rog. O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!
Eſop. *The nimble Courtier ſkipt from Table,*
The 'Squire leapt too, as he was able:
It can't be ſaid that they were beat,
It was no more than a Retreat;
Which when an Army, not to fight
By Day-light, runs away by Night,
Was ever judg'd a great and glorious Feat.
Rog. Ever ever, ever.
Eſop. *The Cat retir'd, our Gueſts return,*
The Danger paſt becomes their Scorn,
They fall to eating as before,
The Butler rumbles at the Door.

Rog

Rog. Good Lord!

Eſop. *To Boot and Saddle again they found:*

Rog. Ta ra, tan tan ta ra, ra ra tan ta ra.

Eſop. *They frown, as they wou'd ſtand their Ground,*
But (like ſome of our Friends) they found
'Twas ſafer much to ſcour.

Rog. Tantive, Tantive, Tantive, &c.

Eſop. *At length the 'Squire, who hated Arms,*
Was ſo perplext with theſe Alarms,
He roſe up in a kind of Heat,
Udſwookers, quoth he, with all your Meat,
I will maintain, a Diſh of Peaſe,
A Ratliſh, and a Slice of Cheeſe,
With a good Deſert of Eaſe,
Is much a better Treat.
However,
Since every Man ſhou'd have his due,
I own, Sir, I'm oblig'd to you
For your Intentions at your Board:
But Pox upon your courtly Crew——

Rog. Amen, I pray the Lord. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Now the De'el cuckold me if this Story be not worth a Sermon. Give me your Hond, Sir.——If it had na' been for your friendly Advice, I was going to be Fool enough to be Secretary of State.

Eſop. Well, go thy ways home, and be wiſer for the future.

Rog. And ſo I will: For that ſame Mauſe, your Friend, was a witty Perſon, gadſbudlikins! and ſo our Wife *Joan* ſhall know: For between you and I, 'tis ſhe has put me upon going to Court. Sir, ſhe has been ſo praud, ſo ſaucy, ſo rampant, ever ſince I brought her home a lac'd Pinner, and a pink-colour'd pair of Shoe-ſtrings, from *Tickledowne* Fair, the Parſon o'th' Pariſh can't rule her; and that you'll ſay's much. But ſo much for that. Naw I thank you for your good Counſel, honeſt little Gentleman; and to ſhew you that I'ſe not ungrateful—give me your Hond once more—If you'll take the pains but to walk dawne to our Towne—a Word in

your Ear——I'ſe ſend you ſo drunk whome again, you ſhall remember friendly *Roger* as long as you have Breath in your Body. [*Exit* Roger.

Eſop ſolus.

Farewel; what I both envy and deſpiſe!
Thy Happineſs and Ignorance provoke me.
How noble were the thing call'd Knowledge,
Did it but lead us to a Bliſs like thine!
But there's a ſecret Curſe in Wiſdom's Train,
Which on its Pleaſures ſtamps perpetual Pain;
And makes the wiſe Man Loſer by his Gain. [*Exit.*

A C T III.

Enter Eſop.

Eſop. WHO waits there? [*Enter Servant.*
If there be any body that has Buſineſs with me, let 'em in.

Serv. Yes, Sir. [*Exit Serv.*

Enter Quaint, *who ſtands at a diſtance, making a great many fawning Bows.*

Eſop. Well, Friend, who are you?

Quaint. My Name's *Quaint*, Sir, the profoundeſt of all your Honour's humble Servants.

Eſop. And what may your Buſineſs be with me, Sir?

Quaint. My Buſineſs, Sir, with every Man, is firſt of all to do him Service.

Eſop. And your next is, I ſuppoſe, to be paid for't twice as much as 'tis worth.

Quaint. Your Honour's moſt obedient humble Servant.

Eſop. Well, Sir, but upon what Account am I going to be oblig'd to you?

Quaint.

Quaint. Sir, I'm a Genealogiſt.

Eſop. A Genealogiſt!

Quaint. At your Service, Sir.

Eſop. So, Sir?

Quaint. Sir, I am inform'd from common Fame, as well as from ſome little private familiar Intelligence, that your Wiſdom is entring into Treaty with the *Primum Mobile* of Good and Evil, a fine Lady. I have travell'd, Sir; I have read, Sir; I have conſider'd, Sir; and I find, Sir, that the Nature of a fine Lady is to be ——a fine Lady, Sir; a fine Lady's a fine Lady, Sir, all the World over;—— ſhe loves a fine Houſe, fine Furniture, fine Clothes, fine Liveries, fine Petticoats, fine Smocks; and if ſhe ſtops there—ſhe's a fine Lady indeed, Sir. But to come to my Point. It being the *Lydian* Cuſtom, that the fair Bride ſhould be preſented on her Wedding-day with ſomething that may ſignify the Merit and the Worth of her dread Lord and Maſter, I thought the noble *Eſop*'s Pedigree might be the welcom'ſt Gift that he could offer. If his Honour be of the ſame Opinion——I'll ſpeak a bold Word—there's ne'er a Herald in all *Aſia* ſhall put better Blood in his Veins, than—Sir, your humble Servant, *Jacob Quaint.*

Eſop. Doſt thou then know my Father, Friend? For I proteſt to thee I am a Stranger to him.

Quaint. Your Father, Sir? Ha, ha! I know every Man's Father, Sir; and every Man's Grandfather, and every Man's Great Grandfather. Why, Sir, I'm a Herald by Nature, my Mother was a *Welchwoman.*

Eſop. A *Welchwoman?* Pr'ythee of what Country is that?

Quaint. That, Sir, is a Country in the World's Backſide, where every Man is born a Gentleman and a Genealogiſt. Sir, I cou'd tell my Mother's Pedigree before I could ſpeak plain; which, to ſhew you the Depth of my Art, and the Strength of my Memory, I'll trundle you down in an inſtant. *Noah* had three Sons, *Shem, Ham,* and *Japhet*; *Shem*——

Eſop. Hold, I conjure thee, in the Name of all thy Anceſtors.

Quaint. Sir, I cou'd take it higher, but I begin at *Noah* for brevity's ſake.

Eſop. No more on't, I intreat thee.

Quaint. Your Honour's impatient, perhaps, to hear your own Deſcent. *A Word to the wiſe is enough.* Hem, hem! *Solomon*, the wiſe King of *Judea*——

Eſop Hold, once more!

Quaint. Ha, ha! Your Honour's modeſt, but—— *Solomon*, the wiſe King of *Judea*——

Eſop. Was my Anceſtor, was he not?

Quaint. He was, my Lord, which no one ſure can doubt, who obſerves how much of Prince there hangs about you.

Eſop. What! Is't in my Mien?

Quaint. You have ſomething——wondrous noble in your Air.

Eſop. Perſonable too; view me well.

Quaint. N——not Tall; but Majeſtick.

Eſop. My Shape?

Quaint. A World of Symmetry in it.

Eſop. The Lump upon my Back?

Quaint. N——not regular; but agreeable.

Eſop. Now by my Honeſty thou art a Villain, Herald. But Flattery's a Thruſt I never fail to parry. 'Tis a Paſs thou ſhould'ſt reſerve for young Fencers; with Feints like thoſe they're to be hit: I do not doubt but thou haſt found it ſo; haſt not?

Quaint. I muſt confeſs, Sir, I have ſometimes made 'em bleed by't. But I hope your Honour will pleaſe to excuſe me, ſince, to ſpeak the Truth, I get my Bread by't, and maintain my Wife and Children: And Induſtry, you know, Sir, is a commendable Thing. Beſides, Sir, I have debated the Buſineſs a little with my Conſcience; for I'm like the reſt of my Neighbours, I'd willingly get Money, and be ſav'd too, if the Thing may be done upon any reaſonable Terms: And ſo, Sir, I ſay, to quiet my Conſcience, I have found out at laſt, that Flattery is a Duty.

Eſop. A Duty!

Quaint. Ay, Sir, a Duty: For the Duty of all Men is

into make one another paſs their time as pleaſantly as they can. Now, Sir, here's a young Lord, who has a great deal of Land, a great deal of Title, a great deal of Meat, a great deal of Noiſe, a great many Servants, and a great many Diſeaſes. I find him very dull, very reſtleſs, tir'd with Eaſe, cloy'd with Plenty, a Burden to himſelf, and a Plague to his Family. I begin to flatter: He ſprings off of the Couch; turns himſelf round in the Glaſs; finds all I ſay true; cuts a Caper a yard high; his Blood trickles round his Veins; his Heart's as light as his Heels; and before I leave him——his Purſe is as empty as his Head. So we both are content; for we part much happier than we met.

Eſop. Admirable Rogue! What doſt thou think of Murder and of Rape, are not they Duties too? Wert not for ſuch vile fawning Things as thou art, young Nobles wou'd not long be what they are: They'd grow aſham'd of Luxury and Eaſe, and rouſe up the old Spirit of their Fathers; leave the purſuit of a poor frightned Hare, and make their Foes to tremble in their ſtead; furniſh their Heads with Sciences and Arts, and fill their Hearts with Honour, Truth and Friendſhip; be generous to ſome, and juſt to all; drive home their Creditors with Bags of Gold, inſtead of chaſing 'em away with Swords and Staves; be faithful to their King and Country both, and ſtab the Officer of a Bribe from either; bluſh even at a wandering Thought of Vice, and boldly own they durſt be Friends to Virtue; trembling at nothing but the Frowns of Heaven, and be no more aſham'd of Him that made 'em.

Quaint. [*aſide.*] If I ſtand to hear this Crump preach a little longer, I ſhall be Fool enough perhaps to be bubbled out of my Livelyhood, and ſo loſe a Bird in the Hand for two in the Buſh. Sir, ſince I have not been able to bring you to a good Opinion of yourſelf, 'tis very probable I ſhall ſcarce prevail with you to have one of me. But if you pleaſe to do me the favour to forget me, I ſhall ever acknowledge myſelf——Sir, your moſt obedient, faithful, humble Servant.

Eſop. Hold; if I let thee go, and give thee nothing,

thou'lt be apt to grumble at me; and therefore—who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Quaint. [*aside.*] I don't like his Looks, by Gad.

Eſop. I'll preſent thee with a Token of my Love.

Quaint. A—another time, Sir, will do as well.

Eſop. No; I love to be out of Debt, tho' 'tis being out of the Faſhion. So, d'ye hear! Give this honeſt Gentleman half a ſcore good Strokes on the Back with a Cudgel.

Quaint. By no means in the World, Sir.

Eſop. Indeed, Sir, you ſhall take 'em.

Quaint. Sir, I don't merit half your Bounty.

Eſop. O 'tis but a Trifle!

Quaint. Your Generoſity makes me bluſh.

[*Looking about to make his Eſcape.*

Eſop. That's your Modeſty, Sir.

Quaint. Sir, you are pleaſed to compliment. But a——twenty Pedigrees for a clear Coaſt.

[*Running off, the Servant after him.*

Eſop. Wait upon him down Stairs, Fellow; I'd do't myſelf, were I but nimble enough; but he makes haſte, to avoid Ceremony.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Lady in great haſte, deſires to ſpeak with you.

Eſop. Let her come in.

Enter Aminta, *weeping.*

Amin. O Sir, if you don't help me, I'm undone.

Eſop. What, what's the Matter, Lady?

Amin. My Daughter, Sir, my Daughter's run away with a filthy Fellow.

Eſop. A ſlippery Trick indeed!

Amin. For Heaven's ſake, Sir, ſend immediately to purſue 'em, and ſeize 'em. But 'tis in vain, 'twill be too late, 'twill be too late; I'll warrant at this very Moment they are got together in a Room with a Couch in't; all's gone, all's gone; tho' 'twere made of Gold, 'tis loſt: Oh!

Ah! my Honour, my Honour. A forward Girl ſhe was always; I ſaw it in her Eyes the very Day of her Birth.

Eſop. That indeed was early; but how do you know ſhe's gone with a Fellow?

Amin. I have e'en her own inſolent Hand-writing for't: Sir, take but the pains to read what a Letter ſhe has left me.

Eſop. Reads.

I love and am belov'd, and that's the Reaſon I run away.

Short, but ſignificant!——*I'm ſure there's no Body knows better than your Ladyſhip what Allowances are to be made to Fleſh and Blood; I therefore hope this from your Juſtice, that what you have done three Times yourſelf, you'll pardon once in your Daughter.* The Dickens!

Amin. Now, Sir, what do you think of the Buſineſs?

Eſop. Why truly, Lady, I think it one of the moſt natural Buſineſſes I have met with a great while. I'll tell you a Story.

A Crab-fiſh once her Daughter told,
(In Terms that ſavour'd much of Scold)
She cou'd not bear to ſee her go
Sidle, ſidle, to and fro:
The Devil's in the Wench, quoth ſhe,
When ſo much Money has been paid
To poliſh you like me,
It makes me almoſt mad to ſee
Y'are ſtill ſo awkward, an ungainly Jade.
Her Daughter ſmil'd, and look'd a-ſkew;
She anſwer'd (for to give her her due)
Pertly, as moſt Folks Daughters do:
Madam, your Ladyſhip, quoth ſhe,
Is pleas'd to blame in me
What, on Enquiry, you may find,
Admits a paſſable Excuſe,
From a Proverb much in uſe,
That Cat will after kind.

Amin. Sir, I took you to be a Man better bred, than to liken a Lady to a Crab-fiſh.

Eſop. What I want in Good-breeding, Lady, I have in Truth and Honeſty: As what you have wanted in Virtue, you have had in a good Face.

Amin. Have had, Sir! What I have had, I have ſtill; and ſhall have a great while, I hope. I'm no Grandmother, Sir.

Eſop. But in a fair way for't, Madam.

Amin. Thanks to my Daughter's Forwardneſs then, not my Years. I'd have you to know, Sir, I have never a Wrinkle in my Face. A young pert Slut! who'd think ſhe ſhou'd know ſo much at her Age?

Eſop. Good Maſters make quick Scholars, Lady; ſhe has learn'd her Exerciſe from you.

Amin. But where's the Remedy, Sir?

Eſop. In trying if a good Example will reclaim her, as an ill one has debauch'd her. Live private, and avoid Scandal.

Amin. Never ſpeak it; I can no more retire, than I can go to Church twice on a Sunday.

Eſop. What, your youthful Blood boils in your Veins, I'll warrant?

Amin. I have Warmth enough to endure the Air, old Gentleman. I need not ſhut myſelf up in a Houſe theſe twenty Years.

Eſop. [*aſide.*] She takes a long Leaſe of Lewdneſs: She'll be an admirable Tenant to Luſt.

Amin. [*walking haſtily to and fro.*] People think when a Woman is turn'd Forty, ſhe's old enough to turn out of the World: But I ſay, when a Woman is turn'd Forty, ſhe's old enough to have more Wit. The moſt can be ſaid is, her Face is the worſe for wearing: I'll anſwer for all the reſt of her Fabrick. The Men wou'd be to be pity'd, by my troth, wou'd they, if we ſhou'd quit the Stage, and leave 'em nothing but a parcel of young pert Sluts, that neither know how to ſpeak Senſe, nor keep themſelves clean. But, don't let 'em fear, we a'n't going yet——[Eſop *ſtares upon her, and as ſhe turns from him, runs off the Stage.*] How now! What left alone! An unmannerly Piece of Deformity! Methinks he might have had Senſe enough to have made Love to me. But

I have

I have found Men ſtrangely dull for the laſt ten or twelve Years: Sure they'll mend in Time, or the World won't be worth living in.

For let Philoſophers ſay all they can,
The Source of Women's Joys is plac'd in Man. [Exit.

Enter Learchus *and* Euphronia, Doris *following at a Diſtance.*

Lear. to Euph. I muſt tell you, Miſtreſs, I'm too mild with you; Parents ſhou'd never intreat their Children, nor will I hereafter. Therefore, in a Word, let *Eſop* be lov'd, let *Oronces* be hated; let one be a Peacock, let t'other be a Bat: I'm Father, you are Daughter; I command, and you ſhall obey.

Euph. I never yet did otherwiſe; nor ſhall I now, Sir; but pray let Reaſon guide you.

Lear. So it does: But 'tis my own, not yours, Huſſy.

Dor. Ah—Well, I'll ſay no more; but were I in her Place, by the Maſs, I'd have a tug for't.

Lear. Dæmon, born to diſtract me! Whence art thou, in the Name of Fire and Brimſtone? Have I not ſatisfy'd thee? Have I not paid thee what's thy due? And have not I turn'd thee out of Doors, with Orders never more to ſtride my Threſhold, ha? Anſwer, abominable Spirit; what is't that makes thee haunt me?

Dor. A fooliſh Paſſion to do you good, in ſpite of your Teeth: Pox on me for my Zeal, I ſay.

Lear. And Pox on thee. and thy Zeal too, I ſay.

Dor. Now if it were not for her Sake more than for yours, I'd leave all to your own Management, to be reveng'd of you. But rather than I'll ſee that ſweet Thing ſacrificed—I'll play the Devil in your Houſe.

Lear. Patience, I ſummon thee to my Aid.

Dor. Paſſion, I defy thee; to the laſt Drop of my Blood I'll maintain my Ground. What have you to charge me with? Speak! I love your Child better than you do, and you can't bear that, ha? Is't not ſo? Nay, 'tis well y'are aſham'd on't; there's ſome Sign of Grace ſtill. Look you, Sir, in a few Words, you'll make me mad;

mad; and 'twere enough to make any Body mad (who has Brains enough to be ſo) to ſee ſo much Virtue ſhipwreck'd at the very Port. The World never ſaw a Virgin better qualify'd; ſo witty, ſo diſcreet, ſo modeſt, ſo chaſte: in a Word, I brought her up myſelf, and 'twould be the Death of me to ſee ſo virtuous a Maid become a lewd Wife; which is the uſual Effect of Parents Pride and Covetouſneſs.

Lear. How, Strumpet! wou'd any Thing be able to debauch my Daughter?

Dor. Your Daughter! Yes, your Daughter, dan myſelf into the Bargain: A Woman's but a Woman; and I'll lay a hundred Pound on Nature's ſide. Come, Sir, few Words diſpatch Buſineſs. Let who will be the Wife of *Eſop*, ſhe's a Fool, or he's a Cuckold. But you'll never have a true Notion of this Matter, till you ſuppoſe yourſelf in your Daughter's Place. As thus: You are a pretty, ſoft, warm, wiſhing young Lady: I'm a ſtraight, proper, handſome, vigorous, young Fellow. You have a peeviſh, poſitive, covetous, old Father, and he forces you to marry a little, lean, crooked, dry, ſapleſs Huſband. This Huſband's gone abroad, you are left at home. I make you a Viſit; and you all alone: the Servant pulls to the Door; the Devil comes in at the Window. I begin to wheedle, you begin to melt: you like my Perſon, and therefore believe all I ſay: ſo firſt I make you an Atheiſt, and then I make you a Whore. Thus the World goes, Sir.

Lear. Pernicious Peſtilence! Has not thy eternal Tongue run down its Larum yet?

Dor. Yes.

Lear. Then go out of my Houſe, Abomination.

Dor. I'll not ſtir a Foot.

Lear. Who waits there? Bring me my great Stick.

Dor. Bring you a Stick! Bring you a Head-piece: That you'd call for, if you knew your own wants.

Lear. Death and Furies, the Devil and ſo forth! I ſhall run diſtracted.

Euph. Pray, Sir, don't be ſo angry at her. I'm ſure ſhe means well, tho' ſhe may have an odd way of expreſſing herſelf.

Lear.

Lear. What, you like her meaning? Who doubts it, Offspring of *Venus?* But I'll make you ſtay your Stomach with Meat of my chuſing, you liquoriſh young Baggage you. In a Word, *Eſop*'s the Man; and tomorrow he ſhall be your Lord and Maſter. But ſince he can't be ſatisfied unleſs he has your Heart, as well as all the reſt of your Trumpery, let me ſee you receive him in ſuch a Manner that he may think himſelf your Choice as well as mine; 'twill make him eſteem your Judgment. For we uſually gueſs at other People's Underſtandings, by their approving our Actions and liking our Faces. See here, the great Man comes! [*To* Dor.] Follow me, Inſolence; and leave 'em to expreſs their Paſſion to each other. [*To* Euph.] Remember my laſt Word to you is, Obey.

Dor. [*to* Euph. *aſide.*] And remember my laſt Advice to you is, Rebel. [*Exit* Lear. Dor. *following him.*

Euph. Alas, I'm good-natured; the laſt Thing that's ſaid to me uſually leaves the deepeſt Impreſſion.

Enter Eſop; *they ſtand ſome Time without ſpeaking.*

Eſop.——They ſay, That Lovers, for want of Words, have Eyes to ſpeak with. I'm afraid you do not underſtand the Language of mine, ſince yours, I find, will make no Anſwer to 'em. But I muſt tell you, Lady, there is a numerous Train of youthful Virgins, that are endow'd with Wealth and Beauty too, who yet have thought it worth their Pains and Care to point their Darts at *Eſop*'s homely Breaſt; whilſt you ſo much contemn what they purſue, that a young ſenſeleſs Fop's preferr'd before me.

Euph. Did you but know that Fop you dare to term ſo; his very Looks wou'd fright you into nothing.

Eſop. A very Bauble.

Euph. How!

Eſop. A Butterfly.

Euph. I can't bear it.

Eſop. A Parroquet can prattle and look gaudy.

Euph. It may be ſo; but let me paint him and you in

in your proper Colours, I'll do it exactly, and you ſhall judge which I ought to chuſe.

Eſop. No, hold; I'm naturally not over-curious; beſides, 'tis Pride makes People have their Pictures drawn.

Euph. Upon my Word, Sir, you may have yours taken a hundred times before any Body will believe 'tis done upon that Account.

Eſop. [*aſide.*] How ſevere ſhe is upon me! You are reſolv'd then to perſiſt, and be fond of your Feather; ſigh for a Perriwig, and die for a Cravat-String.

Euph. Methinks, Sir, you might treat with more reſpect what I've thought fit to own I value; your Affronts to him are doubly ſuch to me; if you continue your provoking Language, you muſt expect my Tongue will ſally too, and if you are as wiſe as ſome would make you, you can't but know I ſhou'd have Theme enough.

Eſop. But is it poſſible you can love ſo much as you pretend?

Euph. Why do you queſtion it?

Eſop. Becauſe Nobody loves ſo much as they pretend: But hark you, young Lady: Marriage is to laſt a long, long Time; and where one Couple bleſs the ſacred Knot, a Train of Wretches curſe the Inſtitution. You are in an Age where Hearts are young and tender; a pleaſing Object gets Admittance ſoon. But ſince to Marriage there's annexed this dreadful Word, *For ever*, the following Example ought to move you:

A Peacock once, of ſplendid ſhow,
Gay, gaudy, foppiſh, vain——a Beau,
Attack'd a fond young Pheaſant's Heart
With ſuch Succeſs,
He pleas'd her, tho' he made her ſmart;
He pierc'd her with ſo much Addreſs,
She ſmil'd the Moment that he ſixt his Dart.
A Cuckow in a neighbouring Tree,
Rich, honeſt, ugly, old——like me,
Lov'd her as he lov'd his Life:

No

No pamper'd Prieſt e'er ſtudy'd more
To make a virtuous Nun a Whore,
Than he to get her for his Wife:
But all his Offers ſtill were vain,
His Limbs were weak, his Face was plain;
Beauty, Youth, and Vigour weigh'd
With the warm deſiring Maid:
No Bird, ſhe cry'd, wou'd ſerve her turn,
But what cou'd quench as well as burn;
She'd have a young Gallant: ſo one ſhe had.
But 'ere a Month was come and gone,
The Bride began to change her tone,
She found a young Gallant was an inconſtant one.
She wander'd to a neighbouring Grove,
Where after muſing long on Love,
She told her Confidant, ſhe found,
When for one's Life one muſt be bound,
(Tho' Youth indeed was a delicious Bait)
An aged Husband, rich, tho' plain,
Wou'd give a ſlaviſh Wife leſs Pain;
And, what was more, was ſooner ſlain,
Which was a Thing of Weight.

Behold, young Lady, here, the Cuckow of the Fable; I'm deform'd, 'tis true, yet I have found the Means to make a Figure amongſt Men, that well has recompens'd the Wrongs of Nature; my Rival's Beauty promiſes you much; perhaps my homely Form might yield you more; at leaſt, conſider on't, 'tis worth your Thought.

Euph. I muſt confeſs, my Fortune wou'd be greater; But what's a Fortune to a Heart like mine? 'Tis true, I'm but a young Philoſopher, Yet in that little Space my Glaſs has run, I've ſpent ſome Time in ſearch of Happineſs: The fond Purſuit I ſoon obſerv'd of Riches, Inclin'd me to enquire into their Worth: I found their Value was not in themſelves, But in their Power to grant what we cou'd aſk. I then proceeded to my own Deſires, To know what State of Life wou'd ſuit with them: I found 'em moderate in their Demands, They

They neither aſk'd for Title, State, or Power:
They ſlighted the aſpiring Poſt of Envy:
'Tis true, they trembled at the Name Contempt;
A general Eſteem was all they wiſh'd;
And that I did not doubt might be obtain'd,
If furniſh'd but with Virtue and Good-nature;
My Fortune prov'd ſufficient to afford me
Conveniencies of Life, and Independence.
This, Sir, was the Reſult of my Enquiry;
And by this Scheme of Happineſs I build,
When I prefer the Man I love to you.

Eſop. How wiſe, how witty, and how cleanly, young Women grow, as ſoon as ever they are in love!

Euph. How ſopiſh, how impertinent, and how nauſeous are old Men, when they pretend to be ſo too!

Eſop. How pert is Youth!

Euph. How dull is Age!

Eſop. Why ſo ſharp, young Lady?

Euph. Why ſo blunt, old Gentleman?

Eſop. 'Tis enough; I'll to your Father, I know how to deal with him, though I don't know how to deal with you. Before to-morrow Noon, Damſel, Wife ſhall be written on your Brow. [*Exit* Eſop.

Euph. Then before to-morrow Night, Stateſman, Huſband ſhall be ſtampt upon your Forehead.

[*Exit* Euph.

ACT IV.

Enter Oronces *and* Doris.

Dor. PAtience, I beſeech you.

Oron. Patience! What, and ſee that lovely Creature thrown into the Arms of that pedantick Monſter! 'Sdeath, I'd rather ſee the World reduc'd to A'ms, Mankind turn'd into Crawfiſh, and myſelf an old Woman.

Dor.

Dor. So you think an old Woman a very unfortunate thing, I find; but you are miſtaken, Sir; ſhe may plague other Folks, but ſhe's as entertaining to herſelf, as any one Part of the Creation.

Oron. [*walking to and fro.*] She's the Devil——and I'm one of the damn'd, I think. But I'll make ſomebody howl for't; I will ſo.

Dor. You'll e'en do as all the young Fellows in the Town do, ſpoil your own Sport: Ah——had young Mens Shoulders but old Courtiers Heads upon 'em, what a delicious Time wou'd they have on't! For ſhame, be wiſe; for your Miſtreſs's ſake at leaſt uſe ſome Caution.

Oron. For her ſake I'll reſpect, even like a Deity, her Father. He ſhall ſtrike me, he ſhall tread upon me, and find me humbler even than a crawling Worm, for I'll not turn again; but for *Eſop*, that unfiniſh'd Lump, that Chaos of Humanity, I'll uſe him——nay, expect it, for I'll do it——the firſt Moment that I'll ſee him, I'll——

Dor. Not challenge him, I hope——'Twould be a pretty ſight, truly, to ſee *Eſop* drawn up in Battalia! Fye for ſhame, be wiſe once in your Life; think of gaining Time, by putting off the Marriage for a Day or two, and not of waging War with a Pigmy. Yonder's the old Gentleman walking by himſelf in the Gallery; go and wheedle him, you know his weak ſide; he's good-natur'd in the bottom. Stir up his old fatherly Bowels a little, I'll warrant you'll move him at laſt: go, get you gone, and play your Part diſcreetly.

Oron. Well, I'll try; but if Words won't do with one, Blows ſhall with t'other; by Heavens, they ſhall.

[*Exit.* Oron.

Doris ſola.

Nay, I reckon we ſhall have rare work on't bye and bye. Shield us, kind Heaven! what Things are Men in love? Now they are Stocks and Stones; then they are Fire and Quick-ſilver; firſt whining and crying, then ſwearing and damning: This Moment they are in Love, and next Moment they are out of Love: Ah——cou'd we but live without 'em——but 'tis in vain to think on't. [*Exit.*]

Enter

Enter Eſop *at one ſide of the Stage, Mrs.* Forge-will *at t'other.*

Forg. Sir, I'm your moſt devoted Servant! What I ſay is no Compliment, I do aſſure you.

Eſop. Madam, as far as you are really mine, I believe I may venture to aſſure you, I am yours.

Forg. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you know that I'm a Widow.

Eſop. Madam, I don't ſo much as know you are a Woman.

Forg. O ſurprizing! Why, I thought the whole Town had known it. Sir, I have been a Widow this Twelvemonth.

Eſop. If a Body may gueſs at your Heart by your Petticoat, Lady, you don't deſign to be ſo a Twelvemonth more.

Forg. O bleſs me! Not a Twelvemonth! Why, my Huſband has left me four ſqualling Brats. Beſides, Sir, I'm undone.

Eſop. You ſeem as chearful an undone Lady as I have met with.

Forg. Alas, Sir, I have too great a Spirit ever to let Afflictions ſpoil my Face. Sir, I'll tell you my Condition; and that will lead me to my Buſineſs with you. Sir, my Huſband was a Scriviner.

Eſop. The deuce he was: I thought he had been a Count, at leaſt.

Forg. Sir, it is not the firſt Time I have been taken for a Counteſs; my Mother us'd to ſay, as I lay in my Cradle, I had the Air of a Woman of Quality; and truly I have always liv'd like ſuch. My Huſband, indeed, had ſomething ſneaking in him (as moſt Huſbands have, you know, Sir); but, from the Moment I ſet Foot in his Houſe, bleſs me, what a Change was there! His Pewter was turn'd into Silver, his Goloſhoes into a Glaſs Coach, and his little travelling Mare into a Pair of *Flanders* Horſes. Inſtead of a greaſy Cook-maid to wait at Table, I had four tall Footmen in clean Linen; all Things became new and faſhionable, and nothing look'd aukward in my Family. My Furniture

was

was the wonder of my Neighbourhood, and my Clothes the Admiration of the whole Town; I had a Necklace that was envy'd by the Queen, and a Pair of Pendants that fet a Dutcheſs a-crying. In a Word, I ſaw nothing lik'd but I bought it; and my Huſband, good Man, durſt ne'er refuſe paying for't. Thus I liv'd, and I flouriſh'd, till he ſicken'd and dy'd: but ere he was cold in his Grave, his Creditors plunder'd my Houſe. But, what pity it was to ſee Fellows with dirty Shoes come into my beſt Rooms, and touch my Hangings with their filthy Fingers! You won't blame me, Sir, if, with all my Courage, I weep at this ſenſible Part of my Misfortune.

Eſop. A very ſad Story, truly!

Forg. But now, Sir, to my Buſineſs. Having been inform'd this Morning, That the King has appointed a great Sum of Money for the Marriage of young Women who have liv'd well, and are fallen to decay, I am come to acquaint you I have two ſtrapping Daughters, juſt fit for the Matter, and to deſire you'll help 'em to Portions out of the King's Bounty; that they mayn't whine and pine, and be eaten up with the Green-ſickneſs, as half the young Women in the Town are, or wou'd be, if there were not more Helps for the Diſeaſe than one. This, Sir, is my Buſineſs.

Eſop. And this, Madam, is my Anſwer:

A crawling Toad, all ſpeckled o'er,
Vain, gaudy, painted, patch'd——a Whore,
Seeing a well-fed Ox hard by,
Regards him with an envious Eye,
And (as the Poets tell)
Ye Gods, I cannot bear't, quoth ſhe,
I'll burſt, or be as big as he,
And ſo began to ſwell.
Her Friends and Kindred round her came,
They ſhew'd her ſhe was much to blame,
The Thing was out of reach.
She told 'em they were buſy Folk,
And when her Husband wou'd have ſpoke,
She bid him kiſs her Br——. *With*

With that they all e'en gave her o'er,
And ſhe perſiſted as before,
Till with a deal of Strife
She ſwell'd at laſt ſo much her Spleen,
She burſt like one that we have ſeen,
Who was a Scrivener's Wife.

This, Widow, I take to be your Caſe, and that of a great many others; for this is an Age where moſt People get Falls, by clambering too high, to reach at what they ſhould not do. The Shoemaker's Wife reduces her Huſband to a Cobler, by endeavouring to be as ſpruce as the Taylor's: The Taylor's brings hers to a Botcher, by going as fine as the Mercer's: The Mercer's lowers hers to a Foreman, by perking up to the Merchant's: The Merchant's wears hers to a Broker, by ſtrutting up to Quality: And Quality bring theirs to nothing, by ſtriving to outdo one another. If Women were humbler, Men wou'd be honeſter. Pride brings Want, Want makes Rogues, Rogues come to be hang'd, and the Devil alone's the Gainer. Go your ways home, Woman; and as your Huſband maintain'd you by his Pen, maintain yourſelf by your Needle; put your great Girls to ſervice, Imployment will keep them honeſt; much Work and plain Diet will cure the Green-Sickneſs as well as a Huſband———

Forg. Why, you pityful Pigmy; preaching, canting, Pickthank; you little, ſorry, crooked, dry, wither'd Eunuch, do you know that———

Eſop. I know that I'm ſo deform'd you h án't Wit enough to deſcribe me: But I have this good Quality, That a fooliſh Woman can never make me angry.

Forg. Can't ſhe ſo? I'll try that, I will. [*She falls upon him, holds his Hands, and boxes his Ears.*

Eſop. Help, help, help.

Enter Servants. She runs off, they after her.

Eſop. Nay, e'en let her go——let her go——don't bring her back again——I'm for making a Bridge of Gold for my Enemy to retreat upon——I'm quite out of Breath———A terrible Woman, I proteſt.

Enter

Enter a Country Gentleman drunk, in a hunting Dreſs, with a Huntſman, Groom, Falconer, and other Servants; one leading a couple of Hounds, another Grey-hounds, a third a Spaniel, a fourth a Gun upon his Shoulder, the Falconer a Hawk upon his Fiſt, &c.

Gent. Haux, haux, haux, haux, haux! Joular, there Boy, Joular, Joular, Tinker, Pedlar, Miſs, Miſs, Miſs, Miſs——Blood and Oons——O there he is; that muſt be he, I have ſeen his Picture [*Reeling upon* Eſop]. Sir,——if your Name's *Eſop*——I'm your humble Servant.

Eſop. Sir, my Name is *Eſop*, at your Service.

Gent. Why then, Sir——Compliments being paſt on both ſides, with your leave——we'll proceed to Buſineſs. Sir, I'm by Profeſſion——a Gentleman of——three thouſand Pounds a Year——Sir, I keep a good Pack of Hounds, a good Stable of Horſes. [*To his Groom.*] How many Horſes have I, Sirrah?——Sir, this is my Groom. [*Preſenting him to* Eſop.

Groom. Your Worſhip has ſix Coach-horſes, (Cut and Long-Tail) two Runners, half a dozen Hunters, four breeding Mares, and two blind Stallions, beſides Pads, Routs, and Dog-Horſes.

Gent. Look you there, Sir, I ſcorn to tell a Lye. He that queſtions my Honour——he's a Son of a Whore. But to Buſineſs——Having heard, Sir, that you were come to this Town, I have taken the Pains to come hither too, tho' I had a great deal of Buſineſs upon my Hands, for I have appointed three *Juſtices of the Peace* to hunt with 'em this Morning——and be drunk with 'em in the Afternoon. But the main Chance muſt be look'd to——and that's this——I deſire, Sir, you'll tell the King from me——I don't like theſe Taxes——in one Word, as well as in twenty——I don't like theſe Taxes.

Eſop. Pray, Sir, how high may you be tax'd?

Gent. How high may I be tax'd, Sir! Why I may be tax'd, Sir——four Shillings in the Pound, Sir; one half I pay in Money——and t'other half I pay in Perjury, Sir: Hey,

Hey, Joular, Joular, Joular, Haux, haux, haux, haux, haux. Hoo, hoo——Here's the beſt Hound-bitch in *Europe*——Oons is ſhe. And I had rather kiſs her than kiſs my Wife——Rot me if I had not——But, Sir, I don't like theſe Taxes.

Eſop. Why how wou'd you have the War carried on?

Gent. War carried on, Sir!——Why, I had rather have no War carried on at all, Sir, than pay Taxes. I don't deſire to be ruin'd, Sir.

Eſop. Why you ſay, you have three thouſand Pounds a Year.

Gent. And ſo I have, Sir——*Lett-Acre!*——Sir, this is my Steward. How much Land have I, *Lett-Acre?*

Lett-Acre. Your Warſhip has three thouſand Paunds a Year, as good Land as any's i'th' Caunty; and two thouſand Paunds worth of Wood to cut dawne at your Worſhip's Pleaſure, and put the Money in your Pocket.

Gent. Look you there, Sir, what have you to ſay to that?

Eſop. I have to ſay, Sir, that you may pay your Taxes in Money, inſtead of Perjury, and ſtill have a better Revenue than I'm afraid you deſerve. What Service do you do your King, Sir?

Gent. None at all, Sir—I'm above it.

Eſop. What Service may you do your Country, pray?

Gent. I'm Juſtice of the Peace——and Captain of the Militia.

Eſop. Of what uſe are you to your Kindred?

Gent. I'm the Head of the Family, and have all the Eſtate.

Eſop. What Good do you do your Neighbours?

Gent. I give them their Bellies full of Beef every time they come to ſee me; and make 'em ſo drunk, they ſpew it up again before they go away.

Eſop. How do you uſe your Tenants?

Gent. Why, I ſkrew up their Rents till they break and run away, and if I catch 'em again, I let 'em rot in a Goal.

Eſop. How do you treat your Wife?

Gent

Gent. I treat her all Day with Ill-nature and Tobacco, and all Night with ſnoring and a dirty Shirt.

Æſop. How do you breed your Children?

Gent. I breed my eldeſt Son——a Fool; my youngeſt breed themſelves, and my Daughters———have no Breeding at all.

Æſop. 'Tis very well, Sir; I ſhall be ſure to ſpeak to the King of you; or if you think fit to remonſtrate to him, by way of Petition or Addreſs, how reaſonable it may be to let Men of your Importance go Scot-free, in the Time of a neceſſary War, I'll deliver it in Council, and ſpeak to it as I ought.

Gent. Why, Sir, I don't diſapprove your Advice, but my Clerk is not here, and I can't ſpell well.

Æſop. You may get it writ at your leiſure, and ſend it me. But becauſe you are not much uſed to draw up Addreſſes, perhaps; I'll tell you in general what kind of one this ought to be.

May it pleaſe your Majeſty——

To the Gent.] You'll excuſe me, if I don't know your Name and Title.

Gent. Sir *Polydorus Hogſtye*, of *Beaſt-Hall* in *Swine-County*.

Æſop. Very well.

May it pleaſe your Majeſty; Polydorus Hogſtye, *of* Beaſt-hall *in* Swine-County, *moſt humbly repreſents, That he hates to pay Taxes, the dreadful Conſequences of 'em being inevitably theſe, That he muſt retrench two Diſhes in ten, where not above ſix of 'em are deſign'd for Gluttony.*

Four Bottles out of twenty; where not above fifteen of 'em are for Drunkenneſs.

Six Horſes out of thirty; of which not above twenty are kept for State.

And four Servants out of a Score; where one half do nothing but make Work for t'other.

To this deplorable Condition muſt your important Subject be reduc'd, or forc'd to cut down his Timber, which he wou'd willingly perſevere againſt an ill run at Dice.

And as to the Neceſſity of the War for the Security of the

Kingdom, he neither knows nor cares whether it be neceſſary or not.

He concludes with his Prayers for your Majeſty's Life, upon Condition you will protect him and his Fox Hounds at Beaſt-Hall, *without e'er a Penny of Money.*

To the Gent.] This, Sir, I ſuppoſe, is much what you wou'd be at.

Gent. Exactly, Sir; I'll be ſure to have one drawn up to the ſelf-ſame purpoſe; and next Fox-Hunting I'll engage half the Company ſhall ſet their Hands to't. Sir, I am your——moſt devoted Servant; and if you pleaſe to let me ſee you at *Beaſt-Hall*, here's my Huntſman, *Houndsfoot*, will ſhew you a Fox ſhall lead you through ſo many Hedges and Briars, you ſhall have no more Clothes on your Back in half an Hour's Time—than you had——in the Womb of your Mother. Haux, haux, haux, &c. [*Exit ſhouting.*

Eſop. O *Tempora*, O *Mores!*

Enter Mr. Fruitful *and his Wife.*

Mr. Fruit. Heavens preſerve the noble *Eſop*, grant him long Life and happy Days.

Mrs. Fruit. And ſend him a fruitful Wife, with a hopeful Iſſue!

Eſop. And what is it I'm to do for you, good People, to make you amends for all theſe friendly Wiſhes?

Mr. Fruit. Sir, here's myſelf and my Wife——

Mrs. Fruit. Sir, here's I and my Huſband—[*To her Husband.*] Let me ſpeak in my turn, Goodman *Forward.* [*To* Eſop.] Sir, here's I and my Huſband, I ſay, think we have as good Pretenſions to the King's Favour as ever a Lord in the Land.

Eſop. If you have no better than ſome Lords in the Land, I hope you won't expect much for your Service.

Mr. Fruit. A't pleaſe you, you ſhall be Judge yourſelf.

Mrs. Fruit. That's as he gives Sentence, Mr. *Littlewit*; who gave you Power to come to a Reference? If he does not do us right, the King himſelf ſhall; what's to be done here! [*To* Eſop.] Sir, I'm forc'd to correct my

My Husband a little; poor Man, he is not us'd to Court-Business; but to give him his due, he's ready enough at some Things: Sir, I have had twenty fine Children by him; fifteen of 'em are alive, and alive like to be; five of all Daughters are wedded and bedded, and ten proper Sons serve their King and their Country.

Esop. A goodly Company, upon my Word!

Mrs. Fruit. Would all Men take as much Pains for the peopling of the Kingdom, we might tuck up our Aprons, and cry, A Fig for our Enemies; but we have such a Parcel of Drones amongst us——Hold up your Head, Husband——He's a little out of Countenance, Sir, because I chid him; but the Man is a very good Man at the Bottom. But to come to my Business, Sir, I hope his Majesty will think it reasonable to allow me something for the Service I have done him; 'tis pity but Labour shou'd be encourag'd, especially when what one has done, one has done't with a Good-will.

Esop. What Profession are you of, good People?

Mrs. Fruit. My Husband's an Inn-keeper, Sir; he bears the Name, but I govern the House.

Esop. And what Posts are your Sons in, in the Service?

Mrs. Fruit. Sir, there are four Monks.

Mr. Fruit. Three Attorneys.

Mrs. Fruit. Two Scriveners.

Mr. Fruit. And an Excisman.

Esop. The deuce o'the Service; why, I thought they had been all in the Army.

Mrs. Fruit. Not one, Sir.

Esop. No, so it seems, by my Troth: Ten Sons that serve their Country, quotha! Monks, Attorneys, Scriveners and Excisemen, serve their Country with a Vengeance: you deserve to be rewarded, truly; you deserve to be hang'd, you wicked People, you. Get you gone out of my sight: I never was so angry in my Life.

[*Exit* Esop.

Mr. Fruit, to his Wife.] So; who's in the right now, you or I? I told you what wou'd come on't; you must be always a Breeding, and Breeding, and the King wou'd

take Care of 'em, and the Queen wou'd take Care of 'em: And always ſome Pretence or other there was. But now we have got a great Kennel of Whelps, and the Devil will take Care of 'em, for aught I ſee. For your Sons are all Rogues, and your Daughters are all Whores; you know they are.

Mrs. Fruit. What, you are a grudging of your Pains now, you lazy, ſluggiſh, flegmatick Drone. You have a Mind to die of a Lethargy, have you? but I'll raiſe your Spirits for you, I will ſo. Get you gone home, go; go home, you idle Sot, you; I'll raiſe your Spirits for you. [*Exit, pulling him before her.*

Re-enter Eſop.

Eſop. ſolus.] Monks, Attorneys, Scriveners, and Exciſemen!

Enter Oronces.

Oron. O here he is. Sir, I have been ſearching for you, to ſay two Words to you.

Eſop. And now you have found me, Sir, what are they?

Oron. They are, Sir——that my Name's *Oronces*: You comprehend me.

Eſop. I comprehend your Name.

Oron. And not my Buſineſs?

Eſop. Not I, by my Troth.

Oron. Then I ſhall endeavour to teach it you, Monſieur *Eſop.*

Eſop. And I to learn it, Monſieur *Oronces.*

Oron. Know, Sir——that I admire *Euphronia.*

Eſop. Know, Sir——that you are in the right on't.

Oron. But I pretend, Sir, that Nobody elſe ſhall admire her.

Eſop. Then I pretend, Sir, ſhe won't admire you.

Oron. Why ſo, Sir?

Eſop. Becauſe, Sir——

Oron. What, Sir?

Eſop. She's a Woman, Sir.

Oron. What then, Sir?

Eſop.

Æſop. Why, then, Sir, ſhe deſires to be admir'd by every Man ſhe meets.

Oron. Sir, you are too familiar.

Æſop. Sir, you are too haughty; I muſt ſoften that harſh Tone of yours: It don't become you, Sir; it makes a Gentleman appear a Porter, Sir: And that you may know the Uſe of good Language, I'll tell you what once happen'd. *Once on a Time*——

Oron. I'll have none of your old Wives Fables, Sir, I have no Time to loſe; therefore, in a Word——

Æſop. In a Word, be mild: For nothing elſe will do you Service. Good Manners and ſoft Words have brought many a difficult Thing to paſs. Therefore hear me patiently.

A Cook one Day, who had been drinking,
(Only as many Times, you know,
You ſpruce, young, witty Beaux will do,
To avoid the dreadful Pain of thinking)
Had Orders ſent him to behead
A Gooſe, like any Chaplain fed.
He took ſuch Pains to ſet his Knife right,
'T had done one good t'have loſt one's Life by't.
But many Men have many Minds,
There's various Taſtes in various Kinds:
A Swan (who by Miſtake he ſeiz'd)
With wretched Life was better pleas'd:
For as he went to give the Blow,
In tuneful Notes ſhe let him know,
She neither was a Gooſe, nor wiſh'd
To make her Exit *ſo.*
The Cook (who thought of nought but Blood,
Except it were the Greaſe,
For that you know's his Fees)
To hear her ſing, in great Amazement ſtood.
Cod's fiſh! quoth he, 'twas well you ſpoke,
For I was juſt upon the Stroke:
Your Feathers have ſo much of Gooſe,
A drunken Cook cou'd do no leſs
Than think you one: That you'll confeſs:

But y'have a Voice ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet,
That rather than you ſhall be eat,
The Houſe ſhall ſtarve for want of Meat:
And ſo he turn'd her looſe.

To Oron.] Now, Sir, what ſay you? will you be the Swan, or the Gooſe?

Oron. The Choice can't, ſure, be difficult to make; I hope you will excuſe my youthful Heat,
Young Men and Lovers have a Claim to Pardon:
But ſince the Faults of Age have no ſuch Plea,
I hope you'll be more cautious of offending.
The Flame that warms *Euphronia*'s Heart and mine,
Has long, alas! been kindled in our Breaſts:
Even Years are paſt ſince our two Souls were wed,
'Twou'd be Adultery but to wiſh to part 'em.
And wou'd a Lump of Clay alone content you,
A Miſtreſs cold and ſenſeleſs in your Arms,
Without the leaſt Remains or Signs of Life,
Except her Sighs to mourn her abſent Lover?
Whilſt you ſhou'd preſs her in your eager Arms,
With fond Deſire and Extaſy of Love,
Wou'd it not pierce you to the very Soul,
To ſee her Tears run trickling down her Cheeks,
And know their Fountain meant 'em all to me?
Cou'd you bear this?
Yet thus the Gods revenge themſelves on thoſe
Who ſtop the happy Courſe of mutual Love.
If you muſt be unfortunate one way,
Chooſe that where Juſtice may ſupport your Grief,
And ſhun the weighty Curſe of injur'd Lovers.

Eſop. Why, this is pleading like a Swan, indeed!
Were any Thing at Stake but my *Euphronia*——

Oron. Your *Euphronia!* Sir——

Eſop. The Gooſe——take heed——
Were any Thing, I ſay, at Stake but her,
Your Plea wou'd be too ſtrong to be refus'd.
But our Debate's about a Lady, Sir,
That's young, that's beautiful, that's made for Love.
——So am not I, you'll ſay: But you're miſtaken;

I'm

I'm made to love, tho' not to be belov'd.
I have a Heart like yours; I've Folly too:
I've every Inſtrument of Love like others.

Oron. But, Sir, you have not been ſo long a Lover;
Your Paſſion's young and tender,
'Tis eaſy for you to become its Maſter:
Whilſt I ſhou'd ſtrive in vain; mine's old and fixt.

Eſop. The older 'tis, the eaſier to be govern'd;
Were it as long a ſtanding, 'twere poſſible I might
get the better on't. Old Paſſions are like old Men;
weak, and ſoon jollied into the Kennel.

Oron. Yet Age ſometimes is ſtrong, even to the Verge of Life.

Eſop. Ay, but there our Compariſon don't hold.

Oron. You are too merry to be much in Love.

Eſop. And you too ſad to be ſo long.

Oron. My grief may end my Days, ſo quench my Flame, but nothing elſe can e'er extinguiſh it.

Eſop. Don't be diſcourag'd, Sir, I have ſeen many a Man outlive his Paſſion twenty Years.

Oron. But I have ſworn to die *Euphronia*'s Slave.

Eſop. A decay'd Face always abſolves a Lover's Oath.

Oron. Lovers whoſe Oaths are made to Faces, then; But 'tis *Euphronia*'s Soul that I adore, which never can decay.

Eſop. I wou'd fain ſee a young Fellow in love with a Soul of Threeſcore.

Oron. Quit but *Euphronia* to me, and you ſhall;
At leaſt if Heaven's Bounty will afford us
But Years enow to prove my Conſtancy,
And this is all I aſk the Gods and you. [*Exit* Oron.

Eſop *ſolus.*

A good Pretence, however, to beg long Life. How groſly do the Inclinations of the Fleſh impoſe upon the Simplicity of the Spirit! Had this young Fellow but ſtudy'd Anatomy, he'd have found the Source of his Paſſion lay far from his Miſtreſs's Soul. Alas! alas! Had Women no more Charms in their Bodies, than what they have in their Minds, we ſhould ſee more wiſe Men in the World, and much fewer Lovers and Poets. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

Enter Euphronia *and* Doris.

Euph. HEavens! what is't you make me, *Doris?* Apply myſelf to the Man I loath'd, beg Favours from him I hate; ſeek a Reprieve from him I abhor; 'tis low, 'tis mean, 'tis baſe in me.

Dor. Why, you hate the Devil as much as you do *Eſop*, or within a ſmall Matter, and ſhould you think it a Scandal to pray him to let you alone a Day or two, if he were going to run away with you; ha?

Euph. I don't know what I think, nor what I ſay, nor what I do: But ſure thou'rt not my Friend thus to adviſe me.

Dor. I adviſe! I adviſe nothing; e'en follow your own way; marry him, and make much of him. I have a mind to ſee ſome of his Breed; if you like it, I like it: He ſhan't breed out of me only; that's all I have to take Care of.

Euph. Pr'ythee don't diſtract me.

Dor. Why, to-morrow's the Day, fix'd and firm, you know it; much Meat, little Order, great many Relations, few Friends, Horſe-play, Noiſe, and bawdy Stories; all's ready for a complete Wedding.

Euph. Oh! what ſhall I do?

Dor. Nay, I know this makes you tremble; and yet your tender Conſcience ſcruples to drop one hypocritical Curtſy, and ſay, Pray, Mr. *Eſop*, be ſo kind to defer it a few Days longer.

Euph. Thou know'ſt I cannot diſſemble.

Dor. I know you can diſſemble well enough, when you ſhou'd not do't. Do you remember how you us'd to plague your poor *Oronces*; make him believe you loath'd him, when you cou'd have kiſs'd the Ground he went

went on; affront him in all publick Places; ridicule him in all Company; abuſe him wherever you went. And when you had reduc'd him within an Ace of hanging or drowning, then come home with Tears in your Eyes, and cry, Now, *Doris*, let's go lock ourſelves up, and talk of my dear *Oronces*: Is not this true?

Euph. Yes, yes, yes. But, pr'ythee, have ſome Compaſſion——Come, I'll do any thing thou bid'ſt me——What ſhall I ſay to this Monſter? Tell me, and I'll obey thee.

Dor. Nay, then there's ſome hopes of you. Why, you muſt tell him——'Tis natural to you to diſlike Folks at firſt ſight: That ſince you have conſider'd him better, you find your Averſion abated: That tho' perhaps it may be a hard Matter for you ever to think him a Perſon, you don't deſpair, in Time, of finding out his *Je-ne-ſçay-quoy*. And that on t'other ſide, tho' you have hitherto thought (as moſt young Women do) that nothing cou'd remove your firſt Affection, yet you have very great Hopes in the natural Inconſtancy of your Sex. Tell him, 'tis not impoſſible, a Change may happen, provided he gives you Time: But that if he goes to force you, there's another Piece of Nature peculiar to Women, which may chance to ſpoil all, and that's Contradiction. Ring that Argument well in his Ears: He's a Philoſopher; he knows it has Weight in it. In ſhort, wheedle, whine, flatter, lye, weep, ſpare nothing; 'tis a moiſt Age, Women have Tears enow; and when you have melted him down, and gain'd more Time, we'll employ it in Cloſet-debates, how to cheat him to the end of the Chapter.

Euph. But you don't conſider, *Doris*, that by this Means I engage myſelf to him; and can't afterwards with Honour retreat.

Dor. Madam, I know the World—Honour's a Jeſt, when Jilting's uſeful. Beſides, he that wou'd have you break your Oath with *Oronces*, can never have the Impudence to blame you, for cracking your Word with himſelf. But who knows what may happen between the Cup and the Lip? Let either of the old Gentlemen

die, and we ride triumphant. Wou'd I could but ſee the Stateſman ſick a little, I'd recommend a Doctor to him, a Couſin of mine, a Man of Conſcience, a wiſe Phyſician; tip but the Wink, he underſtands you.

Euph. Thou wicked Wench, wou'd'ſt poiſon him?

Dor. I don't know what I wou'd do; I think I ſtudy I invent, and ſomehow I will get rid of him. I [illegible] mo for you, I'm ſure, than you and your K[illegible]ant do together for yourſelves.

Euph. Alas, both he and I do all we can; thou know'ſt we do.

Dor. Nay, I know y' are willing enough to get together; but y' are a couple of helpleſs Things, Heaven knows.

Euph. Our Stars, thou ſee'ſt, are bent to Oppoſition.

Dor. Stars!—I'd fain ſee the Stars hinder me from running away with a Man I lik'd.

Euph. Ay, but thou know'ſt, ſhould I diſoblige my Father, he'd give my Portion to my younger Siſter.

Dor. Ay, there the Shoe pinches, there's the Love of the Age! Ah!——to what an Ebb of Paſſion are Lovers ſunk in theſe Days! Give me a Woman that runs away with a Man, when his whole Eſtate's pack'd up in his Knap-ſack: That tucks up her Coats to her Knees; and thro' thick and thro' thin, from Quarters to Camp, trudges heartily on, with a Child at her Back, another in her Arms, and a Brace in her Belly: There's Flame with a Witneſs, where this is the Effects on't. But we muſt have Love in a Feather-bed: Forſooth, a Coach and ſix Horſes, clean Linen, and Cawdle! Fie for ſhame. O ho! here comes our Man. Now ſhew yourſelf a Woman, if you are one.

Enter Eſop.

Eſop. I'm told, fair Virgin, you deſire to ſpeak with me. Lovers are apt to flatter themſelves; I take your Meſſage for a Favour. I hope 'twas meant ſo.

Euph. Favours from Women are ſo cheap of late, Men may expect 'em truly, without Vanity.

Eſop. If the Women are ſo liberal, I think the Men are generous too, on their Side: 'Tis a well-bred Age,

thank

thank Heaven; and a deal of Civility there paſſes between the two Sexes. What Service is't that I can do you, Lady?

Euph. Sir, I have a ſmall Favour to intreat you.

Eſop. What is't? I don't believe I ſhall refuſe you.

Euph. What if you ſhou'd promiſe me you won't?

Eſop. Why then I ſhou'd make a Divorce between my Good-[illegible] and my Senſe, which ought to be as ſacred a [illegible] that of Wedlock.

Euph. Do you not truſt then, Sir, the Thing you love?

Eſop. Not when the Thing I love don't love me: Never.

Dor. Truſt is ſometimes the Way to be belov'd.

Eſop. Ay, but 'tis oftener the way to be cheated.

Euph. Pray promiſe me you'll grant my Suit.

Dor. 'Tis a reaſonable one, I'll give you my word for't.

Eſop. If it be ſo, I do promiſe to grant it.

Dor. That's ſtill leaving yourſelf Judge.

Eſop. Why, who's more concern'd in the Trial?

Dor. But no Body ought to be Judge in their own Cauſe.

Eſop. Yet he that is ſo, is ſure to have no wrong done him.

Dor. But if he does wrong to others, that's worſe.

Eſop. Worſe for them, but not for him.

Dor. True Politician, by my troth!

Eſop. Men muſt be ſo, when they have to do with Sharpers.

Euph. If I ſhou'd tell you then there were a Poſſibility I might be brought to love you, you'd ſcarce believe me.

Eſop. I ſhou'd hope as a Lover, and ſuſpect as a Statſman.

Dor. [*aſide.*] Love and Wiſdom! There's the Paſſion of the Age again.

Euph. You have liv'd long, Sir, and obſerv'd much: Did you never ſee Time produce ſtrange Changes?

Eſop. Amongſt Women, I muſt confeſs I have.

Euph. Why, I'm a Woman, Sir.

Eſop. Why, truly, that gives me ſome Hopes.

Euph. I'll encreaſe 'em, Sir; I have already been in Love two Years.

Dor. And Time, you know, wears all things to tatters.

Eſop. Well obſerv'd.

Euph. What, if you ſhou'd allow me ſome, to try what I can do?

Eſop. Why, truly, I would have Patience a Day or two, if there was as much Probability of my being your new Gallant, as perhaps there may be of changing your old one.

Dor. She ſhall give you fair Play for't, Sir. Opportunity and Leave to prattle, and that's more than moſt Women in our Days. Nay, ſhe ſhall do more for you: You ſhall play with her Fan; ſqueeze her little Finger; buckle her Shoe; read a Romance to her in the Arbour; and ſaunter in the Woods on a Moonſhiny Night. If this don't melt her, ſhe's no Woman, or you're no Man——

Eſop. I'm not a Man to melt a Woman that Way: I know myſelf, and know what they require. 'Tis in a Woman's Eye you pierce her Heart; and I've no Darts can make their Entrance there.

Dor. You are a great Stateſman, Sir; but I find you know little of our Matters. A Woman's Heart is to be enter'd forty Ways. Every Senſe ſhe has about her keeps a Door to it. With a Smock-face, and a Feather, you get in at her Eyes. With powerful Nonſenſe, in ſoft Words, you creep in at her Ears. An eſſenc'd Peruke, and a ſweet Handkerchief, let's you in at her Noſe. With a Treat, and a Box full of Sweet-meats, you ſlip in at her Mouth: And if you wou'd enter by her Senſe of Feeling, 'tis as beaten a Road as the reſt. What think you now, Sir? *There are more Ways to the Wood than one*, you ſee.

Eſop. Why, you're an admirable Pilot; I don't doubt but you have ſteer'd many a Ship ſafe to Harbour: But I'm an old ſtubborn Seaman; I muſt ſail by my own Compaſs ſtill.

Euph. And by your Obſtinacy loſe your Veſſel.

Eſop. No: I'm juſt ent'ring into Port; we'll be married to-morrow.

Euph. For Heaven's ſake defer it ſome Days longer; I cannot love you yet; indeed, I cannot.

Eſop.

Eſop. Nor never will, I dare ſwear.

Euph. Why then will you marry me?

Eſop. Becauſe I love you.

Euph. If you lov'd me, you wou'd never make me miſerable.

Eſop. Not if I lov'd you for your ſake; but I love you for my own.

Aside.] There's an old Rogue for you.

Weeping. Is there no way left? muſt I be wretched?

Eſop. 'Tis but reſolving to be pleas'd. You can't imagine the Strength of Reſolution. I have ſeen a Woman reſolve to be in the Wrong all the Days of her Life; and by the help of her Reſolution, ſhe has kept her Word to a Tittle.

Euph. Methinks the Subject we're upon ſhou'd be of Weight enough to make you ſerious.

Eſop. Right: To-morrow Morning pray be ready; you'll find me ſo: I'm ſerious. Now I hope you are pleas'd. [*Turning away from her.*

Euph. [*Going off weeping, and leaning upon* Doris.] Break, Heart! for if thou hold'ſt, I'm miſerable.

Dor. [*to* Eſop.] Now may the Extravagance of a lewd Wife, with the Inſolence of a virtuous one, join hand in hand to bring thy grey Hairs to the Grave.

[*Exeunt* Euphronia *and* Doris.

Eſop. My old Friend wiſhes me well to the laſt, I ſee.

Enter Learchus *haſtily, follow'd by* Oronces.

Oron. Pray hear me, Sir.

Lear. 'Tis in vain; I'm reſolv'd, I tell you. Moſt noble *Eſop*, ſince you are pleas'd to accept of my poor Offſpring for your Confort, be ſo charitable to my old Age, to deliver me from the Impertinence of Youth, by making her your Wife this Inſtant; for there's a Plot againſt my Life; they have reſolv'd to teaze me to Death to-night, that they may break the Match to-morrow Morning. Marry her this inſtant, I intreat you.

Eſop. This inſtant, ſay you!

Lear. This inſtant; this very inſtant.

Eſop,

Eſop. 'Tis enough; get all things ready; I'll be with you in a Moment. [*Exit* Eſop.

Lear. Now, what ſay you, Mr. *Flame-fire?* I ſhall have the Whip-hand of you preſently.

Oron. Defer it till to-morrow, Sir.

Lear. That you may run away with her to-night, eh? ——Sir, your moſt obedient humble Servant. Hey, who waits there? Call my Daughter to me: I'll give her her Diſpatches preſently.

Enter Euphronia.

Euph. D'ye call, Sir.

Lear. Yes, I do, Minx. Go ſhift yourſelf, and put on your beſt Clothes. You are to be marry'd.

Euph. Marry'd, Sir!

Lear. Yes, marry'd, Madam; and that this Inſtant Hoe.

Euph. Dear Sir——

Lear. Not a Word: Obedience and a clean Smock; diſpatch. [*Exit* Euphronia weeping. Learchus *going off, turns to* Oronces.] Sir, your moſt obedient humble Servant.

Oron. Yet hear what I've to ſay.

Lear. And what have you to ſay, Sir?

Oron. Alas! I know not what I have to ſay!

Lear. Very like ſo. That's a ſure Sign he's in love now.

Oron. Have you no Bowels?

Lear. Ha, ha! Bowels in a Parent! Here's a young Fellow for you. Hark thee, Stripling; being in a very merry Humour, I don't care if I diſcover ſome paternal Secrets to thee. Know then, that how humourſome, how whimſical ſoever we may appear, there's one fixt Principle that runs thro' almoſt the whole Race of us; and that's to pleaſe ourſelves. Why do'ſt think I got my Daughter? Why, there was ſomething in't that pleaſed me. Why doſt think I marry my Daughter? Why to pleaſe myſelf ſtill. And what is't that pleaſes me? Why, my Intereſt; what do'ſt think it ſhou'd be? If *Eſop*'s my Son-in-Law, he'll make me a Lord: If thou art my Son-in-Law——thou'lt make me a Grandfather. Now I having more Mind to be a Lord than a G[illegible]

a Grandfather, give my Daughter to him, and not to thee.

Oron. Then ſhall her Happineſs weigh nothing with you?

Lear. Not this.—If it did, I'd give her to thee, and not to him.

Oron. Do you think forc'd Marriage the Way to keep [illegible] us?

Lear. I no; nor I don't care whether Women are virtuous or not.

Oron. You know your Daughter loves me?

Lear. I do ſo.

Oron. What, if the Children that *Eſop* may happen to father, ſhould chance to be begot by me?

Lear. Why, then *Eſop* wou'd be the Cuckold—not I.

Oron. Is that all your Care?

Lear. Yes; I ſpeak as a Father.

Oron. What think you of your Child's Concern in t'other World?

Lear. Why, I think it my Child's Concern, not mine. I ſpeak as a Father.

Oron. Do you remember you once gave me your Conſent to wed your Daughter?

Lear. I did.

Oron. Why did you ſo?

Lear. Becauſe you were the beſt Match that offer'd at that Time. I did like a Father.

Oron. Why then, Sir, I'll do like a Lover. I'll make you keep your Word, or cut your Throat.

Lear. Who waits there, ha?

Enter Servants.

Lear. Seize me that Bully there. Carry him to Priſon, and keep him ſafe. [*They ſeize him.*

Oron. Why, you won't uſe me thus?

Lear. Yes, but I will tho': Away with him. Sir, your moſt humble Servant: I wiſh you a good Night's Reſt; and as far as a merry Dream goes, my Daughter's at your Service.

Oron. Death and Furies! [*Exeunt Serv. with* Oron, Lear.

Lear. [ſinging.] *Dol, de tol dol, dol, de tol dol, Lilly Burleighre's lodg'd in a Bough.*

Enter a Troop of Muſicians, Dancers, &c.

Lear. How now! What have we got here?

Muſ. Sir, we are a Troop of trifling Fellows, Fiddlers and Dancers, come to celebrate the Wedding of your fair Daughter, if your Honour pleaſes to give us Leave.

Lear. With all my Heart: But who do you take me for, Sir; ha?

1 *Muſ.* I take your Honour for our noble Governor of *Syſicus*.

Lear. Governor of *Syſicus!* Governor of a Cheeſe-Cake! I'm Father-in-Law to the great *Eſop*, Sirrah. [*All bow to him.*] [*Aſide.*]——I ſhall be a great Man. Come, tune your Fiddles; ſhake your Legs; get all things ready. My Son-in-Law will be here preſently——I ſhall be a great Man! [*Exit.*

1 *Muſ.* A great Marriage, Brother! What do you think will be the End on't?

2 *Muſ.* Why, I believe we ſhall ſee three Turns upon't. This old Fellow here will turn Fool; his Daughter will turn Strumpet; and his Son-in-Law will turn 'em both out of Doors. But that's nothing to thee nor me, ſo long as we are paid for our Fiddling. So tune away, Gentlemen.

1 *Muſ.* D'ye hear, Trumpets? When the Bride appears, ſalute her with a melancholy Waft. 'Twill ſuit her Humour; for I gueſs ſhe mayn't be over-well pleas'd.

Enter Learchus *with ſeveral Friends, and a Prieſt.*

Lear. Gentlemen and Friends, y'are all welcome. I have ſent to as many of you as our ſhort Time wou'd give me Leave, to deſire you wou'd be Witneſſes of the Honour the great *Eſop* deſigns ourſelf and Family. Hey; who attends there? Go let my Daughter know I wait for her. [*Exit Servant.*] 'Tis a vaſt Honour that is done me, Gentlemen!

2 *Gent.* It is, indeed; my Lord.

Lear. [*aſide.*] Look you there; if they don't call me my Lord already——I ſhall be a great Man!

Exit.

Enter Euphronia *weeping, and leaning upon* Doris, *both in deep Mourning.*

Lear. How now! What's here! All in deep Mourning! Here's a provoking Baggage for you!

[*The Trumpets ſound a melancholy Air till* Eſop *appears; and then the Violins and Hautboys ſtrike up a* Lancaſhire *Hornpipe.*

Enter Eſop *in a gay Foppiſh Dreſs, Long Peruke, &c. a gaudy Equipage of Pages and Footmen, all enter in an airy briſk Manner.*

Eſop. in an affected Tone to Euphronia.] Gad take my Soul, Ma'am, I hope I ſhall pleaſe you now——Gentlemen all, I'm your humble Servant. I'm going to be a very happy Man, you ſee. [*To* Euph.] When the Heat of the Ceremony's over, if your Ladyſhip pleaſes, Ma'am, I'll wait upon you to take the Air in the Park. Hey, Page; let there be a Coach and ſix Horſes ready inſtantly. [*Obſerving her Dreſs.*]——I vow to Gad, Ma'am, I was ſo taken up with my good Fortune, I did not obſerve the extreme Fancy of your Ladyſhip's Wedding-Clothes ——Infinitely pretty! as I hope to be ſav'd; a World of Variety, and not at all gaudy.——[*To* Lear.] My dear Father-in-Law, embrace me.

Lear. Your Lordſhip does me too much Honour. [*aſide.*]——I ſhall be a great Man!

Eſop. Come, Gentlemen, are all things ready? Where's the Prieſt?

Prieſt. Here, my noble Lord.

Eſop. Moſt Reverend——Will you pleaſe to ſay Grace that I may fall to, for I am very hungry, and here's very good Meat. But where's my Rival all this while? The leaſt we can do, is to invite him to the Wedding.

Lear. My Lord, he's in Priſon.

Eſop. In Priſon! How ſo?

Lear. He wou'd have murder'd me.

Eſop. A bloody Fellow! But let's ſee him, however. Send for him quickly. Ha! Governor——that handſome Daughter of yours, I will ſo mumble her——

Lear. I ſhall be a great Man!

Enter

Enter Oronces *pinion'd and guarded.*

Eſop. O ho, here's my Rival! Then we have all we want. Advance, Sir, if you pleaſe. I deſire you'll do me the Favour to be a Witneſs to my Marriage, leſt one of theſe Days you ſhou'd take a fancy to diſpute my Wife with me.

Oron. Do you then ſend for me to inſult me? 'Tis baſe in you.

Eſop. I have no Time now to throw away upon Points of Generoſity; I have hotter Work upon my Hands. Come, Prieſt, advance.

Lear. Pray, hold him faſt there; he has the Devil and all of Miſchief in's Eye.

Eſop. [*to* Euph.] Will your Ladyſhip pleaſe, Ma'am, to give me your fair Hand——Hey-dey!

[*She refuſes her Hand.*

Lear. I'll give it you, my noble Lord, if ſhe won't. [*aſide.*] A ſtubborn, ſelf-will'd, ſtiff-neck'd Strumpet.

[Learchus *holds out her Hand to* Eſop, *who takes it*; Oronces *ſtands on* Eſop's *left Hand, and the Prieſt before 'em.*

Eſop. Let my Rival ſtand next me: Of all Men, I'd have him be ſatisfy'd.

Oron. Barbarous, inhuman Monſter!

Eſop. Now, Prieſt, do thy Office.

[*Flouriſh with the Trumpets.*

Prieſt. Since the eternal Laws of Fate decreed,
That he thy Huſband, ſhe thy Wife ſhou'd be,
May Heaven take you to its Care,
May *Jupiter* look kindly down,
Place on your Heads Contentment's Crown!
And may his Godhead never frown
Upon this happy Pair. [*Flouriſh again of Trumpets.*

[*As the Prieſt pronounces the laſt Line,* Eſop *joins* Oronces *and* Euphronia's *Hands.*

Oron. O happy Change! Bleſſings on Bleſſings wait on the generous *Eſop!*

Eſop. Happy, thrice happy, may you ever be,
And if you think there's ſomething due to me,
Pay it in mutual Love and Conſtancy.

Euph.

Euph. to Eſop.] You'll pardon me, moſt generous Man,
If in the preſent Tranſports of my Soul,
Which you yourſelf have by your Bounty caus'd,
My willing Tongue is ty'd from uttering
The Thoughts that flow from a moſt grateful Heart.

Eſop. For what I've done, I merit little Thanks,
Since what I've done, my Duty bound me to.
I wou'd your Father had acquitted his:
But he who's ſuch a Tyrant o'er his Children,
To ſacrifice their Peace to his Ambition,
Is fit to govern nothing but himſelf.

To Lear.] And, therefore, Sir, at my return to Court,
I ſhall take care this City may be ſway'd
By more Humanity than dwells in you.

Lear aside.] I ſhall be a great man!

Euph. to Eſop.] Had I not Reaſon, from your conſtant Goodneſs,
To judge your Bounty, Sir, is infinite,
I wou'd not dare to ſue for farther Favours:
But pardon me, if imitating Heaven and you,
I eaſily forgive my aged Father,
And beg that *Eſop* would forgive him too.

[*Kneeling to him.*

Eſop. The Injury he wou'd have done to you was great indeed: But 'twas a Bleſſing he deſign'd for me. If, therefore, you can pardon him, I may. [*To* Lear.] Your injur'd Daughter, Sir, has on her Knees intreated for her cruel, barbarous Father; and by her Goodneſs has obtain'd her Suit. If, in the Remnant of your Days, you can find out ſome way to recompenſe her, do it, that Men and Gods may pardon you, as ſhe and I have done. But, let me ſee, I have one Quarrel ſtill to make up. Where's my old Friend *Doris?*

Dor. She's here, Sir, at your Service; and as much your Friend as ever; true to her Principles, and firm to her Miſtreſs. But ſhe has a much better Opinion of you now than ſhe had half an Hour ago.

Eſop. She has reaſon: For my Soul appear'd then as deform'd as my Body. But I hope now, one may ſo far mediate for t' other, that, provided I don't make Love,

the

the Women won't quarrel with me; for they are worſe Enemies even than they are Friends. Come, Gentlemen, I'll humour my Dreſs a little longer, and ſhare with you in the Diverſions theſe boon Companions have prepar'd us. Let's take our Places, and ſee how they can divert us.

Eſop *leads the Bride to her Place. All being ſeated, there's a ſhort Concert of Hautboys, Trumpets, &c. After which a Dance between an old Man and a young Woman, who ſhuns him ſtill as he comes near her. At laſt he ſtops, and begins this Dialogue, which they ſing together.*

Old Man.

Why ſo cold, and why ſo coy?
What I want in Youth and Fire,
I have in Love and in Deſire:
To my Arms, my Love, my Joy!
Why ſo cold, and why ſo coy?

Woman.

'Tis Sympathy, perhaps, with you;
You are cold, and I'm ſo too.

Old Man.

My Years alone have froze my Blood;
Youthful Heat in Female Charms,
Glowing in my aged Arms,
Wou'd melt it down once more into a Flood.

Woman.

Women, alas, like Flints, ne'er burn alone;
To make a Virgin know
There's Fire within the Stone,
Some manly Steel muſt boldly ſtrike the Blow.

Old Man.

Aſſiſt me only with your Charms,
You'll find I'm Man, and ſtill am bold;
You'll find I ſtill can ſtrike, tho' old:
I only want your Aid to raiſe my Arms.

Enter

Enter a Youth, who ſeizes on the young Woman.

Youth.

Who talks of Charms, who talks of Aid?
I bring an Arm
That wants no Charm,
To rouze the Fire that's in a flinty Maid.
Retire, old Age:
——Winter, be gone:
Behold the youthful Spring comes gayly on.
Here, here's a Torch to light a Virgin's Fire!
To my Arms, my Love, my Joy;
When Women have what they deſire,
They're neither cold nor coy.

[She takes him in her Arms.

The Song and Dances ended, Eſop *takes* Euphronia *and* Chariclea *by the Hands, leading them forwards.*

Eſop. By this Time, my young eager Couple, 'tis probable you wou'd be glad to be alone; perhaps you'll have a Mind to go to Bed, even without your Supper; for Brides and Bridegrooms eat little on their Wedding-Night. But ſince, if Matrimony were worn as it ought to be, it wou'd, perhaps, ſit eaſier about us than it uſually does, I'll give you one Word of Counſel, and ſo I ſhall releaſe you. When one is out of Humour, let the other be dumb. Let your Diverſions be ſuch, as both may have a Share in 'em. Never let Familiarity exclude Reſpect. Be clean in your Clothes, but nicely ſo in your Perſons. Eat at one Table, lie in one Room, but ſleep in two Beds: I'll tell the Ladies why:

Turning to the Boxes.

In the ſprightly Month of May,
When Males and Females ſport and play,
And kiſs and toy away the Day;
An eager Sparrow and his Mate,
Chirping on a Tree, were ſat,
Full of Love——and full of Prate.
They talk'd of nothing but their Fires,
Of raging Heats, and ſtrong Deſires,
How true and faithful they wou'd be;
Of eternal Conſtancy;

Of

Of this and that, and endleſs Joys,
And a thouſand more ſuch Toys:
Only One thing they apprehended,
Was that their Lives wou'd be ſo ſhort,
They cou'd not finiſh half their Sport
Before their Days were ended.
But as from Bough to Bough they rove,
They chanc'd at laſt
In furious haſte,
On a Twig with Birdlime ſpread,
(Want of a more downy Bed)
To act a Scene of Love.
Fatal it prov'd to both their Fires.
For tho' at length they broke away,
And baulk'd the School-Boy of his Prey,
Which made him weep the live-long Day,
The Bridegroom, in the haſty ſtrife,
Was ſtuck ſo faſt to his dear Wife,
That tho' he us'd his utmoſt Art,
He quickly found it was in vain,
To put himſelf to further Pain,
They never more muſt part.
A gloomy Shade o'ercaſt his Brow;
He found himſelf——I know not how:
He look'd as Huſbands often do.
Where-e'er he mov'd, he felt her ſtill,
She kiſs'd him oft againſt his Will:
Abroad, at Home, at Bed and Board,
With favours ſhe o'erwhelm'd her Lord.
Oft he turn'd his Head away,
And ſeldom had a Word to ſay,
Which abſolutely ſpoil'd her Play,
For ſhe was better ſtor'd.
Howe'er, at length, her ſtock was ſpent,
(For Female Fires ſometimes may be
Subject to Mortality;)
So Back to Back they ſit, and ſullenly repent.
But the mute Scene was quickly ended,
The Lady, for her ſhare, pretended

The Want of Love lay at his Door;
For her part, she had ſtill in ſtore
Enough for him and twenty more,
Which you'd not be contended.
He anſwer'd her in homely Words,
(For Sparrows are but ill-bred Birds)
That he already had enjoy'd
So much, that truly he was cloy'd.
Which ſo provok'd her Spleen,
That after ſome good hearty Prayers,
A Smile, and ſome ſpiteful Tears,
They fell together by the Ears,
And ne'er were fond again.

E S O P.

PART II.

Enter Players.

Eſop. WELL, good People, who are all you?

Omnes. Sir, we are Players.

Eſop. Players! What Players?

Play. Why, Sir, we are Stage-Players, that's our Calling: Tho' we play upon other Things too; ſome of us play upon the Fiddle; ſome play upon the Flute; we play upon one another; we play upon the Town; and we play upon the Patentees.

Eſop. Patentees! Pr'ythee, what are they?

Play. Why, they are, Sir——Sir, they are——'Cod I don't know what they are——Fiſh or Fleſh——Maſters or Servants———Sometimes one——Sometimes t'other, I think——Juſt as we are in the Mood.

Eſop. Why, I thought they had a lawful Authority over you.

Play. Lawful Authority, Sir!——Sir, we are free-born *Engliſhmen*, we care not for Law nor Authority neither, when we are out of Humour.

Eſop. But I think they pretended at leaſt to an Authority over you; pray, upon what Foundation was it built?

Play. Upon a rotten one———if you'll believe us. Sir, I'll tell you what the Projectors did: They imbark'd twenty thouſand Pound upon a leaky Veſſel——She was built at *Whitehall*; I think they call'd her——the Patent——ay, the Patent: Her Keel was made of a Broad Sea!——and the King gave 'em a white Staff for their Main-Maſt. She was a pretty tight Frigate to look

look upon, indeed: They ſpar'd nothing to ſet her off; t[illegible]ilded her, and painted her, and rigg'd, and gunn'd her: [illegible]ſo ſent her a Privateering. But the firſt Storm that blew, down went the Maſt, athore went the Ship—Crack, ſplits the Keel; Mercy, cry'd the Pilot; but the Wind was ſo high, his Pray'rs cou'd not be heard—ſo they ſplit upon a Rock——that lay hid under a Petticoat.

Eſop. A very ſad Story, this! But what became of the Ship's Company?

Play. Why, Sir, your humble Servants here, who were the Officers, and the beſt of the Sailors——(little *Ben* amongſt the reſt) ſeiz'd on a ſmall Bark that lay to our Hand, and away we put to Sea again. To ſay the truth, we were better mann'd than rigg'd, and Ammunition was plaguy ſcarce amongſt us.——However, a cruiſing we went, and ſome petty ſmall Prizes we have made; but the Bleſſing of Heaven not being among us ——or how the Devil 'tis, I cannot tell; but we are not rich.

Eſop. Well, but what became of the reſt of the Crew?

Play. Why, Sir, as for the Scoundrels, they, poor Dogs, ſtuck by the Wreck. The Captain gave them Bread and Cheeſe, and good Words——He told them, if they wou'd patch her up, and venture t'other Cruiſe, he'd prefer 'em all; ſo to work they went, and to Sea they got her.

Eſop. I hope he kept his Word with 'em.

Play. That he did; he made the Boatſwain's Mate Lieutenant; he made the Cook Doctor: He was forc'd to be Purſer and Pilot, and Gunner himſelf; and the Swabber took Orders to be Chaplain.

Eſop. But with ſuch unſkilful Officers, I'm afraid, they'll hardly keep above Water long.

Play. Why truly, Sir, we care not how ſoon they are under: But curſt Folks thrive, I think. I know nothing elſe that makes 'em ſwim. I'm ſure, by the Rules of Navigation, they ought to have over-ſet long ſince; for they carry a great deal of Sail, and have very little Ballaſt.

Eſop. I'm afraid you ruin one another. I fancy if you

were all in a Ship together again, you'd have leſs Work, and more Profit.

Play. Ah, Sir——we are reſolv'd we'll never ſail under Captain Patentee again.

Eſop. Pr'ythee, why ſo?

Play. Sir, he has us'd us like Dogs.

Wom. ——And Bitches too, Sir.

Eſop. I'm ſorry to hear that; pray, how was't he treated you?

Play. Sir, 'tis impoſſible to tell; he us'd us like the *Engliſh* at *Amboyna*——

Eſop. But I wou'd know ſome Particulars: Tell me what 'twas he did to you?

Play. What he did, Sir?——Why, he did in the firſt Place, Sir——In the firſt Place, Sir, he did—— I'cod I don't know what he did——Can you tell, Wife?

Wom. Yes, marry can I; and a burning Shame it was to.

Play. O, I remember now, Sir, he wou'd not give us Plums enough in our Pudding.

Eſop. That indeed was very hard; but did he give you as many as he promis'd you?

Play. Yes, and more; but what of all that? We had not as many as we had a mind to——

1 *Wom.* Sir, my Huſband tells you Truth—

Eſop. I believe he may; but what other Wrongs did he do you?

1 *Wom.* Why, Sir, he did not treat me with Reſpect; 'twas not one Day in three he would ſo much as bid me good-morrow—

2 *Wom.* Sir, he invited me to Dinner, and never drank my Health.

1 *Wom.* Then he cock'd his Hat at Mrs. *Pert.*

2 *Wom.* Yes, and told Mrs. *Slippery* he had as good a Face as ſhe had.

Eſop. Why, theſe were inſufferable Abuſes—

2 *Play.* Then, Sir, I did but come to him one Day—and tell him I wanted fifty Pound, and what do you think he did by me, Sir?—Sir, he turn'd round upon his Heel like a Top—

1 *Play.* But that was nothing to the Affront he put upon

upon me, Sir. I came to him, and in very civil words, as I thought, desir'd him to double my Pay: Sir, wou'd you believe it? He had the Barbarity to ask me if I intended to double my Work; and because I told him no, Sir—he did use me, good Lord, how he did use me!

Esop. Pr'ythee how?

1 *Play.* Why, he walk'd off, and answered me never a Word.

Esop. How had you Patience?

1 *Play.* Sir, I had not Patience. I sent him a Challenge; and what do you think his answer was?—He sent me Word I was a scoundrel Son of a Whore, and he wou'd only fight me by Proxy——

Esop. Very fine!

1 *Play.* At this rate, Sir, were we poor Dogs us'd—till one frosty Morning down he comes amongst us—and very roundly tells us——That for the future, no Purchase, no Pay. They that wou'd not work, shou'd not eat———Sir, we at first ask'd him coolly and civilly ———Why? His answer was, Because the Town wanted Diversion, and he wanted Money———Our Reply to this, Sir, was very short; but I think to the purpose.

Esop. What was it?

1 *Play.* It was, Sir, that so we wallow'd in Plenty and Ease——the Town and he might be damn'd——This, Sir, is the true History of our Separation——and we hope you'll stand our Friend——

Esop. I'll tell you what, Sirs——

I once a Pack of Beagles knew——
That much resembled I know who;
With a good Huntsman at their Tail,
In full Command,
With Whip in Hand,
They'd run a pace
The chearful Chace,
And of their Game were seldom known to fail.
But being at length their chance to find
A Huntsman of a gentler Kind,

They ſoon perceiv'd the Rein was ſlack;
The Word went quickly thro' the Pack——
They one and all cry'd Liberty;
This happy Moment we are free;
We'll range the Woods,
Like Nymphs and Gods,
And ſpend our Mouths in Praiſe of Mutiny.
With that, old Jowler *trots away,*
And Bowman *fingles out his Prey;*
Thunder *bellow'd thro' the Wood,*
And ſwore he'd burſt his Guts with Blood;
Venus *tript it o'er the Plain,*
With boundleſs Hopes of boundleſs Gain;
——Juno, *ſhe ſlipt down the Hedge,*
But left her ſacred Word for Pledge,
That all ſhe pickt up by the by——
Shou'd to the public Treaſury;
And well they might rely upon her;
For Juno *was a Bitch of Honour.*
In ſhort, they all had Hopes to ſee
A heavenly Crop of Mutiny.
And ſo to reaping fell.
But in a little Time they found,
It was the Devil had till'd the Ground,
And brought the Seed from Hell.
The Pack divided, nothing throve:
Diſcord ſeiz'd the Throne of Love.
Want and Miſery all endure;
All take pains, and all grow poor.
When they had toil'd the live-long Day,
And came at Night to view their Prey,
Oft, alas, ſo ill they'd ſped,
That half went Supperleſs to Bed.
At length they all in Council ſate,
Where at a very fair Debate,
It was agreed at laſt,
That Slavery with Eaſe and Plenty,
When Hounds were ſomething turn'd of twenty,
Was much a better Fate,
Than 'twas to work and faſt.

1 *Play.* Well, Sir——and what did they do then?

Eſop. Why they all went home to their Kennel again. If you think they did wiſely, you'll do well to follow their Example. [*Exit* Eſop.

1 *Play.* Well, Beagles, what think you of the little Gentleman's Advice?

2 *Wom.* I think he's a little ugly Philoſopher, and talks like a Fool.

1 *Play.* Ay, why there 'tis now! If he had been a tall handſome Blockhead, he had talk'd like a wiſe Man.

2 *Wom.* Why, do you think, Mr. *Fowler*, that we'll ever join again?

1 *Play.* I do think, ſweet Mrs. *Juno*, that if we do not join again, you muſt be a little freer of your Carcaſe than you are, or you muſt bring down your Pride to a Serge Petticoat.

1 *Wom.* And do you think, Sir, after the Affronts I have receiv'd, the Patent and I can ever be Friends?

1 *Play.* I do think, Madam, that if my Intereſt had not been more affronted than your Face, the Patent and you had never been Foes.

1 *Wom.* And ſo, Sir, then you have ſerious Thoughts of a Reconciliation!

1 *Play.* Madam, I do believe I may.

1 *Wom.* Why then, Sir, give me Leave to tell you, that—make it my Intereſt, and I'll have ſerious Thoughts on't too.

2 *Wom.* Nay, if you are thereabouts, I deſire to come into the Treaty.

3 *Play.* And I.

4 *Play.* And I.

1 *Play.* And I. No ſeparate Peace. None of your *Turin* Play, I beſeech you.

1 *Play.* Why then, ſince you are all ſo Chriſtianly diſpos'd——I think we had beſt adjourn immediately to our Council-Chamber, chooſe ſome potent Prince for Mediator and Guarantee——fix upon the Place of Treaty, diſpatch our Plenipo's, and whip up the Peace like an Oyſter. For, under the Roſe, my Confederates, here

is ſuch a damn'd Diſcount upon our Bills, I'm afraid if we ſtand it out another Campaign, we muſt live upon ſlender Subſiſtence. *Exeunt.*

Enter Eſop; *and a Country Gentleman, who walks to and fro, looking angrily upon* Eſop.

Eſop. Have you any Buſineſs with me, Sir?

Gent. ——I can't tell whether I have or not.

Eſop. You ſeem diſturb'd, Sir?

Gent. I'm always ſo at the Sight of a Courtier.

Eſop. Pray what may it be, that gives you ſo great an Antipathy to 'em?

Gent. My Profeſſion.

Eſop. What's that?

Gent. Honeſty.

Eſop. 'Tis an honeſt Profeſſion. I hope, Sir, for the general Good of Mankind, you are in ſome public Employment?

Gent. So I am, Sir——no Thanks to the Court.

Eſop. You are then, I ſuppoſe, employ'd by——

Gent. My Country.

Eſop. Who have made you——

Gent. A Senator.

Eſop. Sir, I reverence you. [*Bowing.*

Gent. Sir, you may reverence as low as you pleaſe; but I ſhall ſpare none of you. Sir, I am intruſted by my Country with above ten Thouſand of their Grievances, and, in order to redreſs them, my Deſign is to hang ten thouſand Courtiers.

Eſop. Why, 'tis making ſhort Work, I muſt confeſs; but are you ſure, Sir, that wou'd do't?

Gent. Sure,——Ay, ſure.

Eſop. How do you know?

Gent. Why, the whole Country ſays ſo, and I at the Head of 'em. Now let me ſee who dares ſay the contrary.

Eſop. Not I, truly. But, Sir, if you won't take it ill, I'll ask you a Queſtion or two.

Gent.

Gent. Sir, I ſhall take ill what I pleaſe. And if you, or e'er a Courtier of you all pretend the contrary, I ſay, 'tis a Breach of Privilege——Now put your Queſtion, if you think fit.

Eſop. Why then, Sir, with all due regard to your Character, and your Privilege too, I wou'd be glad to know what you chiefly complain of?

Gent. Why, Sir, I do chiefly complain, that we have
A great many Ships, and very little Trade;
A great many Tenants, and very little Money;
A great many Soldiers, and very little fighting;
A great many *Gazettes*, and little good News;
A great many Stateſmen, and very little Wiſdom;
A great many Parſons, and not an Ounce of Religion.

Eſop. Why truly, Sir, I do confeſs theſe are Grievances very well worth your redreſſing. And I perceive you are truly ſenſible of our Diſeaſes, but I'm afraid you are a little out in the Cure.

Gent. Sir, I perceive you take me for a Country-Phyſician: but you ſhall find, Sir, that a Country-Doctor is able to deal with a Court-Quack; and to ſhew you that I do underſtand ſomething of the State of the Body-Politic, I will tell you, Sir, that I have heard a wiſe Man ſay, the Court is the Stomach of the Nation, in which, if the Buſineſs be not thoroughly digeſted, the whole Carcaſe will be in Diſorder. Now, Sir, I do find by the Feebleneſs of the Members, and the Vapours that fly into the Head, that this ſame Stomach is full of indigeſtions, which muſt be remov'd: And therefore, Sir, I am come Poſt to Town with my Head full of *Crocus Metallorum*, and deſign to give the Court a Vomit.

Eſop. Sir, the Phyſic you mention, tho' neceſſary ſometimes, is of too violent a Nature to be us'd without a great deal of Caution. I'm afraid, you are a little too rath in your Preſcriptions. Is it not poſſible you may be miſtaken in the Cauſe of the Diſtemper?

Gent. Sir, I do not think it poſſible I ſhou'd be miſtaken in any thing.

Eſop. Have you been long a Senator?

Gent. No, Sir.

Eſop. Have you been much about Town?

Gent. No, Sir.

Eſop. Have you convers'd much with Men of Buſineſs?

Gent. No, Sir.

Eſop. Have you made any ſerious Enquiry into the preſent Diſorders of the Nation?

Gent. No, Sir.

Eſop. Have you ever heard what the Men now employ'd in Buſineſs have to ſay for themſelves?

Gent. No, Sir.

Eſop. How then do you know they deſerve to be puniſh'd for the preſent Diſorders in your Affairs?

Gent. I'll tell you how I know.

Eſop. I would be glad to hear.

Gent. Why, I know by this——I know it, I ſay, by this——that I'm ſure on't——And to give you Demonſtration that I'm ſure on't, there is not one Man in a good Poſt in the Nation——but I'd give my Vote to hang him: Now I hope you are convinc'd.

Eſop. As for Example: The firſt Miniſter of State, why would you hang him?

Gent. Becauſe he gives bad Counſel.

Eſop. How do you know?

Gent. Why, they ſay ſo.

Eſop. And who would you put in his Room?

Gent. One that would give better.

Eſop. Who's that?

Gent. Myſelf.

Eſop. The Secretary of State, why wou'd you hang him?

Gent. Becauſe he has not good Intelligence.

Eſop. How do you know?

Gent. I have heard ſo.

Eſop. And who would you put in his Place?

Gent. My Father.

Eſop. The Treaſurer, why would you hang him?

Gent. Becauſe he does not underſtand his Buſineſs.

Eſop. How do you know?

Gent. I dreamt ſo.

Eſop. And who would you have ſucceed him?

Gent.

Gent. My Uncle.

Eſop. The Admiral, why would you hang him?

Gent. Becauſe he has not deſtroy'd the Enemies Ships.

Eſop. How do you know he could do it?

Gent. Why, I believe ſo.

Eſop. And who would you have command in his Stead?

Gent. My Brother.

Eſop. And the General, why would you hang him?

Gent. Becauſe he took ne'er a Town laſt Campaign.

Eſop. And how you do know it was in his Power?

Gent. Why, I don't care a Souſs whether 'twas in his Power or not. But I have a Son at home, a brave chopping Lad; he has been Captain in the Militia theſe twelve Months, and I'd be glad to ſee him in his Place. What do ye ſtare for, Sir? Ha! I'gad I tell you he'd ſcour all to the Devil. He's none of your Fencers, none of your ſa-ſa Men. *Numps* is downright, that's his Play. You may ſee his Courage in his Face: He has a Pair of Cheeks like two Bladders, a Noſe as flat as your Hand, and a Forehead like a Bull.

Eſop. In ſhort, Sir, I find if you and your Family were provided for, Things would ſoon grow better than they do.

Gent. And ſo they wou'd, Sir. Clap me at the Head of the State, and *Numps* at the Head of the Army: He with his Club-Muſquet, and I with my Club Head-Piece, we'd ſoon put an End to your Buſineſs.

Eſop. I believe you wou'd indeed. And therefore, ſince I happen to be acquainted with your extraordinary Abilities, I am reſolv'd to give the King an Account of you, and employ my Intereſt with him, that you and your Son may have the Poſts you deſire.

Gent. Will you, by the Lord?—Give me your Fiſt, Sir—the only honeſt Courtier that ever I met with in my Life.

Eſop. But, Sir, when I have done you this mighty Piece of Service, I ſhall have a ſmall Requeſt to beg of you, which I hope you won't refuſe me.

Gent. What's that?

Eſop. Why, 'tis in behalf of the two Officers who are to be diſplac'd to make Room for you and your Son.

Gent. The Secretary and the General?

Eſop. The ſame. 'Tis pity they ſhou'd be quite out of Buſineſs: I muſt therefore deſire you'll let me recommend one of 'em to you for your Bailiff, and t'other for your Huntſman.

Gent. My Bailiff and my Huntſman!——Sir, that's not to be granted.

Eſop. Pray, why?

Gent. Why?——Becauſe one wou'd ruin my Land, and t'other wou'd ſpoil my Fox-Hounds.

Eſop. Why do you think ſo?

Gent. Why do I think ſo!——Theſe Courtiers will aſk the ſtrangeſt Queſtions!——Why, Sir, do you think that Men bred up to the State or the Army, can underſtand the Buſineſs of Ploughing and Hunting?

Eſop. I did not know but they might.

Gent. How cou'd you think ſo?

Eſop. Becauſe I ſee Men bred up to Ploughing and Hunting, underſtand the Buſineſs of the State and the Army.

Gent. I'm ſhot——I ha'n't one Word to ſay for myſelf——I never was ſo caught in my Life.

Eſop. I perceive, Sir, by your Looks, what I have ſaid has made ſome Impreſſion upon you; and would perhaps do more, if you wou'd give it leave. [*Taking his Hand.*] Come, Sir, tho' I am a Stranger to you, I can be your Friend; my Favour at Court does not hinder me from being a Lover of my Country. 'Tis my Nature, as well as Principle, to be pleas'd with the Proſperity of Mankind. I wiſh all Things happy, and my Study is to make them ſo.

The Diſtempers of the Government (which I own are great) have employ'd the Stretch of my Underſtanding, and the deepeſt of my Thoughts, to penetrate the Cauſe, and to find out the Remedy. But alas! All the Product of my Study is this, That I find there is too near a Reſemblance between the Diſeaſes of the State and thoſe of the Body, for the moſt expert Miniſter to become a greater Maſter in one than the College is in t'other: And how far their Skill extends, you may ſee by this Lump upon my Back. Allowances in all Profeſſions there muſt be,

ſince

ſince 'tis weak Man that is the weak Profeſſor. Believe me, Senator, for I have ſeen the Proof on't, The longeſt Beard amongſt us is a Fool. Cou'd you but ſtand behind the Curtain, and there obſerve the ſecret Springs of State, you'd ſee, in all the Good or Evil that attends it, ten Ounces of Chance for one Grain either of Wiſdom or Roguery.

You'd ſee, perhaps, a venerable Stateſman ſit faſt aſleep in a great downy Chair; whilſt, in that ſoft Vacation of his Thought, blind Chance (or what at leaſt we blindly call ſo) ſhall ſo diſpoſe a thouſand ſecret Wheels, that when he awakes, he needs but write his Name, to publiſh to the World ſome bleſt Event, for which his Statue ſhall be rais'd in Braſs.

Perhaps a Moment thence, you ſhall behold him torturing his Brain; his Thoughts all ſtretcht upon the Rack for publick Service. The live-long Night, when all the World's at reſt, conſum'd in Care, and watching for their Safety, then by a Whirlwind in his Fate, in ſpight of him, ſome Miſchief ſhall befall 'em, for which a ſerious Sentence ſtrait ſhall paſs, and they ſhall vote him to the Scaffold. Even thus uncertain are Rewards and Puniſhments; and even thus little do the People know, when 'tis the Stateſman merits one or t'other.

Gent. Now I do believe I am beginning to be a wiſe Man; for I never till now perceived I was a Fool. But do you then really believe, Sir, our Men in Buſineſs do the beſt they can?

Eſop. Many of 'em do: Some perhaps do not. But this you may depend upon; he that is out of Buſineſs is the worſt Judge in the World of him that is in: Firſt, Becauſe he ſeldom knows any Thing of the Matter: And, Secondly, Becauſe he always deſires to get his Place.

Gent. And ſo, Sir, you turn the Tables upon the Plaintiff, and lay the Fool and Knave at his Door.

Eſop. If I do him wrong, I'm ſorry for't. Let him examine himſelf, he'll find whether I do or not. [*Exit Eſop.*

Gent. ——Examine!——I think I have had enough of that already. There's nothing left, that I know of, but to give Sentence: And truly I think there's no great

difficulty in that. A very pretty Fellow I am, indeed! Here am I come bellowing and roaring two hundred Miles Poſt to find myſelf an Aſs; when, with one Quarter of an Hour's Conſideration, I might have made the ſelf-ſame Diſcovery, without going over my Threſhold. Well! if ever they ſend me on their Errand to reform the State again, I'll be damn'd. But this I'll do: I'll go home and reform my Family if I can: Them I'm ſure I know. There's my Father's a peeviſh old Cox-comb: There's my Uncle's a drunken old Sot: There's my Brother's a cowardly Bully: Son *Numps* is a lubberly Whelp: I've a great ramping Daughter, that ſtares like a Heifer: and a Wife that's a ſlatternly Sow. [*Exit.*

Enter a young, gay, airy Beau, *who ſtands ſmiling contemptibly upon* Eſop.

Eſop. Well, Sir, what are you?

Beau. A Fool.

Eſop. That's impoſſible!——for if thou wert, thou'd'ſt think thyſelf a wiſe Man.

Beau. So I do——This is my own Opinion——the t'other's my Neighbour's. [*Walking airily about.*

Eſop. gazing after him.] Have you any Buſineſs with me, Sir?

Beau. Sir, I have Buſineſs with nobody, Pleaſure's my Study.

Eſop. aſide.] An odd Fellow this!——Pray, Sir, who are you?

Beau. I can't tell——

Eſop. ——Do you know who I am?

Beau. No, Sir: I'm a Favourite at Court, and I neither know myſelf, nor any body elſe.

Eſop. Are you in any Employment?

Beau. Yes.

Eſop. What is't?

Beau. I don't know the Name on't.

Eſop. You know the Buſineſs on't, I hope?

Beau. That I do——the Buſineſs of it is——to——put in a Deputy and receive the Money.

Eſop.——Pray, what may be your Name?

Beau.

Beau. *Empty.*
Eſop. Where do you live?
Beau. In the Side-Box.
Eſop. What do you do there?
Beau. I ogle the Ladies.
Eſop. To what Purpoſe?
Beau. To no Purpoſe.
Eſop. Why then do you do it?
Beau. Becauſe they like it, and I like it.
Eſop. Wherein conſiſts the Pleaſure?
Beau. In playing the Fool.
Eſop. ——Pray, Sir, what Age are you?
Beau. Five and twenty my Body; my Head's about fteen.
Eſop. Is your Father living?
Beau. Dead, thank God.
Eſop. Has he been long ſo?
Beau. Poſitively, yes.
Eſop. Where were you brought up?
Beau. At School.
Eſop. What School?
Beau. The School of *Venus*.
Eſop. Were you ever at the Univerſity?
Beau. Yes.
Eſop. What Study did you follow there?
Beau. My Bed-maker.
Eſop. How long did you ſtay?
Beau. Till I had loſt my Maidenhead.
Eſop. Why did you come away?
Beau. Becauſe I was expell'd.
Eſop. Where did you go then?
Beau. To Court.
Eſop. Who took Care of your Education there?
Beau. A Whore and a Dancing-Maſter.
Eſop. What did you gain by them?
Beau. A *Minuet*, and the *Pox*.
Eſop. Have you an Eſtate?
Beau. I had.
Eſop. What's become on't?
Beau. Spent.

Eſop.

Eſop. In what?

Beau. In a Twelvemonth.

Eſop. But how?

Beau. Why, in Dreſſing, Drinking, Whoring, Claps, Dice, and Scriveners. What do you think of me now, old Gentleman?

Eſop. Pray, what do you think of yourſelf?

Beau. I don't think at all: I know how to beſtow my Time better.

Eſop. Are you married?

Beau. No——have you ever a Daughter to beſtow upon me?

Eſop. She wou'd be well beſtow'd.

Beau. Why, I'm a ſtrong young Dog, you old Put, you: She may be worſe coupled——.

Eſop. Have you then a Mind to a Wife, Sir?

Beau. Yaw, Mynheer.

Eſop. What wou'd you do with her?

Beau. Why, I'd take Care of her Affairs, rid her of all her Troubles, her Maidenhead, and her Portion.

Eſop. And, pray, what Sort of Wife wou'd you be willing to throw yourſelf away upon?

Beau. Why, upon one that has Youth, Beauty, Quality, Virtue, Wit and Money.

Eſop. And how may you be qualified yourſelf, to back you in your Pretenſions to ſuch a one?

Beau. Why, I am qualified with——a Perriwig——a Snuff-box——a Feather——a——ſmooth Face——a Fool's Head——and a Patch.

Eſop. But one Queſtion more: What Settlements can you make?

Beau. Settlements!——Why, if ſhe be a very great Heireſs, indeed, I believe I may ſettle——myſelf upon her for Life, and my Pox upon her Children for ever.

Eſop. 'Tis enough; you may expect I'll ſerve you, if it lies in my Way. But I wou'd not have you rely too much upon your Succeſs, becauſe People ſometimes are miſtaken——

As for Example——

An Ape there was of nimble Parts,
A great Intruder into Hearts,
As briſk, and gay, and full of Air,
As you or I, or any here;
Rich in his Dreſs, of ſplendid Shew,
And with an Head like any Beau:
Eternal Mirth was in his Face;
Where'er he went,
He was content,
So Fortune had but kindly ſent
Some Ladies——and a Looking-glaſs.
Encouragement they always gave him,
Encouragement to play the Fool;
For ſoon they found it was a Tool
Wou'd hardly be ſo much in Love,
But that the mumbling of a Glove,
Or tearing of a Fan, wou'd ſave him.
Theſe Bounties he accepts as Proof
Of Feats done by his Wit and Youth;
He gives their Freedom gone for ever,
Concludes each Female Heart undone,
Except that very Happy One
To which he'd pleaſe to do the Favour.
In ſhort, ſo ſmooth his Matters went,
He gueſs'd, where'er his Thoughts were bent,
The Lady he muſt carry:
So put on a fine new Cravat,
He comb'd his Wig, he cock'd his Hat,
And gave it out he'd marry.
But here, alas! he found to 's Coſt,
He had reckon'd long without his Hoſt:
For whereſoe'er he made th' Attack,
Poor Pug with Shame was beaten back.
The firſt fair She he had in Chace,
Was a young Cat, extremely rich,
Her Mother was a noted Witch;
So, had the Daughter prov'd but civil,
He'd been related to the Devil.

But

But when he came
To urge his Flame,
She ſcratch'd him o'er the Face.
With that he went among the Bitches,
Such as had Beauty, Wit and Riches,
And ſwore Miſs Maulkin, *to her Coſt,*
Shou'd quickly ſee what ſhe had loſt:
But the poor, unlucky Swain
Miſs'd his Shepherdeſs again;
His Fate was to miſcarry.
It was his Deſtiny to find,
That Cats and Dogs are of a Mind,
When Monkies come to marry.

Beau. 'Tis very well;——'tis very well, old Spark; I ſay, 'tis very well. Becauſe I han't a Pair of plaid Shoes, and a dirty Shirt, you think a Woman won't venture upon me for a Huſband——Why, now to ſhew you, old Father, how little you Philoſophers know of the Ladies, I'll tell you an Adventure of a Friend of mine.

A Band, a Bob-Wig, and a Feather,
Attack'd a Lady's Heart together.
The Band, in a moſt learned Plea,
Made up of deep Philoſophy,
Told her, if ſhe wou'd pleaſe to wed
A Reverend Beard, and take, inſtead
Of vigorous Youth,
Old ſolemn Truth,
With Books and Morals into Bed,
How happy ſhe wou'd be.
The Bob, he talk'd of Management,
What wondrous Bleſſings Heaven ſent
On Care, and Pains, and Induſtry;
And, truly, he muſt be ſo free
To own, he thought your airy Beaux,
With powder'd Wigs, and dancing Shoes,
Were good for nothing (mend his Soul!)
But prate, and talk, and play the Fool.
He ſaid, 'twas Wealth *gave Joy and Mirth;*
And that to be the deareſt Wife
Of one, who labour'd all his

To make a Mine of Gold his own,
And not ſpend Six-pence *when he'd done,*
Was Heaven upon Earth.
When theſe two Blades had done, d' ye ſee,
The Feather (as it might be me)
Steps out, Sir, from behind the Skreen,
With ſuch an Air, and ſuch a Mien,
Look you, old Gentleman, in ſhort,
He quickly ſpoil'd the Stateſman's Sport.
It prov'd ſuch Sun-ſhine Weather,
That you muſt know, at the firſt Beck
The Lady leapt about his Neck,
And off they went together.

To Eſop.] There's a Tale for your Tale, old Dad, and ſo——*Serviteur.* [*Exeunt.*

THE

FALSE FRIEND.

A

COMEDY.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Capt. *Griffin*.

YOU dread Reformers of an impious Age,
You awful Cat-o'-nine Tails to the Stage,
This once be juſt, and in our Cauſe engage.
To gain your Favour, we your Rules obey,
And treat you with a moral Piece to-day;
So moral, we're afraid 'twill damn the Play.
For tho' y' ave long been leagu'd (as People tell)
To reduce the Power exorbitant of Hell;
No Troops you ſend, t' abate it in this Field,
But leave us ſtill expos'd, to ſtarve or yield.
Your Scouts, indeed, ſometimes come ſtealing in,
T' obſerve this formidable Camp of Sin,
And whiſper, if we'll piouſly declare,
What Aids you then will ſend, to help us thro' the War.
To this we anſwer, We're a feeble State,
And cannot well afford to love or hate,
So ſhou'd not meddle much in your Debate.
But, ſince your Cauſe is good, thus far we'll go,
When Portugal *declares, we'll do ſo too.*
Our Caſes, as we think, are much alike,
And on the ſame Conditions, we ſhould ſtrike;
Send to their Aid a hundred Men of War,
To ours, a hundred Squadrons of the Fair;
Rig out your Wives and Daughters all around,
(I mean, wh' are fit for Service, tight and ſound)
And, for a Proof our Meaning is ſincere,
See but the Ships are good, and if you fear
A Want of Equipage, we'll mann them here.

Theſe

PROLOGUE.

These are the Terms on which you may engage
The Poet's Fire, to batter from the Stage:
Useful Ally! whose Friendship lets you in,
Upon the weak and naked Side of Sin.
Against your old Attack, the Foe's prepar'd,
Well fortify'd, and always on his Guard;
The sacred Shot you send are flung in vain;
By impious Hands, with insolent Disdain,
They're gather'd up, and fir'd at you again.
Thro' baffled Toils, and unsuccessful Cares,
In Slaughter, Blood and Wounds, and pious Snares,
T' ave made a Flanders *War these fifteen hundred Years.*
Change then your Scheme, if you'll your Foe annoy,
And the infernal Bajazet *destroy;*
Our Aid accept,
W' ave gentler Stratagems which may succeed;
We'll tickle 'em where you'd make 'em bleed:
In Sounds less harsh, we'll teach 'em to obey;
In softer Strains the evil Spirit lay,
And steal Immorality away.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Don *Felix*, a Gentleman of *Valencia*,		Capt. *Griffith.*
Don *Pedro*,	Lovers of *Leonora*,	Mr. *Wilks.*
Don *Guzman*,		Mr. *Mills.*
Don *John*,		Mr. *Cibber.*
Lopez, Servant to Don *John*,		Mr. *Pinkethman.*
Galindo, Servant to Don *Guzman*,		Mr. *Bullock.*

W O M E N.

Leonora, Daughter to Don *Felix*,		Mrs. *Rogers.*
Iſabella, her Friend, and Siſter to *Guzman*,		Mrs. *Kent.*
Jacintha, Woman to *Leonora*,		Mrs. *Oldfield.*

SCENE, at *Valencia.*

THE

THE FALSE FRIEND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Don* John's *Lodgings.*

Enter Don John *beating* Lopez.

Lop. HOLD, Sir, hold; there's enough in all Conſcience; I'm reaſonable, I aſk no more; I'm content.

Don *John.* Then there's a double Content, you Dog, and a Brace of Contents more into the Bargain. Now is't well? [*Striking again and again.*

Lop. O, mighty well, Sir; you'll never mend it; pray leave it as 'tis.

Don *John.* Look you, you Jackanapes, if ever I hear an Offer at your impertinent Advice again——

Lop. And why, Sir, will you ſtifle the moſt uſeful of my Qualifications?

Don *John.* Either, Sirrah, I paſs for a very great Blockhead with you, or you are pleas'd to reckon much upon my Patience.

Lop. Your Patience, Sir, indeed is great: I feel at this Time forty Proofs on't upon my Shoulders: But really, Sir, I wou'd adviſe you to——

Don *John.*

Don *John*. Again! I can bear thee no longer. Here, Pen and Ink, I'll give thee thy Diſcharge: Did I take you for a Valet, or a Privy-Counſellor, Sir?

Lop. 'Tis confeſs'd, Sir, you took me but for humble Employment; but my Intention was agreeably to ſurprize you with ſome ſuperior Gifts of Nature, to your faithful Slave. I profeſs, my noble Maſter, a moſt perfect Knowledge of Men and Manners. Yours, gracious Sir, (with all Reſpect I ſpeak it) are not irreprehenſible. And I'm afraid in Time, Sir, I am indeed, they'll riggle you into ſome ill-favour'd Affair, whence, with all my Underſtanding, I ſhall be puzzled to bring you off.

Don *John*. Very well, Sir.

Lop. And therefore, Sir, it is, that I, poor *Lopez* as I am, ſometimes take leave to maralize.

Don *John*. Go, go, moralize in the Market-place: I'm quite worn out. Once more, march.

Lop. Is the Sentence definitive?

Don *John*. Poſitive.

Lop. Then, pray, let us come to account, and ſee what Wages are due.

Don *John*. Wages! Refund what you have had, you Raſcal, you, for the plague you have given me.

Lop. Nay, if I muſt loſe my Money, then let me claim another Right: Loſers have leave to ſpeak. Therefore, advance, my Tongue, and ſay thy Pleaſure; tell this Maſter of mine, he ſhou'd die with ſhame at the Life he leads: So much unworthy of a Man of Honour: Tell him———

Don *John*. I'll hear no more.

Lop. You ſhall indeed, Sir.

Don *John*. Here, take thy Money, and begone.

Lop. Counters all; adieu, you gliſtring Spangles of the World; farewel, ye Tempters of the Great, not me. Tell him———

Don *John*. Stay.

Lop. Go on; tell him he's worſe among the Women than a Ferret among the Rabbits; at one and all, from the Princeſs to the Tripe-Woman; handſome, ugly, old Women and Children, all go down.

Don John.

Don *John*. Very well.

Lop. It is, indeed, Sir, and ſo are the Stories you tell them to bring them to your Matters. The Handſome, ſhe's all Divinity, to be ſure; the Ugly, ſhe's ſo agreeable, were it not for her Virtue, ſhe'd be over-run with Lovers; the light, airy, Flipflap, ſhe kills him with her Motions; the dull, heavy-tail'd Maukin melts him down with her Modeſty; the ſcragged, lean, pale Face has a Shape for Deſtruction; the fat over-grown Sow has an Air of Importance; the tall awkward Trapes with her Majeſty wounds; the little, ſhort Trundle-tail ſhoots a [illegible] *quoy*; In a Word, they have all ſomething for him——and he has ſomething for them all.

Don *John*. And thus, you Fool, by a general Attack, I keep my Heart my own; lie with them that like me, and care not Sixpence for them that don't.

Lop. Well ſaid, well ſaid; a very pretty Amuſement, truly! But, pray, Sir, by your leave (Ceremony aſide) ſince you are pleas'd to clear up into Converſation, what mighty Matters do you expect from boarding a Woman, you know, is already Heart and Soul engag'd to another?

Don *John*. Why, I expect her Heart and Soul ſhou'd diſengage in a Week. If you live a little longer with me, Sirrah, you'll know how to inſtruct your next Maſter to the purpoſe; and therefore, that I may charitably equip you for a new Service, now I'm turning you out of my own, I'll let you know, that when a Woman loves a Man beſt, ſhe's in the moſt hopeful way of betraying him; for Love, like Fortune, turns upon a Wheel, and is very much given to riſing and falling.

Lop. Like enough: But as much upon the Weather-cock as the Ladies are; there are ſome the Wind muſt blow hard to fetch them about: When ſuch a ſturdy Huſſy falls in your Honour's way, what account may Things turn to then, an't pleaſe ye?

Don *John*. They turn to a Bottle, you Puppy.

Lop. I find they'll always turn to ſomething; but when you purſue a poor Woman, only to make her Lover jealous, what Pleaſure can you take in that?

Don *John*. That Pleaſure.

Lop. Look you there, again.

Don *John.* Why, Sirrah, d'ye think there's no Pleaſure in ſpoiling their Sport, when I can't make my own?

Lop. O! to a good-natur'd Man, be ſure there muſt; but, ſuppoſe, inſtead of 'ſending and proving with his Miſtreſs, he ſhou'd come to—— a——parrying and thruſting with you; what becomes of your Joy, then, my noble Maſter?

Don *John.* Why, do you think I'm afraid to fight, you Raſcal?

Lop. I thought we were talking of what we lov'd, not what we fear'd, Sir.

Don *John.* Sir, I love every Thing that leads to what I love moſt.

Lop. I know, Sir, you have often fought upon theſe Occaſions.

Don *John.* Therefore, that has been no ſtop to my Pleaſures.

Lop. But you have never been kill'd once, Sir; and when that happens, you will for ever loſe the Pleaſure of——

Don *John.* [*ſtriking him.*] Breaking your Head, you Raſcal, which will afflict me heartily. See who knocks ſo hard. [*Knocking.*

Lop. Somebody that thinks I can hear no better than you think I can feel.

Enter Don Guzman.

Don *Guz.* Don *John de Alvarada,* is he here?

Lop. There's the Man. Shew me ſuch another, if you can find him. [*Aſide.*

Don *Guz.* Don *John,* I deſire to ſpeak with you alone.

Don *John.* You may ſpeak before this Fellow, Sir; he's truſty.

Don *Guz.* 'Tis an Affair of Honour, Sir.

Don *John.* Withdraw, *Lopez.*

Lop. Behind the Door I will, and no farther. [*Aſide.*] This Fellow looks as if he came to ſave me a broken Head. [Lopez *retires.*

Don *Guz.* I call myſelf *Don Guzman de Torrellas*; you know

know what Blood I ſpring from; I am a Cadet, and, by conſequence, not rich; but I am eſteem'd by Men of Honour: I have been forward to expoſe myſelf in Battles abroad, and I have met with Applauſe in our Feaſts at home.

Lop. So much by way of Introduction. [*Aſide.*

Don *John.* I underſtand your Merit, Sir, and ſhou'd be glad to do as much by your Buſineſs.

Don *Guz.* Give Attention, and you'll be inſtructed. I love *Leonora*, and from my Youth have done ſo. Long ſhe rejected my Sighs, and deſpiſed my Tears, but my Conſtancy at laſt hath vanquiſh'd. I have found the way to her Heart, and nothing is wanting to compleat my Joy, but the Conſent of her Father, whom I cannot yet convince, that the Wants in my Fortune are recompens'd by the Merits of my Perſon.

Lop. He's a very dull Fellow, indeed. [*Aſide.*

Don *Guz.* In the mean while, the Object of my Vows is a ſharer in my Grief, and the only Cordial we have is the Pleaſure of a ſecret Converſation, thro' a ſmall Breach I have made in a thin Partition that divides our Lodgings. I truſt you, Don *John*, with this important Secret; Friend or Enemy, you are noble, therefore keep it; I charge your Honour with it.

Lop. You cou'd not put it in better Hands. [*Aſide.*

Don *Guz.* But more; my Paſſion for this Lady is not hid; all *Valencia* is acquainted with my Wiſhes, and approves my Choice. You alone, Don *John de Alvarada*, ſeeming ignorant of my Vows, dare traverſe my Amour.

Don *John.* Go on.

Lop. Theſe Words import War; lie cloſe, *Lopez.* [*Aſide.*

Don *Guz.* You are the *Argus* of our Street and the Spy of *Leonora*; whether *Diana* by her borrow'd Light ſupplies the Abſence of the *Aſtrea* of Day, or that the Shades of Night cover the Earth with impenetrable Darkneſs; you ſtill attend till *Aurora*'s Return, under the Balcony of that adorable Beauty.

Don *John* So?

Don *Guz.* Wherever ſhe moves, you ſtill follow as

her Shadow, at Church, at Plays: Be her Buſineſs with Heaven or Earth, your Importunity is ſuch, you'll ſhare it.

Lop. He is a forward Fellow, that's the Truth on't. [*Aſide.*

Don *Guz.* But what's ſtill farther, you take the Liberty to copy me; my Words, my Actions, every Motion is no ſooner mine, but yours. In ſhort, you ape me, Don; and to that point, I once deſign'd to ſtab myſelf, and try if you wou'd follow me in that too.

Lop. No, there the Monkey wou'd have left you. [*Aſide.*

Don *Guz.* But to conclude.

Don *John.* 'Tis Time.

Don *Guz.* My Patience, Don, is now no more; and I pronounce, that if henceforth I find you under *Leonora*'s Window, who never wiſh'd, fond Man, to ſee you there; I, by the ways of Honour, ſhall fix you in another Station. I leave you to conſider on't.—— Farewel. [*Exit* Don *Guz.*

Don *John.* Hold, Sir, we had e'en as good do this honourable Deed now.

Re-enter Lopez.

Lop. No, pray, Sir, let him go, and may be you mayn't have Occaſion to do it at all.

Don *John.* I thought at firſt the Coxcomb came upon another Subject, which wou'd have embarraſſed me much more.

Lop. Now this was a Subject wou'd have embarraſs'd me enough in all Conſcience.

Don *John.* I was afraid he came to forbid me ſeeing his Siſter, *Iſabella*, with whom I'm upon very good Terms.

Lop. Why, now, that's a hard Caſe, when you have got a Man's Siſter, you can't leave him his Miſtreſs.

Don *John.* No, changeling, I hate him enough, to love every Woman that belongs to him: and the Fool has ſo provok'd me by this Threatning, that I believe I ſhall make a Stroke at his Mother, before I think myſelf even with him.

Lop. A moſt admirable way to make up Accounts, truly! Don *John.*

Don *John.* A Son of a Whore! s'death, I did not care Sixpence for the Slut before, but now I'll have her Maidenhead in a Week, for fear the Rogue ſhou'd marry her in ten Days.

Lop. Mum; here's her Father: I'll warrant this old Spark comes to correct our Way of living too.

Enter Don Felix.

Don *Fel.* Don *John!*

Don *John.* Don *Felix!* do I ſee you in my poor Dwelling? Pray, to what lucky Accident do I owe this Honour?

Don *Fel.* That I may ſpeak to you without Conſtraint, pray ſend away your Servant.

Lop. What the Pox have I done to 'em, they are all ſo uneaſy at my Company? [*Aſide.*

Don *John* Give us Chairs, and leave the Room.

Lop. If this old Fellow comes to quarrel with my too, he'll at leaſt do us leſs harm. [*Aſide.*

Don *Fel.* Won't you retire, Friend? [*To his Servant.*

Don *John.* Be gone, Sirrah.

Lop. aſide.] Pox take ye —— you old Prig, you: But I ſhall be even with you. [*Exit talking by himſelf.*

Don *Fel.* You know me, I

Don *John.* I do, Sir.

Don *Fel.* That I call myſelf

Don *John.* Don *Felix*

Don *Fel* That I am of the Houſe of

Don *John. Cabrera*, one of the firſt of Spain.

Don *Fel.* That my Eſtate is ——

Don *John.* Great.

Don *Fel.* You know that I have ſome Reputation in the World?

Don *John.* I know your Reputation equals your Birth.

Don *Fel.* And you are not ignorant, that Heaven, for the Conſolation of my grey Hairs, has given me an only Daughter, who is not deform'd?

Don *John.* Beauteous as Light.

Don *Fel.* Well ſhap'd, witty, and endow'd with—

Don *John.* All the good Qualities of Mind and Body.

Don *Fel.* Since you are ſatisfy'd with all this, hearken, I pray, with Attention, to the Buſineſs that brings me hither.

Don *John.* I ſhall.

Don *Fel.* We all know, Don *John*, ſome by their own Experience, ſome by that of others, how nice a Gentleman's Honour is, and how eaſily taniſh'd; an *Eclairciſſement* manag'd with Prudence, often prevents Misfortunes, that, perhaps, might be upon the Point of attending us. I have thought it my Duty to acquaint you, that I have ſeen your Deſigns upon my Daughter; You paſs Nights entire under her Window, as if you were ſearching an Opportunity to get into my Houſe; there is nobody in the Town but has taken Notice of your Proceedings; you give the Publick a Subject for diſadvantageous Diſcourſe; and tho' in reality *Leonora*'s Virtue receives no Prejudice by it, her Reputation daily runs ſome Riſque. My Years have taught me to judge right of Things; and yet, I have not been able to decide what your End can be; you can't regard my Daughter on a foot of Gallantry; you know her Virtue, and my Birth too well; and for a Wife you ſeem to have no Thought, ſince you have yet made no Demand to me: What then is your Intention? You have heard, perhaps, I have hearken'd to a Gentleman of *Toledo*, a Man of Merit. I own I have, and I expect him daily here; but, Don *John*, if 'tis that which hinders you from declaring in form, I'll eaſe you of a great deal of Trouble, which the Cuſtoms of the World impoſe upon theſe Occaſions, and, in a Word, I'll break with him, and give you *Leonora*.

Lop. Good. [*Aſide.*

Don *Fel.* You don't anſwer me! What is't that troubles you?

Don *John.* That I have been ſuch a Sot, old Gentleman, to hear you with ſo much Patience. [*Riſing.*

Don *Fel.* How, Don! I'm more aſtoniſh'd at your Anſwer, than I was with your Silence.

Don *John.* Aſtoniſh'd! Why han't you talk'd to me of Marriage? He aſks me to marry, and wonders what I complain of!

Don *Fel.*

Don *Fel.* 'Tis well—'tis well, Don *John*; the Outrage is violent! You inſult me in your own Houſe. But, know, Sir—— [*Riſing.*

Don *John.* But, know, Sir, there needs no Quarrel, if you pleaſe, Sir; I like your Daughter very well; but for marrying her——*Servitcur.*

Don *Fel.* Don *Guzman de Torrellas* has not leſs Merit than you, Don.

Don *John.* Agreed; what then?

Don *Fel.* And yet I have refus'd him my Daughter.

Don *John.* Why then, you have uſed him better than you have done me, which I take very unkindly.

Don *Fel.* I have us'd you, Sir——

Don *John.* Us'd me, Sir? you have us'd me very ill, to come into my own Houſe to ſeduce me.

Don *Fel.* What Extravagance!

Don *John.* What Perſecution!

Don *Fel.* Am I then to have no other Anſwer?

Don *John.* Methinks, you have enough in all Conſcience.

Don *Fel.* Promiſe me, at leaſt, you'll ceaſe to love my Daughter.

Don *John.* I won't affront your Family ſo far, neither.

Lop. I'gad my Maſter ſhines to-day. [*Aſide.*

Don *Fel.* Know, Don, that I can bear no more.

Lop. If he cou'd, I think there's no more to lay upon him. [*Aſide.*

Don *Fel.* If I find you continue to importune *Leonora*, I ſhall find a way to ſatisfy my offended Honour, and puniſh your Preſumption.

Don *John.* You ſhall do what you pleaſe to me, provided you don't marry me.

Don *Fel.* Know, *Alvarada*, there are ways to revenge ſuch outrageous Affronts as theſe.

Don *John.* I won't marry.

Don *Fel.* 'Tis enough. [*Exit Don* Felix.

Re-enter Lopez.

Lop. So; the old Fellow's gone at laſt, and has carry'd great Content along with him. [*Aſide.*

Don *John*. *Lopez*.

Lop. Sir——

Don *John*. What doſt think? He wou'd have marry'd me!

Lop. Yes, he had found his Man. But you have been even with him.

Don *John*. What! thou haſt heard us then?

Lop. Or I were no Valet: But, pray, what does your Honour intend to do now? Will you continue the Siege of a Place, where, 'tis probable, they will daily augment the Fortifications, when there are ſo many open Towns you may march into, without the Trouble of opening the Trenches.

Don *John*. I am going, *Lopez*, to double my Attacks: I'll beat up her Quarters ſix Times a-night; I am now down-right in Love: the Difficulties pique me to the Attempt, and I'll conquer or I'll die.

Lop. Why, to confeſs the Truth, Sir, I find you much upon my Taſte in this Matter: Difficulties are the Rocambole of Love; I never valu'd an eaſy Conqueſt in my Life. To rouſe my Fire, the Lady muſt cry out, as ſoftly as ever ſhe can, Have a Care, my Dear, my Mother has ſeen us: My Brothers ſuſpect me; my Huſband may ſurprize us: O, dear Heart, have a Care, I pray! Then, I play the Devil: But, when I come to a Fair-one, where I may hang up my Cloak upon a Peg, get into my Gown and Slippers——

Don *John*. Impudent Rogue! [*Aſide*.

Lop. See her ſtretch'd upon the Couch, in great Security, with——My Dear, come kiſs me, we have nothing to fear——I droop, I yawn, I ſleep.

Don *John*. Well, Sir, whatever you do with your Fair-one, I am going to be very buſy with mine; I was e'en almoſt weary of her, but *Guzman* and this old Fellow have reviv'd my dying Fire; and ſo, have at her.

Lop. 'Tis all mighty well, Sir; mighty well, Sir, as can be in the World. But, if you wou'd have the Goodneſs to conſider *en paſſant*, or ſo, a little now and then about Swords and Daggers, and Rivals and old Fellows, and Piſtols and great Guns, and ſuch like Baubles, only now

now and then at leiſure, Sir, not to interrupt Things of more Conſequence.

Don *John*. Thou art a cowardly Raſcal, I have often conſider'd that.

Lop. Ay, that's true, Sir; and yet a Blunderbuſs is preſently diſcharged out of a Garret-Window.

Don *John*. Come, no more Words, but follow me: How now! what Impertinence have we here now, to ſtop me?

Enter Don Pedro.

Lop. 'Tis Don *Pedro*, or I'm a Dog.

Don *John*. Impoſſible! Don *Pedro* return'd!

Don *Ped*. 'Tis I, my deareſt Friend; I'm come to forget all the Miſeries of a long Abſence in one happy Embrace. [*They embrace.*

Don *John*. I'm overjoy'd to ſee you.

Don *Ped*. Mine's not to be expreſt. What, Friend *Lopez* here ſtill! How doſt do, *Lopez*? What, doſt not know me?

Lop. As well as my Father's Seal, Sir, when he ſends me a Bill of Exchange.

Don *Ped*. Juſt as he was, I find, Galliard ſtill.

Lop. I find it very unwholeſome to be otherwiſe, Sir.

Don *John*. You have then quitted the Service in *Flanders*, I ſuppoſe.

Don *Ped*. I have ſo, Friend; I have left the Enſigns of *Mars*, and am liſting myſelf in a ſofter Militia.

Don *John*. Explain, pray.

Don *Ped*. Why, when your Father's Death oblig'd you to leave *Bruſſels*, and return hither to the pleaſant Fortune he left you; I ſtay'd in *Flanders*, very truſt for your Loſt, and paſt three Years in the Trade of War. About two Months ſince, my Father writ to me from *Toledo*, that he was going to marry me very advantageouſly at *Valencia*: He ſent me the Picture of the Lady, and I was ſo well pleaſed with it, that I immediately got my *Congé* and embark'd at *Dunkirk*; I had a quick Paſſage to the *Groyne*, from whence, by the way of *Madrid*, I am come hither with all the Speed I cou'd. I have,

you muſt know, been two Days in Town, but I have lain *Incognito*, that I might inform myſelf of the Lady's Conduct I'm to marry; and I have diſcover'd, that ſhe's ſerv'd by two Cavaliers of Birth and Merit. But tho' they have both given many Proofs of a moſt violent Paſſion, I have found, for the Quiet of my Honour, that this virtuous Lady, out of Modeſty or Prudence, has ſhewn a perfect Indifference to them and their Gallantries; her Fortune is conſiderable, her Birth is high, her Manners irreproachable, and her Beauty ſo great, that nothing but my Love can equal it.

Don *John*. I have hearken'd to you, Don *Pedro*, with a great deal of Attention, and Heaven's my Witneſs, I have a mighty Joy in ſeeing you; but the Devil fetch me, it makes my Heart bleed, to hear you are going to be married.

Don *Ped*. Say no more of that, I deſire you; we have always been Friends, and I earneſtly beg we ever may be ſo; but I am not come to aſk Counſel about my Marriage; my Party is taken, and my Inquiries have ſo much heightened my Deſire, that nothing can henceforth abate it. I muſt, therefore, expect from you, dear Friend, that you won't oppoſe it, but that you'll aid me in haſt'ning the Moment of my Happineſs.

Don *John*. Since 'tis ſo impoſſible for you to reſolve for your own Good, I muſt ſubmit to what you'll have me: But are not we to know the Name of this Piece of Rarity, that is to do you this good Turn?

Don *Ped*. You'll know it preſently; for I'm going to carry you to her Houſe.

Don *John*. You ſhall tell me, at leaſt, who are her two Gallants.

Don *Ped*. One, they cou'd not tell me his Name; t' other is——But before we talk any more of theſe Affairs, can you let me diſpoſe of *Lopez*, till the Return of a Servant, I ſent three Days ago to——

Don *John*. Carry News of you to *Papa*, I ſuppoſe.

Don *Ped*. You are right; the good Man is thirty Leagues off, and I have not ſeen him theſe ſix Years.

Don *John*. *Lopez*, do you wait upon Don *Pedro*.

Lop.

Lop. With all my Heart. It's at leaſt a Suſpenſion of Boxes of the Ear, and Kicks of the Backſide. [*Aſide.*

Don *Ped.* Then, honeſt *Lopez*, with your Maſter's Leave, go to the New-Inn, the King of *France* on Horſeback, and ſee if my Servant's return'd; I'll be there immediately, to charge thee with a Commiſſion of more Importance.

Lop. I ſhall perform your Orders, Sir, both to your Satisfaction, and my own Reputation. [*Exit* Lopez.

Don *John.* Very quaint. Well, old Acquaintance, you are going to be married then? 'Tis reſolved: Ha!

Don *Ped.* So ſays my Star.

Don *John.* The fooliſheſt Star that has ſaid any Thing a great while.

Don *Ped.* Still the ſame, I ſee! Or, more than ever, reſolv'd to love nothing.

Don *John.* Love nothing! Why, I'm in Love at this very Time.

Don *Ped.* With what?

Don *John.* A Woman.

Don *Ped.* Impoſſible!

Don *John.* True.

Don *Ped.* And how came you in love with her?

Don *John.* Why, I was ordered not to be in love with her.

Don *Ped.* Then, there's more Humour than Love in't.

Don *John.* There ſhall be what you pleaſe in't. But I ſhan't quit the Gentlewoman, till I have convinced her there's ſomething in't.

Don *Ped.* Mayn't I know her Name?

Don *John.* When you have let me into your conjugal Affection.

Don *Ped.* Pray, ſtay here but till I have ſent *Lopez* to my Father-in-law; I'll come back, and carry you with me in a Moment.

Don *John.* I'll expect you.

Don *Ped.* Adieu, dear Friend! May I in earneſt ſee you quickly in Love! [*Exit Don* Pedro.

Don *John.* May I, without a Jeſt, ſee you quickly a Widower.

Don John *ſolus.*

He comes, he ſays, to marry a Woman of Quality that has two Lovers——If it ſhould be *Leonora*——But, why ſhe? There are many, I hope, in that Condition in *Valencia*——I'm a little embarraſs'd about it, however———

Friendſhip, take heed; if Woman interfere,
Be ſure the Hour of thy Deſtruction's near. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE, *Leonora*'s Apartment.

Enter Leonora, Iſabella, *and* Jacinta.

Leon. DEAR *Iſabella*, come in: How I am plagu'd with this troubleſome Wretch! *Jacinta*, have you ſhut the outer Gates?

Jacin. I have, Madam.

Leo. Shut the Window too; we ſhall have him get in there, by and bye.

Iſab. What's this you are in ſuch Apprehenſions of, pray?

Leo. Nothing worth naming.

Iſab. You diſſemble: Something of Love in the Caſe, I'll warrant you.

Leo. The Reverſe on't; 'tis Averſion. My Impertinent Star has furniſh'd me with a Lover for my Guard, who is never from my Window; he perſecutes me to Diſtraction; I affront him fifty Times a-day; which he receives with a Bow down to the Ground: In ſhort, all I can do, is doing nothing at all: He ſtill perſiſts in loving me, as much as I hate him.

Iſab. Have a Care he don't get the better on't, for all that; for when a Man loves a Woman well enough

to

to perſevere, 'tis odds but ſhe at laſt loves him well enough to make him give it over. But I think I had as good take off my Scarf; for, ſince my Brother Don *Guzman* knows I'm with you, he won't quarrel at my return, for the Length of my Viſit.

Leo. If he ſhou'd, I ſhou'd quarrel with him, which few Things elſe wou'd make me do. But methinks *Iſabella*, you are a little melancholy.

Iſab. And you a little thoughtful.

Leo. Pray, tell me your Affliction.

Iſab. Pray don't conceal yours.

Leo. Why, truly, my Heart is not at eaſe.

Iſab. Mine, I fear, never will.

Leo. My Father's marrying me againſt my Inclination.

Iſab. My Brother is hind'ring me from marrying with mine.

Leo. You know I love your Brother, Don *Guzman*.

Iſab. And you ſhall know, I'm uneaſy for Don *John de Alvarada*.

Leo. Don *John*!

Iſab. The ſame.

Leo. Have you any Reaſon to hope for a Return?

Iſab. I think ſo.

Leo. I'm afraid, my Dear, you abuſe yourſelf.

Iſab. Why?

Leo. Becauſe he is already in Love with——

Iſab. Who?

Leo. Me.

Iſab. I wou'd not have you too poſitive in that, Madam, for I am very ſure that———

Leo. Madam, I am very ſure that he's the troubleſome Gueſt I juſt now complain'd of: And you may believe——

Iſab. Madam, I can never believe he's troubleſome to any Body.

Leo. O, dear Madam! But I'm ſure I'm forc'd to keep my Windows ſhut, till I'm almoſt dead with Heat; and that, I think, is troubleſome.

Iſab. This Miſtake is eaſily ſet right, *Leonora*; our Houſes

Houſes join, and when he looks at my Window, you fancy 'tis at your's.

Leo. But, when he attacks my Door, Madam, and almoſt breaks it down, I don't know how in the World to fancy 'tis your's.

Iſab. A Man may do that to diſguiſe his real Inclination.

Leo. Nay, if you pleaſe, believe he's dying for you, I wiſh he were; then I ſhou'd be troubled no more with him. Be ſure, *Jacinta*, you don't open a Window to-night.

Iſab. Not while I'm here, at leaſt; for if he knows that, he may chance to preſs in.

Leo. Look you, *Iſabella*, 'tis entirely alike to me, who he's fond of; but I'm ſo much your Friend, I can't endure to ſee you deceiv'd.

Iſab. And ſince I have the ſame Kindneſs for you, *Leonora*, know, in ſhort, that my Brother is ſo alarm'd at his Paſſion for me, that he has forbid him the Street.

Leo. Bleſs my Soul! and don't you plainly ſee by that, he's jealous of him upon my Account?

Iſa. ſmiling.] He's jealous of his Honour, Madam, leſt he ſhou'd debauch his Siſter.

Leo. I ſay, he's jealous of his Love, leſt he ſhou'd corrupt his Miſtreſs.

Iſab. But why all this Heat? If you love my Brother, why are you concern'd Don *John* ſhou'd love me?

Leo. I'm not concern'd: I have no Deſigns upon him; I care not who he loves.

Iſab. Why then are you angry?

Leo. Why do you ſay he does not care for me!

Iſab. Well, to content you then, I know nothing certain, but that I love him.

Leo. And to content you; I know nothing ſo certain, as that I neither love him, nor ever can love him: And ſo I hope we are Friends again.

Iſab. Kiſs me, then, and let us never be otherwiſe.

Leo. Agreed: [*They kiſs.*] And now, my Dear, as my Misfortune's neareſt, I am firſt to be pity'd; I am the moſt wretched Woman living. My Father every Moment

ment expects a Gentleman from *Flanders*, to whom he has resolv'd to marry me. But neither Duty, nor Prudence, nor Danger, nor Resolution, nor all I can summon to my Aid, can drive your Brother from my Heart; but there he's fix'd to ruin me.

Jacin. Madam, here's Don *Guzman* at the Chamber-Door; he begs so passionately to come in, sure you can't refuse him.

Leo. Heavens! But does he consider to what he exposes me?

Jacin. Madam, he considers nothing; if he did, I'd say he were an impudent Fellow, to pretend to be in Love with you.

Leo. Shall I venture, *Isabella?*

Isab. You know best.

Enter Don Guzman.

Jacin. Marry, methinks he knows best of us all, for here he comes.

Don *Guz.* Forgive me, lovely *Leonora*; 'tis the last Time, perhaps, that I may beg your Pity. My Rival is not far off: Excess of Modesty is now our Ruin. Break through it, for this Moment you have left, and own, to your old Father, how you love. He once did so himself; our Scene of Sorrow may, perhaps, recall some small Remembrance of his tender Years, and melt him into Mercy.

Leo. Alas! Don *Guzman*———

Jacin. O Heavens! Madam———

Leo. What's the Matter?

Jacin. Y' are undone; here's your Father.

Isab. What an unlucky Accident!

Leo. Has he seen Don *Guzman?*

Jacin. Nay, the deuce knows.

Isab. Where shall he hide himself?

Jacin. In the Moon, if he can get thither.

Enter Don Felix.

Don *Guz.* I must e'en stand it now.

Don *Fel.* Good News, my Daughter, good News; I come

I come to acquaint you, that——How now? What's the Meaning of this? Don *Guzman* in my Daughter's Chamber!

Don *Guz.* I ſee your Surprize, Sir, but you need not be diſturb'd; 'twas ſome ſudden Buſineſs with my Siſter brought me here.

Don *Fel.* 'Tis enough, Sir: I'm glad to find you here; you ſhall be a Witneſs, that I know how to preſerve the Honour of my Family.

Don *Guz.* What mean you, Sir?

Don *Fel.* To marry *Leonora* this Moment.

Don *Guz.* How ſay you?

Don *Fel.* I ſay, you ſhall have nothing left to aſk of me.

Don *Guz.* Is't poſſible? O Heavens! what Joy I feel!

Don *Fel.* *Leonora*, prepare your Hand and Heart.

Leo. They both are ready, Sir; and in giving me the Man I love, you charge me with a Debt of Gratitude can never be repay'd.

Don *Guz.* [*Kneeling.*] Upon my Knees, I thank the beſt of Men, for bleſſing me with all that's bleſt in Woman.

Iſab. How well that kind, that gentle Look becomes him!

Jacin. Now, methinks, he looks like an old Rogue; I don't like his Looks. [*Aſide.*

Enter Lopez.

Lop. To all whom it may concern, greeting, Don *Pedro Oſorio*, acknowledging himſelf moſt unworthy of the Honour intended him, in the Perſon of the fair *Leonora*, addreſſes himſelf, by me, his ſmall Ambaſſador, to the Generoſity of Don *Felix*, for leave to walk in and take Poſſeſſion.

Don *Fel.* I had already given Order for his Entrance.

Don *Guz.* What is't I hear?

Leo. Support me.

Iſab. She faints.

Don *Guz.* Look, Tyrant, here, and, if thou can'ſt, be cruel! [*Holding her.*

Don *Fel.* Bring in Don *Pedro.*

Don *Guz.*

Don *Guz.* Barbarian!

Jacin. Look up, Madam, for Heaven's ſake; ſince you muſt marry the Fellow, e'en make the moſt on't.

Leo. Hoh——

Enter Don Pedro *and Don* John.

Jacin. So——How d'ye do now? Come, chear up. See, here he comes. By my Troth, and a pretty turn'd Fellow. [*Aſide.*] He'll ſet all to right by to-morrow Morning, I'll anſwer for him.

Don *Fel.* Don *Pedro*, you are welcome; let me embrace you.

Don *Ped.* In what Terms, Sir, ſhall I expreſs what I owe you for the Honour you do me? And with what Proſpect of Return can I receive this ineſtimable Preſent? Your Picture, Madam, made what Impreſſion Art cou'd ſtamp, but Nature has done more. What Wounds your Sex can give, or ours receive, I feel.

Don *Fel.* Come, Son, (for I'm in haſte to call you ſo) ——But what's this I ſee? *Alvarada* here! Whence, Sir, this Inſolence; to come within my Doors, after you know what has paſt? Who brought you here?

Don *Ped.* 'Twas I, Sir.

Don *Fel.* But do you know that he——

Don *Ped.* Sir, he's the beſt of my Friends.

Don *Fel.* But do you know, I ſay, that he wou'd——

Don *Ped.* Hinder this Marriage, tis true.

Don *Fel.* Yes, becauſe he deſign'd——

Don *Ped.* I know his Deſign, Sir; 'tis to hinder all his Friends from marrying. Pray forgive him.

Don *Fel.* Then to prevent for ever his Deſigns here, come hither, *Leonora*, and give Don *Pedro* your Hand.

Don *John.* Keep down, my kindling Jealouſy: I've ſomething tortures me I never felt but now. [*Aſide.*

Don *Ped.* [*to* Leo.] Why this Backwardneſs, Madam? Where a Father chooſes, a Daughter may with Modeſty approve. Pray, give me your Hand.

Don *Guz.* I cannot ſee it. [*Turning from 'em.*

Don *Fel.* [*to* Leo. *aſide.*] Are you diſtracted? Will you let him know your Folly? Give him your Hand, for Shame.

Leo.

Leo. Hoh! Don *Guzman*, I am yours.

[*Sighing, and giving careleſly her Hand.*

Don *Guz.* Madam! [*Turning.*

Don *Fel.* What a fatal Slip! [*Aſide.*

Leo. 'Twas not to you I ſpoke, Sir.

Don *Ped.* But him it was ſhe nam'd, and thought on too, I fear. I'm much alarm'd.

Don *Fel.* [*to* Leo.] Repair what you have done, and look more chearful on him.

Leo. Repair what you have done, and kill me.

Don *Fel.* Fool.

Leo. Tyrant.

Jacin A very hum-drum Marriage this. [*Aſide.*

Don *Guz.* Pray, Sifter, let's retire; for I can bear this Sight no longer.

Iſab. My Dear, farewel; I pity you, indeed.

Leo. I am indeed an Object of your Pity.

[*Exit Don* Guz. *and* Iſab.

Don *Fel.* Come, Daughter, come, my Son, let's to the Church, and tie this happy Knot.

Don *Ped.* I'll wait upon you, Sir,

[*Exit Don* Fel. *leading* Leo.

Don *John.* I love her, and I'll love her ſtill. Fate do thy worſt, I'll on. [*Aſide.*

Don *Ped.* To name another Man, in giving me her Hand!

Don *John.* [*aſide.*] How am I rackt and torn with Jealouſy?

Don *Ped.* 'Tis doubtleſs ſo, Don *Guzman* has her Heart. [*Aſide.*

Don *John.* [*aſide.*] The Bridegroom's thoughtful. The Lady's Trip has furniſh'd him with ſome Matrimonial Reflections: They'll agree with him at this Time perhaps, better than my Company. I'll leave him. Don *Pedro*, adieu, we ſhall meet again at Night.

Don *Ped.* Pray ſtay: I have need of a Friend's Counſel.

Don *John.* What, already!

Don *Ped.* Already.

Don *John.* That's to ſay, you have already enough of Matrimony.

Don *Ped.*

Don *Ped.* I ſcarce know what I have, nor am I ſure of what I am.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. An't pleaſe your Honour, yonder's your Man *Bertrand* juſt arriv'd, his Horſe and he are ſo tired of one another, that they both came down upon the Pavement at the Stable-Door.

Don *Ped.* [*to Don* John.] He brings News from my Father.

Lop. I believe he does, and haſty News too; but if you ſtay till he brings it hither, I believe it will come but ſlowly. But here's his Packet; I ſuppoſe that will do as well as his Company. [*Gives a Letter.*

Don *Ped.* [*Reads to himſelf.*] My dear Friend, here's ill News.

Don *John.* What's the Matter?

Don *Ped.* My poor old Father's dying.

Don *John.* I'm mighty ſorry for't; 'tis a weighty Stroke I muſt confeſs; the Burden of his Eſtate will almoſt bear you down. But we muſt ſubmit to Heaven's good Will.

Don *Ped.* You talk, *Alvarada*, like a perfect Stranger to that Tenderneſs methinks every Son ſhou'd feel for a good Father: For my part, I've receiv'd ſuch repeated Proofs of an uncommon Affection from mine, that the Loſs of a Miſtreſs could ſcarce touch me nearer. You'll believe me, when you ſee me leave *Leonora* a Virgin, till I have ſeen the good old Man.

Don *John.* That will be a Proof, indeed; Heaven's Bleſſing muſt needs fall upon ſo dutiful a Son; but I don't know how its Judgments may deal with ſo indifferent a Lover.

Don *Ped.* O! I ſhall have Time enough to repair this ſeeming ſmall Neglect: But before I go, pray a Word or two with you alone. *Lopez*, wait without. [*Exit* Lop.] You ſee, my deareſt Friend, I am engag'd with *Leonora*; perhaps I have done wrong; but 'tis gone too far, to talk or think of a Retreat; I ſhall go directly from this Place to the Altar, and there ſeal the eternal Contract.

That

That done, I'll take Poſt to ſee my Father, if I can, before he dies. I leave then here a young and beauteous Bride; but that which touches every String of Thought, I fear, I leave her wiſhing I were *Guzman*. If it be ſo, no doubt he knows it well; and he that knows he's lov'd by *Leonora*, can let no fair Occaſion paſs to gain her; my Abſence is his Friend, but you are mine, and to the Danger's balanc'd. Into your Hands, my Dear, my faithful *Alvarada*, [*Embracing him.*] I put my Honour, I put my Life; for both depend on *Leonora*'s Truth. Obſerve her Lover, and neglect not her. You are wiſe, you are active, you are brave and true. You have all the Qualities that Man ſhou'd have for ſuch a Truſt; and I by conſequence have all the Aſſurance Man can have, you'll, as you ought, diſcharge it.

Don *John*. A very hopeful Buſineſs you wou'd have me undertake, keep a Woman honeſt!—'Sdeath, I'd as ſoon undertake to keep *Portocarero* honeſt. Look you, we are Friends, intimate Friends; you muſt not be angry if I talk freely. Women are naturally bent to Miſchief, and their Actions run in one continued Torrent till they die. But the leſs a Torrent's check'd, the leſs Miſchief it does; let it alone, perhaps 'twill only kiſs the Banks and paſs; but ſtop it, 'tis inſatiable.

Don *Ped*. I wou'd not ſtop it; but cou'd I gently turn its Courſe where it might run, and vent itſelf with Innocence, I wou'd. *Leonora* of herſelf is virtuous; her Birth, Religion, Modeſty and Senſe, will guide her Wiſhes where they ought to point. But yet, let Guards be what they will, that Place is ſafeſt that is ne'er attack'd.

Don *John*. As far as I can ſerve you, in hind'ring *Guzman*'s Approaches, you may command me.

Don *Ped*. That's all I aſk.

Don *John*. Then all you aſk is granted.

Don *Ped*. I am at eaſe, farewel.

Don *John* Heaven bring you ſafe to us again.

[*Exit Don* Ped.

Don

Don John *ſolus.*

Yes, I ſhall obſerve her, doubt it not. I wiſh no body may obſerve me, for I find I'm no more Maſter of myſelf. Don *Guzman*'s Paſſion for her adds to mine; but when I think on what Don *Pedro* will reap, I'm Fire and Flame. Something muſt be done: What, let Love direct, for I have nothing elſe to guide me.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. [*aſide.*] Don *Pedro* is mounting for his Journey, and leaves a young, warm, liquoriſh Huſſy with a watry Mouth, behind him——Hum——If ſhe falls handſomely in my Maſter's Way, let her look to her——hiſt——there he is. Doing what? Thinking? That's new. And if any Good comes on't, that will be newer ſtill.

Don *John.* [*aſide.*] How! Abuſe the Truſt a Friend repoſes in me? And while he thinks me waking for his Peace, employ the ſtretch of Thought to make him wretched?

Lop. Not to interrupt your pious Meditations, Sir, pray have you ſeen——Seen what, Fool? Why he can't ſee thee. I'gad, I believe the little blind Baſtard has whipt him through the Heart in earneſt,

Don *John.* [*aſide.*] *Pedro* wou'd never have done this by me——How do I know that?——Why——he ſwore he was my Friend——Well; and I ſwore I was his——Why then if I find I can break my Oath, why ſhould not I conclude he will do as much by his?

Lop. [*aſide.*] His Countenance begins to clear up: I ſuppoſe Things may be drawing to a Concluſion.

Don *John.* [*aſide.*] Ay, 'tis juſt ſo: And I don't believe he wou'd have debated the Matter half ſo long as I have done: I'gad I think I have put myſelf to a great Expence of Morality about it. I'm ſure, at leaſt, my Stock's out. But I have a Fund of Love, I hope may laſt a little longer. O, are you there, Sir! [*Seeing* Lop.

Lop. I think ſo, Sir; I won't be poſitive in any thing.

Don *John.* Follow me: I have ſom Buſineſs to employ you in, you'll like. [*Exit Don* John.

Lop.

Lop. I won't be positive in that neither. I guess what you are going about—There's Roguery a-foot: This is at *Leonora*, who I know hates him; nothing under a Rape will do't—He'll be hang'd—And then, what becomes of thee, my little *Lopez?*—Why, the Honour to a—dingle dangle by him. Which he'll have the Good-nature to be mighty sorry for. But I may chance to be beforehand with him: If we are not taken in the Fact, they'll perhaps do him the Honour to set a Reward upon his Head. Which if they do, Don, I shall go near to follow your moral Example, secure my Pardon, make my Fortune, and hang you up for the Good of your Country. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *Don* Felix's *House.*

Enter Don Felix, *Don* Pedro, Leonora, *and* Jacinta.

Don *Fel.* HOW, Son! oblig'd to leave us immediately, say you?

Don *Ped.* My ill Fortune, Sir, will have it so.

Leo. [*aside.*] What can this be?

Don *Fel.* Pray, what's the Matter? You surprise me.

Don *Ped.* This Letter, Sir, will inform you.

Don *Fel.* [Reads.] *My dear Son,* Bertrand *has brought me the welcome News of your Return, and has given me your Letter; which has in some Sort reviv'd my Spirits in the Extremity I am in. I daily expect my Exit from this World. 'Tis now six Years since I have seen you; I shou'd be glad to do it once again before I die: If you will give me that Satisfaction, you must be speedy. Heaven preserve you.*

[To Don *Ped.*] 'Tis enough: The Occasion I'm sorry

for, but since the Ties of Blood and Gratitude oblige you, far be it from me to hinder you. Farewel, my Son, may you have a happy Journey; and if it be Heaven's Will, may the sight of so good a Son revive so kind a Father. I leave you to bid your Wife adieu.

[*Exit Don* Fel.

Don *Ped.* I must leave you, my lovely Bride; but 'tis with bitter Pangs of Separation. Had I your Heart to chear me on my Way, I might with such a Cordial run my Course: But that Support you want the Power to give me.

Leo. Who tells you so?

Don *Ped.* My Eyes and Ears, and all the Pains I bear.

Leo. When Eyes and Ears are much indulg'd, like favourite Servants they are apt to abuse the too much Trust their Master places in 'em.

Don *Ped.* If I'm abus'd, assist me with some fair Interpretation of all that present Trouble and Disquiet, which is not in my Power to overlook, nor yours to hide.

Leo. You might methinks have spar'd my Modesty; and without forcing me to name your Absence, have laid my Trouble there.

Don *Ped.* No, no, my Fair Deluder, that's a Veil too thin to cover what's so hard to hide; my Presence not my Absence is the Cause. Your cold Reception at my first Approach, prepar'd me for the Stroke; and 'twas not long before your Mouth confirm'd my Doom: Don *Guzman*, I am yours.

Leo. Is't then possible the Mouth should utter one Name for another?

Don *Ped.* Not at all, when it follows the Dictates of the Heart.——

Leo. Were it even so, what Wrong is from that Heart receiv'd, where Duty and where Virtue are its Rulers?

Don *ed.* Where they preside, our Honour may be safe, yet our Minds be on the Rack.

Leo. This Discourse will scarce produce a Remedy; we'll end it, therefore, if you please, and leave the rest to Time: Besides, the Occasion of your Journey presses you.

Don. *Ped.*

Don *Ped.* The Occaſion of my Delay preſſes you, I fear, much more; you count the tedious Minutes I am with you, and are reduc'd to mind me of my Duty, to free yourſelf from my Sight.

Leo. You urge this thing too far, and do me wrong. The Sentiments I have for you are much more favourable than your Jealouſy ſuffers 'em to appear. But if my Heart has ſeem'd to lean another way, before you had a Title to it, you ought not to conclude I ſhall ſuffer it to do ſo long.

Don *Ped.* I know you have Virtue, Gratitude and Truth; and therefore 'tis I love you to my Ruin. Cou'd I believe you falſe, Contempt would ſoon releaſe me from my Chains, which yet I can't but wiſh to wear for ever: therefore indulge at leaſt your Pity to your Slave; 'tis the ſoft Path in which we tread to Love. I leave behind a tortur'd Heart to move you:

Weigh well its Pains, think on its Paſſion too,
Remember all its Torments ſpring from you;
And if you cannot love, at leaſt be true.

[*Exit Don* Pedro.

Jacin. Now by my troth, Madam, I'm ready to cry. He's a pretty Fellow, and deſerves better Luck.

Leo. I own he does: And his Behaviour wou'd engage any thing that were unengag'd. But, alas! I want his Pity more than he does mine.

Jacin. You do! Now I'm of another Mind. The Moment he ſees your Picture, he's in love with you; the Moment he's in love with you, he imbarks; and, like Lightning, in a Moment more he's here: Where you are pleas'd to receive him with a Don *Guzman, I am yours.* Ah——poor Man!

Leo. I own, *Jacinta*, he's unfortunate, but ſtill I ſay my Fate is harder yet. The irreſiſtible Paſſion I have for *Guzman*, renders Don *Pedro*, with all his Merit, odious to me; yet I muſt in his favour, make eternal War againſt the Strength of Inclination and the Man I love.

Jac. [*aſide.*] Um——If I were in her Caſe, I cou'd find an Expedient for all this Matter. But ſhe makes ſuch a Buſtle with her Virtue, I dare not propoſe it to her.

Leo.

Leo. Beſides, Don *Pedro* poſſeſſes what he loves, but I muſt never think on poor Don *Guzman* more. [*Weeping.*

Jac. Poor Don *Guzman*, indeed! We han't ſaid a Word of the Pickle he's in yet. Hark! ſomebody knocks——at the old Rendezvous. It's he, on my Conſcience.

Leo. Let's be gone; I muſt think of him no more.

Jac. Yes, let's be gone; but let's know whether 'tis he or not, firſt.

Leo. No, *Jacinta*; I muſt not ſpeak with him any more. [*Sighing.*] I'm married to another.

Jac. Married to another! Well, married to another; why, if one were married to twenty others, one may give a civil Gentleman an Anſwer.

Leo. Alas! what would'ſt thou have me to ſay to him?

Jac. Say to him! Why, one may find twenty Things to ſay to a Man: Say, that 'tis true you are married to another, and that 'twould be a—Sin to think of any Body but your Huſband; and that——you are of a timorous Nature, and afraid of being damn'd; and that a —— You wou'd not have him die neither: That a —— Folks are mortal, and Things ſometimes come ſtrangely about, and a Widow's a Widow, and——

Leo. Peace, 'Levity [*Sighing.*] But ſee who 'tis knocks.

Jac. Who's there?

Iſa. [*Behind the Scenes.*] 'Tis I, *Iſabella.*

Leo. Iſabella! What do you want, my Dear?

Iſa. Your Succour, for Heaven's ſake, *Leonora.* My Brother will deſtroy himſelf.

Leo. Alas! it is not in my power to ſave him.

Iſa. Permit him but to ſpeak to you; that poſſibly may do.

Leo. Why have not I the Force to refuſe him?

Don *Guz.* [*Behind the Scenes.*] Is it you I hear, my poor loſt Miſtreſs? Am I ſo happy, once more to meet you, where I ſo often have been bleſt!

Jac. Courage, Madam, ſay a little ſomething to him.

Don *Guz.* Not one kind Word to a diſtracted Lover? No Pity for a Wretch, you have made ſo miſerable?

Leo. The only Way to end that Misery, is to forget we ever thought of Happineſs!

Don *Guz.* And is that in your Power? Ah, *Leonora*, you ne'er lov'd like me.

Leo. How I have lov'd, to Heaven I appeal! But Heaven does now permit that Love no more.

Don *Guz.* Why does it then permit us Life and Thought? Are we deceiv'd in its Omnipotence? Is it reduc'd to find its Pleaſures in its Creatures Pain?

Leo. In what, or where, the Joys of Heaven conſiſt, lies deeper than a Woman's Line can fathom; but this we know, a Wife muſt in her Huſband ſeek for hers, and, therefore, I muſt think of you no more. ——Farewel. [*Exit* Leo.

Don *Guz.* Yet hear me, cruel *Leonora*.

Jac. It muſt be another Time, then, for ſhe's whipt off now. All the Comfort I can give you, is, that I ſee ſhe durſt not truſt herſelf any longer in your Company. But huſh, I hear a Noiſe, get you gone; we ſhall be catch'd.

Leo. [*within.*] *Jacinta!*

Jac. I come, I come, Madam. [*Exit* Jac.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. If I miſtake not, there are a Brace of Lovers intend to take ſome Pains about Madam, in her Huſband's Abſence. Poor Don *Pedro!* Well; methinks a Man's in a very merry Mood, that marries a handſome Wife: When I diſpoſe of my Perſon, it ſhall be to an ugly one. They take it ſo kindly, and are ſo full of Acknowledgment; watch you, wait upon you, nurſe you, humour you, are ſo fond, and ſo chaſte. Or, if the Huſſy has Preſumption enough to think of being otherwiſe, away with her into the Mountains, fifty Leagues off; no Body oppoſes. If ſhe's mutinous, give her Diſcipline; every Body approves on't. Hang her, ſays one, he's kinder than ſhe deſerves: Damn her, ſays another, why does not he ſtarve her? But, if ſhe's handſome, Ah, the Brute, cries one: Ah the *Turk*, cries t'other: Why don't ſhe cuckold him, ſays this Fellow? Why does

does not ſhe poiſon him, ſays that? and away comes a Pacquet of Epiſtles, to adviſe her to't. Ah poor Don *Pedro!* But enough: 'Tis now Night, 'all's hûſh and ſtill: every Body's a-bed, and what am I to do? Why, as other truſty Domeſticks, ſit up to let the Thief in. But I ſuppoſe he won't be here yet; with the help of a ſmall Nap beforehand, I ſhall be in a better Condition to perform the Duty of a Centinel, when I go to my Poſt. This Corner will juſt fit me: Come, *Lopez*, lie thee down, ſhort Prayers, and to ſleep. [*He lies down.*

Enter Jacinta *with a Candle in her Hand.*

Jac. So, I have put my poor Lady to Bed, with nothing but Sobs, Tears, Sighs, Wiſhes, and a Pillow to mumble, inſtead of a Bridegroom, poor Heart.—— I pity her; but every Body has their Afflictions, and by the Beads of my Grandmother, I have mine. Tell me, kind Gentlemen, if I have not ſomething to excite you? Methinks I have a rogueiſh Eye, I'm ſure I have a melting Heart. I'm ſoft, and warm, and ſound, may it pleaſe ye. Whence comes it then, this Raſcal *Lopez*, who now has been two Hours in the Family, has not yet thought it worth his while, to make one Motion towards me? Not that the Blockhead's Charms have moved me, but I'm angry mine han't been able to move him. I doubt, I muſt begin with the Lubber; my Reputation's at ſtake upon't, and I muſt rouze the Drone, ſome-how.

Lopez *rubbing his Eyes, and coming on.*

Lop. What a damn'd Condition is that of a Valet! No ſooner do I, in comfortable Slumber, cloſe my Eyes, but methinks my Maſter's upon me, with fifty Slaps o' th' Back, for making him wait in the Street. I have his Orders to let him in here to-night, and ſo I had e'en——Who's that?——*Jacinta!*——Yes, a-caterwauling!——like enough.

Jac. The Fellow's there; I had beſt not loſe the Occaſion.

Lop. The Slut's handſome. I begin to kindle: But if my maſter ſhou'd be at the Door——Why there's him be, till the Matter's over. [*Aside.*

Jac. Shall I advance? [*Aſide.*
Lop. Shall I venture? [*Aſide.*
Jac. How ſevere a Look he has! [*Aſide.*
Lop. She ſeems very reſerv'd. [*Aſide.*
Jac. If he ſhou'd put the Negative upon me. [*Aſide.*
Lop. She ſeems a Woman of great Diſcretion; I tremble. [*Aſide.*
Jac. Hang it, I muſt venture. [*Aſide.*
Lop. Faint Heart never won fair Lady. [*Aſide.*
Jac. *Lopez!*
Lop. *Jacinta!*
Jac. O dear Heart! Is't you?
Lop. Charming *Jacinta*, fear me not.
Jac. O ho! he begins to talk ſoft——then let us take upon us again. [*Aſide.*
Lop. Cruel *Jacinta*, whoſe Mouth (ſmall as it is) has made but one Morſel of my Heart.
Jac. It's well he prevents me. I was going to leap about the Raſcal's Neck. [*Aſide.*
Lop. Barbare *Jacinta*, caſt your Eyes
On your poor *Lopez*, ere he dies.
Jac. Poetry too! Nay then I have done his Buſineſs. [*Aſide.*
Lop. Feel how I burn with hot deſire,
Ah! pity me, and quench my Fire.
Deaf, my fair Tyrant, deaf to my Woes!
Nay, then, Barbarian, in it goes. [*Drawing a Knife.*
Jac. Why, how now, Jack Sauce? why, how now, Preſumption? What Encouragement have I given you, Jack-a-lent, to attack me with your Tenders? I cou'd tear your Eyes out, Sirrah, for thinking I'm ſuch a one. What Indecency have you ſeen in my Behaviour, Impudence, that you ſhou'd think me for your beaſtly Turn, you Goat, you?
Lop. Patience, my much offended Goddeſs, 'tis honourably I wou'd ſhare your Bed.
Jac. Peace, I ſay—Mr. *Liquoriſh*. I, for whom the moſt ſucceſsful Cavaliers employ their Sighs in vain, ſhall I look down upon a crawling Worm? Pha—See

hat

that Crop Ear there, that Vermin that wants to eat at a Table, would ſet his Maſter's Mouth a-watering.

Lop. May I preſume to make an humble Meal upon what ſavoury Remnant he may leave?

Jac. No.

Lop. 'Tis hard! 'tis wondrous hard!

Jac. Leave me.

Lop. 'Tis pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful!

Jac. Begone, I ſay.

Thus, Ladies 'tis, perhaps, ſometimes with you;
With Scorn you fly the Thing, which you purſue.

[*Exit* Jac.

Lop. [*Solus.*] 'Tis very well, Mrs. Flipflap, 'tis very well; but do you hear——Tawdry, you are not ſo alluring as you think you are——Comb-bruſh, nor I ſo much in love——your Maidenhead may chance to grow mouldy with your Airs—the Pox be your Bedfellow; there's that for you. Come, let's think no more on't. Sailors muſt meet with Storms; my Maſter's going to Sea, too. He may chance to fare no better with the Lady, than I have done with her *Abigail*: There may be foul Weather there, too. I reckon, at preſent, he may be lying by under a Mizen, at the Street-Door; I think it rains too, for his Comfort. What if I ſhou'd leave him there an Hour or two, in freſco, and try to work off the Amour that Way? No; People will be phyſick'd their own Way. But, perhaps, I might ſave his Life by't——yes, and have my Bones broke, for being ſo officious; therefore, if you are at the Door, Don *John*, walk in, and take your Fortune. [*Opens the Door.*

Enter Don John.

Don *John.* Hiſt! hiſt!

Lop. Hiſt! hiſt!

Don *John.* *Lopez!*

Lop. [*Aſide.*] The Devil——Tread ſoftly.

Don *John.* Are they all aſleep?

Lop. Dead.

Don *John.* Enough; ſhut the Door.

Lop. 'Tis done.

Don *John.* Now, begone.

Lop. What! Shut the Door firſt, and then begone! Now, methinks, I might as well have gone firſt, and then ſhut the Door.

Don *John.* I bid you begone, you Dog, you, do you find the way.

Lop. [*Aſide.*] Stark mad, and always ſo when a Woman's in chace. But, Sir, will you keep your chief Miniſter out of the Secrets of your State? Pray, let me know what this Night's Work is to be.

Don *John.* No Queſtions, but march.

[Lop. *goes to the Door, and returns.*

Lop. Very well——— But, Sir, ſhall I ſtay for you in the Street?

Don *John.* No, nor ſtir out of the Houſe.

Lop. So: well, Sir, I'll do juſt as you have order'd me; I'll be gone, and I'll ſtay; and I'll march, and I won't ſtir, and—juſt as you ſay, Sir.

Don *John.* I ſee you are afraid, you Raſcal, you.

Lop. Poſſibly.

Don *John.* Well, be it ſo; but you ſhan't leave the Houſe, Sir; therefore, begone to your Hog-ſtye, and wait further Orders.

Lop. [*Aſide.*] But, firſt, I'll know how you intend to diſpoſe of yourſelf. [Lop. *hides behind the Door.*

Don John *ſolus.*

Don *John.* All's huſh and ſtill; and I am at the Point of being a happy——Villain. That Thought comes uninvited——Then, like an uninvited Gueſt, let it be treated: Begone, Intruder. *Leonora*'s Charms turn Vice to Virtue, Treaſon into Truth; Nature, who has made her the ſupreme Object of our Deſires, muſt needs have deſigned her the Regulator of our Morals. Whatever points at her, is pointed right. We are all her due, Mankind's the Dower which Heaven has ſettled on her; and he's the Villain that would rob her of her Tribute. I, therefore, as in Duty bound, will in, and pay her mine.

Lop. [*Aſide.*] There he goes, i'faith; he ſeem'd as if

if he had a Qualm juſt now; but he never goes without a Dram of Conſcience-Water about him, to ſet Matters right again.

Don *John.* [*Aſide.*] This is her Door, 'tis lock'd; but I have a Smith about me will make her Staple fly.

[*Pulls out ſome Irons, and forces the Lock.*

Lop. [*Aſide.*] Hark! hark! if he is not equipt for a Houſebreaker, too. Very well, he has provided two Strings to his Bow; if he 'ſcapes the Rape, he may be hang'd upon the Burglary.

Don *John.* [*Aſide.*] There, 'tis done, ſo: No Watch—Light burning? [*Peeping into her Chamber.*] All in darkneſs? So much the better, 'twill ſave a great deal of bluſhing on both Sides. Methinks I feel myſelf mighty modeſt, I tremble too; that's not proper at this Time. Be firm, my Courage, I have Buſineſs for thee—So—How am I now? Pretty well. Then by your Leave, Don *Pedro,* I muſt ſupply your Neglect. You ſhould not have married till you were ready for Conſummation; a Maidenhead ought no more to lie upon a handſome Bride, than an impeachment upon an innocent Miniſter. [Don *John enters the Chamber.*

Lop. [*Coming forwards.*] Well done, well done; God-a-mercy, my little *Judas.* Unfortunate Don *Pedro!* thou haſt left thy Purſe in the Hands of a Robber; and while thou art galloping to pay the laſt Duty to thy Father, he's at leaſt upon the Trot to pay the firſt to thy Wife. Ah the Traitor! What a *Capilotade* of Damnation will there be cook'd up for him! But ſoftly: Let's lay our Ear to the Door, and pick up ſome Curioſities——I hear no Noiſe——I here's no Light; we ſhall have him blunder where he ſhould not do, by and by——commit a Rape upon her Tea-Table, perhaps, break all her China, and then ſhe'll be ſure to hang him. But hark—now I hear——nothing; ſhe does not ſay a Word; ſhe ſleeps curiouſly. How if ſhe ſhou'd take it all for a Dream, now? Or her Virtue ſhou'd be fallen into an Apoplexy? Where the Pox will all this end?

Leo. [*Within.*] *Jacinta! Beatrix! Fernandez!* Murder! Murder! help! help! help!

Lop. Now the Play begins, it opens finely.

Leo. [*Within.*] Father! *Alphonſo!* Save me, O ſave me!

Lop. Comedy or Tragedy, for a Ducat! for fear of the latter, decamp *Lopez.* [*Exit* Lopez.

SCENE *changes to* Leonora's *Bed-Chamber*; *diſcovers* Leonora *in a Gown, holding Don* John *by the Sleeve.*

Leo. Whoever you are, Villain, you ſhan't eſcape me; and tho' your Efforts have been in vain, you ſhan't fail to receive the Recompence of your Attempt: Help, ho, help there! help!

[*Don* John *breaks from her, but can't find the Door.*

Don *John.* [*Aſide.*] S'death, I ſhall be undone! Where is this damn'd Door?

Leo. He'll get away: a Light there, quickly.

Enter Don Guzman *with his Sword drawn.*

Don *Guz.* Where are you, fair Angel? I come to loſe my Life in your Defence.

Don *John.* [*Aſide.*] That's *Guzman*'s Voice? The Devil has ſent him: But we are ſtill in the dark; I have one *Tour* yet—Impudence, be my Aid. Light there, ho! Where is the Villain that durſt attempt the virtuous *Leonora.*

Don *Guz.* His Life ſhall make her Satisfaction.

Don *John.* Or mine ſhall fall in his purſuit.

Don *Guz.* 'Tis by my Hands that ſhe ſhall ſee him die.

Don *John.* My Sword ſhall lay him bleeding at her Feet.

Leo. [*Aſide.*] What can this mean? But here's Light at laſt, thank the juſt bounteous Heaven.

Don *John.* Enter with the Light there; but ſecure the Door, leſt the Traitor 'ſcape my Vengeance.

Enter

Enter Don Pedro, *with a Light, he finds* Leonora *between them; both their Swords drawn.*

Leo. O Heavens! what is't I ſee?

Don *John.* Don *Pedro* here!

Don *Ped.* What monſtrous Scene is this? [*Aſide.*

Don *Guz.* What Accident has brought him here? [*Aſide.*

Don *John.* Now I'm intrigu'd, indeed. [*Aſide.*

[*Don* Pedro *ſteps back and ſhuts the Door.*

Don *Ped.* [*Aſide.*] This Myſtery muſt unfold before we part. What Torments has my Fate provided me? Is this the Comfort I'm to reap, to dry my Tears, for my poor Father's death? [*To* Leo.] Ah *Leonora!*

Leo. [*Aſide.*] Alas! where will this end! [*Falling into a Chair.*

Don *Ped.* [*Aſide.*] Naked! and thus attended at the dead of Night! My Soul is froze at what I ſee. Confuſion ſits in all their Faces, and in large Characters I read the Ruin of my Honour and my Love.

[*To the Men.*] Speak, Statues, if you yet have Power to ſpeak, why at this Time of Night you are found with *Leonora?*——None ſpeak! Don *John*, it is from you I ought to know.

Don *John.* My Silence may inform you.

Don *Ped.* Your Silence does inform me of my Shame, but I muſt have ſome Information more; explain the whole.

Don *John.* I ſhall. You remember, Don *Pedro*——

Don *Ped.* Be quick.

Don *John.* You remember you charged me before you went——

Don *Ped.* I remember well; go on.

Don *John.* With the Care of your Honour.

Don *Ped.* I did; diſpatch.

Don *John.* Very well; you ſee Don *Guzman* in this Apartment, you ſee your Wife naked, and you ſee me, my Sword in my Hand;—that's all.

Don *Ped* [*Drawing upon Don* Guz.] 'Tis here, then, I am to revenge my Wrongs.

Don *Guz.* Hold.

Don *Ped.* Villain, defend thyſelf.

Leo. O Heaven!

Don *Guz.* Yet hear me.

Don *Ped.* What canſt thou ſay?

Don *Guz.* The Truth, as holy Heaven itſelf is Truth! I heard the Shrieks and Cries of *Leonora*; what the Occaſion was I knew not; but ſhe repeated them with ſo much Vehemence, I found, whatever her Diſtreſs might be, her Succour muſt be ſudden; ſo leapt the Wall that parts our Houſes, and flew to her Aſſiſtance. Don *John* can, if he pleaſe, inform you more.

Don *Ped.* [*Aſide.*] Mankind's a Villain, and this may be true; yet 'tis too monſtrous for a quick Conception. I ſhou'd be cautious how I wrong Don *John*. Sure 'tis not right to balance. I yet have but their Words againſt their Words; I know Don *John* for my Friend, and *Guzman* for my Rival. What can be clearer? Yet hold! If *Leonora*'s innocent, ſhe may untangle all. Madam, I ſhou'd be glad to know (if I have ſo much Intereſt left) which Way your Evidence will point my Sword.

Leo. My Lord, I'm in the ſame Perplexity with you: All I can ſay is this; one of them came to force me, t'other to ſave me: but the Night confounding the Villainy of the Guilty with the Generoſity of the Innocent, I ſtill am ignorant to which I owe my Gratitude, or my Reſentment.

Don *Guz.* But, Madam, did you not hear me cry, I came to help you?

Leo. I own it.

Don *John.* And did you not hear me threaten to deſtroy the Author of your Fears?

Leo. I can't deny it.

Don *Guz.* What can there be more to clear me?

Don *John.* Or me?

Don *Ped.* Yet one's a Villain ſtill.

[*Aſide.*] My Confuſion but increaſes; yet why confus'd? It is, it muſt be *Guzman*. But how came Don *John* here? Right. *Guzman* has ſaid how he came to her

were warm in the Purſuit of *Leonora?* One I remember well, they nam'd, 'twas *Guzman:* The other, I am yet a Stranger to. I fear I ſhall not be ſo long—— 'Tis *Alvarada!* O the Traitor! yet I may wrong him much. I have *Guzman*'s own Confeſſion that he paſt the Wall to come to *Leonora*——O! but 'twas to her Aſſiſtance——And ſo it might, and he a Villain ſtill.—— There are Aſſiſtances of various Sorts——What were her Wants?—That's dark—But whatſoe'er they were, he came to her Aſſiſtance. Death be his Portion, for his ready Service.

Enter Don Felix.

Don *Fel.* You avoid me, Don *Pedro*; 'tis not well. Am I not your Father, have you not Reaſon to believe I am your Friend?

Don *Ped.* I have.

Don *Fel.* Why do you not then treat me like a Father and a Friend? The Myſtery you make to me of laſt Night's Diſturbance, I take unkindly from you.—— Come, tell me your Grief, that if I can I may aſſuage it.

Don *Ped.* Nothing but Vengeance can give me eaſe.

Don *Fel.* If I deſire to know your Wrongs, 'tis to aſſiſt you in revenging 'em.

Don *Ped.* Know then, that laſt Night in this Apartment I found Don *Guzman* and Don *John*.

Don *Fel.* *Guzman* and *Alvarada?*

Don *Ped.* Yes; and *Leonora* almoſt naked between them, crying out for Aid.

Don *Fel.* Were they both guilty?

Don *Ped.* One was come to force her, t'other to reſcue her.

Don *Fel.* Which was the Criminal?

Don *Ped.* Of that I am yet ignorant. They accuſe each other.

Don *Fel.* Can't your Wife determine it?

Don *Ped.* The Darkneſs of the Night put it out of her Power.

Don *Fel.* But I perhaps may bring ſome Light to aid you. I have Part in the Affront: Andtho' my Arm's too old and weak to ſerve you, my Counſel may be uſeful

ful to your Vengeance. Know then, that Don *Guzman* has a long Time purſu'd my Daughter; and I as reſolutely refus'd his Suit; which, however, has not hindered him from ſearching all Occaſions to ſee and ſpeak to her. Don *John*, on his Side——

Don *Ped.* Don *John*'s my Friend, and I am confident——

Don *Fel.* That Confidence deſtroys you. Hear my Charge, and be yourſelf his Judge. He too has been a preſſing Suitor to my Daughter.

Don *Ped.* Impoſſible!

Don *Fel.* To me myſelf, he has own'd his Love to her.

Don *Ped.* Good Gods! Yet ſtill this leaves the Myſtery where it was; this Charge is equal.

Don *Fel.* 'Tis true; but yonder's one (if you can make her ſpeak) I have Reaſon to believe can tell us more.——Ho, *Jacinta!*

Enter Jacinta.

Jacin. Do you call me, Sir?

Don *Fel.* Yes; Don *Pedro* wou'd ſpeak with you, [*To Don* Pedro *aſide.*] I'll leave you with her; preſs her; preſs her both by Threats and Promiſes, and if you find your Wife in Fault, old as I am, her Father too, I'll raiſe my Arm to plunge this Dagger in her Breaſt, and by that Firmneſs convince the World, my Honour's dearer to me than my Child. [*Exit Don* Fel.

Don *Ped.* [*Aſide*] Heaven grant me Power to ſtifle my Rage, till 'tis Time to let my Vengeance fly. *Jacinta*, come near: I have ſome Buſineſs with you.

Jacin. [*Aſide.*] His Buſineſs with me at this Time can be good for nothing, I doubt.

Jacin. [*to Don* Ped.] What Commands have you, Sir, for me? I'm not very well.

Don *Ped.* What's your Diſorder?

Jacin. A little Sort of a ſomething towards an Ague, I think.

Don *Ped.* You don't ſeem ſo ill, but you may tell me—

Jacin. O, I can tell you nothing, Sir, I aſſure you.

Don

Don *Ped.* You anſwer me before you hear my Queſtion. That looks as if you knew———

Jacin. I know that what you are going to aſk me, is a Secret I'm out at.

Don *Ped.* [*offering her a Purſe.*] Then this ſhall let thee into it.

Jacin. I know nothing of the Matter.

Don *Ped.* Come, tell me all, and take thy Reward.

Jacin. I know nothing of the Matter, I ſay.

Don *Ped.* [*drawing his Sword.*] Speak; or by all the Flame and Fire of Hell Eternal—

Jacin. O Lard, O Lard, O Lard!

Don *Ped.* Speak, or th'art dead.

Jacin. But if I do ſpeak, ſhan't I be dead for all that?

Don *Ped.* Speak, and thou art ſafe.

Jacin. Well—O Lard—I'm ſo frighted—But if I muſt ſpeak then—O dear Heart——give me the Purſe.

Don *Ped.* There.

Jacin. Why truly, between a Purſe in one's Hand—and—a Sword in one's Guts, I think there's little room left for Debate.

Don *Ped.* Come begin, I'm impatient.

Jacin. Begin! let me ſee, where ſhall I begin? At Don *Guzman*, I think.

Don *Ped.* What of him?

Jacin. Why he has been in love with my Lady theſe ſix Years.

Don *Ped.* I know it; but how has ſhe received him?

Jacin. Receive him! Why—as young Maids uſe to receive handſome Fellows; at firſt ill, afterwards better.

Don *Ped.* [*Aſide.*] Furies! Did they ever meet?

Jacin. A little.

Don *Ped.* By Day or Night?

Jacin. Both.

Don *Ped.* Diſtraction! Where was their Rendezvous?

Jacin. Where they cou'd not do one another much good.

Don *Ped.* As how?

Jacin. As through a Hole in a Wall.

Don

Don *Ped.* The Strumpet banters me: Be ſerious, Inſolence, or I ſhall ſpoil your Gaiety; I'm not diſpos'd to Mirth.

Jacin. Why I am ſerious, if you like my Story the better for't.

Don *Ped.* [*Aſide*] How miſerable a Wretch am I!

Jacin. I tell you there's a Wall parts their two Houſes, and in that Wall there's a Hole. How the Wall came by the Hole, I can't tell; mayhap by chance, mayhap by no chance; but there 'tis, and there they uſe to prattle.

Don *Ped.* And this is Truth?

Jacin. I can't bate you a Word on't, Sir.

Don *Ped.* When did they meet there laſt?

Jacin. Yeſterday; I ſuppoſe 'twas only to bid one another adieu.

Don *Ped.* Ah, *Jacinta*, thou haſt pierced my Soul!

Jacin. [*Aſide.*] And yet I han't told you half I cou'd tell you, my Don.

Don *Ped.* Where is this Place you ſpeak of?

Jacin. There 'tis, if you are curious.

Don *Ped.* When they wou'd ſpeak with one another; what's the Call?

Jacin. Tinkle, Tinkle.

Don *Ped.* A Bell?

Jacin. It is.

Don *Ped* Ring.

Jacin. What do you mean, Sir?

Don *Ped.* [*haſtily.*] Ring.

Jacin. 'Tis done.

Don *Ped.* [*Aſide.*] I'll make uſe of her to examine him. Does he come?

Jacin. Not yet.

Don *Ped.* Pull again.

Jacin You muſt give him Time, Sir: My Lady always does ſo.

Don *Ped.* I hear ſomething.

Jacin. 'Tis he.

Don *Gaz.* [*within.*] Who's there?

Don *Ped.* [*ſoftly.*] Say you are *Leonora.*

[*Dumb*

[*Dumb Shew of her Unwillingneſs and his Threatning.*

Jacin. [*ſoftly.*] 'Tis *Leonora.*

Don *Guz.* What are your Commands, Madam? Is it poſſible ſo unfortunate a Wretch as I can be capable of ſerving you?

[Don *Ped. whiſpers* Jacinta, *who ſeems backwards to ſpeak.*

Jacin. I come to aſk you, how cou'd you ſo far forget that infinite Regard you have profeſſed, as to make an Attempt ſo dangerous both to yourſelf and me; and which, with all the Eſteem and Love I have ever borne you, you ſcarce cou'd hope I ever ſhou'd forgive you.

Don *Guz.* Alas! my Hopes and Fears were vaniſh'd too. My Counſel was my Love and my Deſpair. If they adviſ'd me wrong, of them complain, for it was you who made 'em my Directors.

Don *Ped.* [*Aſide.*] The Villain owns the Fact. It ſeems he thinks he has not ſo much to fear from her Reſentment.——O Torture!

Enter Leonora.

Jacin. [*Aſide.*] So, ſhe's here; that's as I expected: now we are blown up.

Leo. [*Aſide, not ſeeing them.*] If I don't miſtake, I heard Don *Guzman*'s Call. I can't refuſe to anſwer it. Forgive me, Gods, and let my Woman's Weakneſs plead my Cauſe.—How! my Huſband here! Nay then——

Don *Ped* You ſeem diſorder'd, Madam; pray, what may be the Cauſe?

Leo. [*confus'd.*] I don't know, really; I'm not——I don't know that———

Don *Ped.* You did not know that I was here, I gueſs?

Leo. Yes, I did, and——came to ſpeak with you.

Don *Ped.* I'm not at preſent in a talking Humour, but if your Tongue is ſet to Converſation, there's one behind the Wall will entertain you.

Don *Guz.* But is it poſſible, fair *Leonora*, that you can pardon my Attempt?

Don *Ped.* [*to Leo.*] You hear him, Madam; he dares own it to you.

Leo.

Leo. [*Aſide.*] *Jacinta* winks; I gueſs what Scene they have been acting here. My Part is now to play.

[*To Don* Ped.] I ſee, Sir, he dares own it: Nor is he the firſt Lover has preſum'd beyond the Countenance he ever has receiv'd. Pray, draw near, and hear what he has more to ſay: It is my Intereſt you ſhou'd know the Depth of all has ever paſſed between us.

Leo. [*to Don* Guz] I fain wou'd know, Don *Guzman*, whether in the whole Conduct of my Life, you have known one ſtep, that cou'd encourage you to hope I ever cou'd be yours, but on the Terms of Honour which you ſought me?

Don *Guz.* Not one.

Leo. Why then ſhould you believe I cou'd forgive the taking that by Force, which you already were convinc'd I valu'd more the keeping, than my Life?

Don *Guz.* Had my Love been as temperate as yours, I with your Reaſon had perhaps debated. But not in Reaſon, but in Flames, I flew to *Leonora*.

Leo. If ſtrong Temptation be allow'd a Plea, Vice, in the worſt of Shapes, has much to urge:—No, cou'd any Thing have ſhaken me in Virtue, it muſt have been the Strength of it in you. Had you ſhone bright enough to dazzle me, I blindly might have miſſed the Path I meant to tread: But now you have clear'd my Sight for ever. If, therefore, from this Moment more you dare to let me know one Thought of Love, though in the humbleſt Stile, expect to be a Sacrifice to him you attempt to wrong.——Farewel! [*She retires from him.*

Don *Guz.* O ſtay and hear me!—I have wrong'd myſelf; I'm innocent!——By all that's ſacred, juſt and good, I'm innocent!

Don *Ped.* [*Aſide.*] What does he mean?

Don *Guz.* I have own'd a Fact I am not guilty of! *Jacinta* can inform you; ſhe knows I never———

Jacin. I know! The Man's mad: Pray, begone, Sir, my Lady will hear no more; I'll ſhut him out, Madam, ſhan't I? [*She ſhuts the Hole.*

Leo. I have no farther Buſineſs with him.

Enter

Enter Iſabella *haſtily.*

Iſab. O Heavens, *Leonora*, where are you? Don *Pedro*, you can aſſiſt me better.

Leo. What's the Matter?

Don *Ped.* What is it, Madam, I can ſerve you in?

Iſab. In what the Peace of my whole Life conſiſts; the Safety of my Brother! Don *John*'s Servant has this Moment left me a Letter for him, which I have open'd, knowing there is an Animoſity of ſome Time between 'em.

Don *Ped.* Well, Madam!

Iſab. O dear, it is a Challenge, and what to do I know not; if I ſhew it my Brother, he'll immediately fly to the Place appointed; and if I don't, he'll be accus'd of Cowardice. One way I riſque his Life, t'other I ruin his Honour.

Don *Ped.* What wou'd you have me do, Madam?

Iſab. I'll tell you, Sir: I only beg you'll go to the Place where Don *John* expects him; tell him I have intercepted his Letter, and make him promiſe you he'll ſend no more: By this generous Charity you may hinder two Men (whoſe Piques are on a frivolous Occaſion) from murdering one another! And by this good Office, you'll repay the ſmall Debt you owe my Brother, for flying laſt Night to *Leonora*'s Succour; and doubly pay the Obligation you have to me, upon the ſame Occaſion.

Don *Ped.* What Obligation, Madam? I am ignorant; pray inform me.

Iſab. 'Twas I, Sir, that firſt heard *Leonora*'s Cries, and rais'd my Brother to her Aid. Pray let me receive the ſame Aſſiſtance from your Prudence, which you have had from my Care, and my Brother's Generoſity. But pray loſe no Time. Don *John* is perhaps already on the Spot, and not meeting my Brother, may ſend a ſecond Meſſage, which may be fatal.

Don *Ped.* Madam, be at reſt; you ſhall be ſatisfy'd, I'll go this Moment. I'll only aſk you firſt whether you are ſure you heard my Wife call out for Succour, before your Brother paſt the Wall?

Iſab. I did; why do you aſk that Queſtion?

Don

Don *Ped.* I have a Reaſon, you may be ſure. [*Aſide.*] Juſt Heaven, I adore thee! The Truth at laſt ſhines clear, and by that Villain *Alvarada* I'm betray'd. But enough; I'll make Uſe of this Occaſion for my Vengeance. [*To* Iſab.] Where, Madam, is it, Don *John* is waiting?

Iſab. But here, in a ſmall Field, behind the Garden.

Don *Ped.* [*Aſide.*] His Blood ſhall do me Reaſon for his Treachery.

Iſab. Will you go there directly?

Don *Ped.* I will. Be ſatisfy'd. [*Ex.* Don Ped.

Leo. You weep, *Iſabella?*

Iſab. You ſee my Trouble for a Brother for whom I wou'd die, and a Lover for whom I wou'd live. They both are Authors of my Grief.

Leo. They both are Inſtruments of my Misfortune.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Lopez.

HO! my good Signior Don *John*, you are miſtaken in your Man; I am your humble Valet, 'tis true, and I am to obey you; but when you have got the Devil in your Body, and are upon your Rantipole Adventures, you ſhall *Quixote* it by yourſelf, for *Lopez.* Yonder he is, waiting for poor *Guzman*, with a Sword of a Fathom and a Half; a Dagger for cloſe engagement; and (if I don't miſtake) a Pocket-piſtol for extraordinary Occaſions. I think I am not in the wrong to keep a little out of the Way: Theſe Matters will end in a Court of Juſtice, or I'm wrong in my Foreſight: Now that being a Place where I am pretty well known, and not over-much reputed, I believe 'tis beſt, neither to come in for Priſoner nor Evidence. But hold; yonder comes another *Toledo!* Don *Guzman* I preſume, but I preſume wrong, it is—who is it? Don *Pedro*, by all the Powers! What the Pox does he here, or what the Pox do I here? I'm ſure as Matters ſtand, I ought

ought to fly him like a Creditor; but he ſees me, 'tis too late to ſlip him.

Enter Don Pedro.

Don *Ped.* How now, *Lopez*; where are you going?

Lop. I'm going, Sir, I——I'm going——if you pleaſe——I'm going about my Buſineſs.

Don *Ped.* From whence do you come?

Lop. Only, only, Sir, from——taking the Air a little, I'm mightily muddled with a Whur——round about in my Head, for this Day or two; I'm going home to be let Blood, as faſt as I can, Sir.

Don *Ped.* Hold, Sir; I'll let you Blood here.

This Raſcal may have borne ſome Part in this late Adventure: He's a Coward; I'll try to frighten it out of him.

[*Seizing him by the Collar, and drawing his Poniard.*

You Traitor, you, y'are dead.

Lop. Mercy, Don *Pedro!*

Don *Ped.* Are you not a Villain? [Lop. *kneeling.*

Lop. Yes; if you pleaſe.

Don *Ped.* Is there ſo great a one upon Earth?

Lop. With reſpect to my Maſter——No.

Don *Ped.* Prepare then to die!

Lop. Give me but Time, and I will. But, noble Don *Pedro*, juſt Don *Pedro*, generous Don *Pedro*, what is it I have done?

Don *Ped.* What, if thou dar'ſt deny, I'll plunge this Dagger deep into thy Throat, and drive the Falſehood to thy Heart again. Therefore, take heed, and on thy Life declare, didſt thou not this laſt night open my Doors to let Don *Guzman* in?

Lop. Don *Guzman!*

Don *Ped.* Don *Guzman!* Yes, Don *Guzman*, Traitor; him.

Lop. Now may the Sky cruſh me, if I let in Don *Guzman.*

Don *Ped.* Who did let you in then? It was not your Maſter, ſure! If it was him, you did your Duty; I have no more to ſay.

Lop. Why then, if I let in any Body elſe, I'm a Son of a Whore. [*Riſing.*

Don

Don *Ped.* Did he order you before-hand, or did you do it upon his knocking?

Lop. Why he—I'll tell you, Sir, he——pray put up that Brilliant, it ſparkles ſo in my Eyes, it almoſt blinds me—thank you, Sir. [*Don* Ped. *puts it up.*

Why, Sir, I'll tell you juſt how the Matter was, but I hope you won't conſider me as a Party.

Don *Ped.* Go on; thou art ſafe.

Lop. Why then, Sir, when (for our Sins) you had left us, ſays my Maſter to me, *Lopez*, ſays he, go and ſtay at old Don *Felix*'s Houſe, till Don *Pedro* returns; they'll paſs thee for his Servant, and think he has order'd thee to ſtay there. And then, ſays he, doſt hear, open me the Door by *Leonora*'s Apartment to-night, for I have a little Buſineſs, ſays he, to do there.

Don *Ped.* [*Aſide.*] Perfidious Wretch!

Lop. Indeed, I was at firſt a little reſty, and ſtood off; being ſuſpicious (for I knew the Man) that there might be ſome ill Intentions. But he knew me too, takes me upon the weak Side, whips out a long Sword, and by the ſame Means makes me do the Thing, as you have made me diſcover it.—[*Aſide.*] There's neither Liberty nor Property in this Land, ſince the Blood of the *Bourbons* came amongſt us.

Don *Ped.* Then you let him in, as he bid you?

Lop. I did: If I had not, I had never lived to tell you the Story. Yes, I let him in.

Don *Ped.* And what follow'd?

Lop. Why, he follow'd.

Don *Ped.* What?

Lop. His Inclinations.

Don *Ped.* Which Way?

Lop. The old Way:——To a Woman.

Don *Ped.* Confound him!

Lop. In ſhort, he got to Madam's Chamber, and before he had been there long, (tho' you know, Sir, a little Time goes a great Way in ſome Matters) I heard ſuch a clutter of ſmall Shot, Murder, Murder, Murder, Rape, Fire, Help, and ſo forth—But hold, here he comes himſelf,

himſelf, and can give you a more circumſtantial Account of the Skirmiſh.

Don Ped. I thank thee, Heaven, at laſt, for having pointed me to the Victim I am to ſacrifice. [*Ex.* Lop.

Enter Don John.

[*Drawing.*] Villain, defend thyſelf.

Don *John.* What do you mean?

Don *Ped.* To puniſh a Traitor.

Don *John.* Where is he?

Don *Ped.* In the Heart of a ſworn Friend.

Don *John.* [*Aſide.*] I ſaw *Lopez* go from him, without doubt he has told him all. [*To Don* Ped. Of what am I ſuſpected?

Don *Ped.* Of betraying the greateſt Truſt that Man cou'd place in Man.

Don *John.* And by whom am I accus'd?

Don *Ped.* By me: Have at thy Traitor's Heart!

Don *John.* Hold! And be not quite a Madman.—*Pedro*, you know me well: You know I am not backward upon theſe Occaſions, nor ſhall I refuſe you any Satisfaction you'll demand; but firſt, I will be heard, and tell you, That for a Man of Senſe, you are pleas'd to make very odd Concluſions.

Don *Ped.* Why, what is it poſſible thou canſt invent to clear thyſelf?

Don *John.* To clear myſelf! Of what? I'm to be thank'd for what I have done, and not reproach'd. I find I have been an Aſs, and puſh'd my Friendſhip to that Point, you find not Virtue in yourſelf enough to conceive it in another. But henceforward, I ſhall be a better Huſband of it.

Don Ped. I ſhou'd be loth to find Ingratitude cou'd e'er be juſtly charg'd upon me: But after what your Servant has confeſs'd——

Don *John.* My Servant! Right, my Servant! The very Thing I gueſs'd. Fye, fye, Don *Pedro*; is it from a Servant's Mouth a Friend condemns a Friend? Or can Servants always judge at what their Maſter's outward Actions point? But ſome Allowances I ſhou'd

make for the wild Agitation you muſt needs be in. I'm therefore calm, and thus far paſs all by.

Don *Ped.* If you are innocent, Heaven be my Aid, that I may find you ſo. But ſtill———.

Don *John.* But ſtill you wrong me, if you ſtill ſuſpect. Hear then, in ſhort, my part of this Adventure. In order to acquit myſelf of the Charge you laid upon me in your Abſence, I went laſt night, juſt as 'twas dark, to view the ſeveral Approaches of the Houſe where you had left your Wife; and I obſerv'd not far from one of the back Doors, two Perſons in cloſe eager Conference: I was diſguis'd, ſo ventur'd to paſs near 'em, and by a Word or two I heard, I found 'twas *Guzman* talking to *Jacinta*. My Concern for your Honour, made me at firſt reſolve to call him to an immediate Account. But then reflecting that I might poſſibly over-hear ſome Part of their Diſcourſe, and by that judge of *Leonora*'s Thoughts, I rein'd my Paſſion in; and by the help of an advancing Buttreſs, which kept me from their Sight, I learnt the black Conſpiracy. Don *Guzman* ſaid, he had great Complaint to make; and ſince his honourable Love had been ſo ill return'd, he could with eaſe forgive himſelf, if by ſome rougher Means he ſhould procure, what Prayers and Tears and Sighs had urg'd in vain.

Don *Ped.* Go on.

Don *John.* His kind Aſſiſtant clos'd ſmoothly with him, and inform'd him with what eaſe that very Night ſhe'd introduce him to her Chamber. At laſt, they parted, with this Agreement, that at ſome Overture in a Wall, he ſhould expect her to inform him when *Leonora* was in Bed, and all the Coaſt was clear.

Don *Ped.* Diſpatch the reſt—Is't poſſible after all he ſhould be innocent!

Don *John.* I muſt confeſs the Reſolution taken, made me tremble for you: How to prevent it now and for ever, was my next Care. I immediately order'd *Lopez* to go lie at Don *Felix*'s, and to open me the Door when all the Family were in Bed. He did as I directed him. I enter'd, and in the dark found my way to *Leonora*'s

Apartment.

Apartment. I found the Door open, at which I was ſurpriz'd. I thought I heard ſome ſtirring in her Chamber, and in an Inſtant heard her cry for Aid. At this I drew, and ruſh'd into the Room, which *Guzman*, alarm'd at, cry'd out for her Aſſiſtance. His ready Impudence, I muſt confeſs, at firſt quite ſtruck me ſpeechleſs; but in a Moment I regain'd my Tongue, and loud proclaim'd the Traitor.

Don *Ped.* Is't poſſible?

Don *John.* Yet more: your Arrival hindring me at that Time from taking Vengeance for your Wrong, I at this Inſtant expect him here, to puniſh him (with Heaven's righteous Aid) for daring to attempt my Ruin with the Man, whoſe Friendſhip I prefer to all the Bleſſings Heaven and Earth diſpenſe. And now, Don *Pedro*, I have told you this, if ſtill you have a Mind to take my Life, I ſhall defend it with the ſelf-ſame Warmth I intended to expoſe it in your Service.

[*Draws.*

Don *Ped.* [*Aſide.*] If I did not know he was in love with *Leonora*, I could be eaſily ſurpriz'd with what he has told me. But—But yet 'tis certain he has deſtroyed the Proofs againſt him; and if I only hold him guilty as a Lover; why muſt Don *Guzman* paſs for innocent? Good Gods, I am again returning to my Doubts!

Don *John* [*Aſide.*] I have at laſt reduc'd him to a Balance, but one Lye more toſt in, will turn the Scale:

To Don Ped.] One Obligation more, my Friend, you owe me; I thought to have let it paſs, but it ſhall out. Know then, I lov'd, like you, the beauteous *Leonora*; but from the Moment I obſerv'd how deep her Dart had pierc'd you, tore my Paſſion from my bleeding Heart, and ſacrific'd my Happineſs to yours. Now, I have no more to plead; if ſtill you think your Vengeance is my due, come pay it me.

Don *Ped.* Rather ten thouſand Poignards ſtrike me dead! O *Alvarada!* can you forgive a wild diſtracted Friend? Gods! Whither was my jealous Frenzy leading me? Can you forget this barbarous Injury?

Don *John.* I can: No more. But for the future, think me what I am, a faithful and a zealous Friend.—

Retire, and leave me here. In a few Moments I hope to bring you further Proofs on't. *Guzman* I inſtantly expect, leave me to do you Juſtice on him.

Don *Ped.* That muſt not be. My Revenge can ne'er be ſatisfy'd by any other Hand but this.

Don *John.* Then let That do. You'll in a Moment have an Opportunity.

Don *Ped.* You miſtake; he won't be here.

Don *John.* How ſo?

Don *Ped.* He has not had your Challenge. His Siſter intercepted it, and deſired I wou'd come to prevent the Quarrel.

Don *John.* What then is to be done?

Don *Ped.* I'll go and find him out immediately.

Don *John.* Very well: Or hold——[*Aſide*] I muſt hinder 'em from talking. Goſſiping may diſcover me. Yes: let's go and find him: Or, let me ſee——Aye, ——'twill do better.

Don *Ped.* What?

Don *John.* Why——That the Puniſhment ſhould ſuit the Crime.

Don *Ped.* Explain.

Don *John.* Attack him by his own Laws of War—'Twas in the Night he would have had your Honour, and in the Night you ought to have his Life.

Don *Ped.* His Treaſon cannot take the Guilt from mine.

Don *John.* There is no Guilt in fair Retaliation. When 'tis a Point of Honour founds the Quarrel, the Laws of Sword-Men muſt be kept, 'tis true: But if a Thief glides in to ſeize my Treaſure, methinks I may return the Favour on my Dagger's Point, as well as with my Sword of Ceremony ſix Times as long.

Don *Ped.* Yet ſtill the nobler Method I wou'd chooſe; it better ſatisfies the Vengeance of a Man of Honour.

Don *John.* I own it, were you ſure you ſhou'd ſucceed: But the Events of Combats are uncertain. Your Enemy may 'ſcape you: You perhaps may only wound him; you may be parted. Believe me, *Pedro*, the Injury's too great for a Punctilio Satisfaction.

Don

Don *Ped.* Well, guide me as you pleaſe, ſo you direct me quickly to my Vengeance. What do you propoſe?

Don *John.* That which is as eaſy, as 'tis juſt to execute. The Wall he paſſed, to attempt your Wife, let us get over to prevent his doing ſo any more. 'Twill let us into a private Apartment by his Garden, where every Evening in his amorous Solitudes he ſpends ſome Time alone, and where I gueſs his late fair Scheme was drawn. The Deed done, we can retreat the Way we enter'd; let me be your Pilot, 'tis now e'en dark, and the moſt proper Time.

Don *Ped.* Lead on; I'll follow you.

Don *John.* [*Aſide.*] How many Villanies I'm forc'd to act, to keep one ſecret! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Don* Guzman's *Apartments.*

Don Guzman, *ſitting* ſolus.

With what Rigour does this unfaithful Woman treat me! Is't poſſible it can be ſhe, who appeared to love me with ſo much Tenderneſs? How little ſtreſs is to be laid upon a Woman's Heart! Sure they're not worth thoſe anxious Cares they give. [*Riſing.*] Then burſt my Chains, and give me Room to ſearch for nobler Pleaſures. I feel my Heart begin to mutiny for Liberty; there is a Spirit in it yet, will ſtruggle hard for Freedom: but Solitude's the worſt of Seconds. Ho! *Sancho, Galindo,* who waits there? Bring ſome Lights.—Where are you?

Enter Galindo, *rubbing his Eyes, and drunk.*

Galin. I can't well tell. Do you want me, Sir?

Don *Guz.* Yes, Sir, I want you. Why am I left in the dark? What were you doing?

Gal. Doing, Sir! I was doing——what one does when one ſleeps, Sir.

Don *Guz.* Have you no Light without?

Galin. [*Yawning.*] Light!——No, Sir,—— I have no Light. I'm us'd to Hardſhip, I can ſleep in the dark.

Don *Guz.* You have been drinking, you Raſcal, you are drunk.

Gal. I have been drinking, Sir, 'tis true, but I am not drunk. Every Man that is drunk, has been drinking, confeſs'd. But every Man that has been drinking, is not drunk.——Confeſs that too.

Don *Guz.* Who is't has put you in this Condition, you Sot?

Galin. A very honeſt Fellow: Madam *Leonora*'s Coachman, nobody elſe. I have been making a little debauch with Madam *Leonora*'s Coachman; yes.

Don *Guz.* How came you to drink with him, Beaſt?

Gal. Only *per* Complaiſance, Sir. The Coachman was to be drunk upon Madam's Wedding; and I being a Friend, was deſired to take Part.

Don *Guz.* And ſo, you Villain, you can make yourſelf merry, with what renders me miſerable.

Galin. No, Sir, no; 'twas the Coachman was merry; I drank with Tears in my Eyes. The remembrance of your Misfortunes made me ſo ſad, ſo ſad, that every Cup I ſwallow'd was like a Cup of Poiſon to me.

Don *Guz.* Without doubt.

Galin. Yes; and to mortify myſelf upon melancholy Matters, I believe I took down fifty; yes.

Don *Guz.* Go fetch ſome Lights, you drunken Sot, you.

Galin. I will, if I can find the Door, that's to ſay——The Devil's in the Door; I think 'tis grown too little for me——Shrunk this wet Weather, I preſume. *Feeling for the Door and running againſt it.* Ex. Galin.

Don Guzman *alone.*

Abſence, the old Remedy for Love, muſt e'en be mine: to ſtay and brave the Danger, were Preſumption: Farewel *Valencia*, then, and farewel, *Leonora*. And if thou can'ſt, my Heart, redeem thy Liberty, ſecure it by a Farewel eternal to her Sex.

Re-

Re-enter Galindo *with a Candle, he falls, and puts it out.*

Galin. Here's light, Sir——So,——

Don *Guz.* Well done. Your fottiſh Raſcal, come no more in my Sight. } *Paſſing angrily into another Chamber.*

[*Ex. Don* Guz.

Galin. Theſe Boards are ſo uneven——You ſhall ſee now I ſhall neither find the Candle——nor the Candleſtick; It ſhan't be for want of ſearching, however. } *Riſing and feeling about for the Candle.*

——O ho, have I got you? Enough, I'll look for your Companion to-morrow.

Enter Don Pedro *and Don* John.

Don *Ped.* Where are we now?

Don *John.* We are in the Apartment I told you of——Softly——I hear ſomething ſtir——Ten to one but 'tis he.

Galin. Don't I hear ſomewhat?——No——when one has Wine in one's Head, one has ſuch a buſtle in one's Ears.

Don *Pedro.* [*To Don* John.] Who is that is talking to himſelf?

Don *John.* 'Tis his Servant, I know his Voice, keep ſtill.

Galin. Well; ſince my Maſter has baniſhed me his Sight, I'll redeem by my Obedience, what I have loſt by my Debauch. I'll go ſleep twelve Hours in ſome melancholy Hole where the Devil ſhan't find me; yes.

[*Exit* Galindo.

Don *John.* He's gone; but huſh, I hear ſomebody coming.

Don *Guz.* Ho there! will nobody bring Light?

[*Behind the Scene.*

Don *Ped.* 'Tis *Guzman*.

Don *John.* 'Tis ſo, prepare.

Don *Ped.* Shall I own my Weakneſs? I feel an inward Check; I wiſh this could be done ſome other way.

Don

Don *John.* Diſtraction all! Is this a Time to balance? Think on the Injury he would have done you, 'twill fortify your Arm, and guide your Dagger to his Heart.

Don *Ped.* Enough, I'll heſitate no more; be ſatisfy'd; hark! he's coming.

Don Guzman *paſſes the Stage.*

Don *Guz.* I think theſe Rogues are reſolved to leave me in the dark all Night. [*Exit Don* Guz.

Don *John.* Now's your Time, follow him and ſtrike home.

Don *Ped.* To his Heart, if my Dagger will reach it. [*Don* Pedro *follows him.*

Don *John* [*Aſide.*] If one be kill'd, I'm ſatisfy'd; 'tis no great Matter which.

Re-enter Don Guzman, *Don* Pedro *following him, with his Dagger ready to ſtrike.*

Don *Guz.* [*Aſide.*] My Chamber-Door's lock'd, and I think I hear ſomebody tread — Who's there? — Nobody anſwers. But ſtill I hear ſomething ſtir. Hola there! *Sancho*, are you all drunk? Some Lights here, quickly. [*Exit.*

Don Guzman *paſſes by the Corner where* Don John *ſtands, and goes off the Stage; Don* Pedro *following him, ſtabs Don* John.

Don *Ped.* [*Aſide.*] I think I'm near him now: — Traitor, take that, my Wife has ſent it thee.

Don *John.* Ah, I'm dead!

Don *Ped.* Then thou haſt thy Due.

Don *John.* I have, indeed; 'tis I that have betray'd thee.

Don *Ped.* And 'tis I that am reveng'd on thee for doing it.

Don *John.* I wou'd have forc'd thy Wife.

Don *Ped.* Die then with the Regret to have fail'd in thy Attempt.

Don *John.* Farewel, if thou can'ſt forgive me — [*dies.*

Don *Ped.* I have done the Deed, there's nothing left but to make our Eſcape. Don *John*, where are you? Let's begone, I hear the Servants coming.

Lopez

Lopez *knocks hard at the Door.*

Lop. Open there quickly, open the Door.

Don *Ped.* That's *Lopez*, we ſhall be diſcover'd. But 'tis no great Matter, the Crime will juſtify the Execution; but where's Don *John?* Don *John*, where are you?

Lopez *knocks again.*

Lop. Open the Door there, quickly. Madam, I ſaw 'em both paſs the Wall; the Devil's in't if any good comes on't.

Leo. I am frightened out of my Senſes: ho, *Iſabella!*

Don *Ped.* 'Tis *Leonora.* She's welcome. With her own Eyes let her ſee her *Guzman* dead.

Enter Don Guzman, Leonora, Iſabella, Jacinta *and* Lopez, *with Lights.*

Don *Ped.* Ha! what is't I ſee? *Guzman* alive? Then who art thou? [*Looking on Don* John.

Don *Guz.* *Guzman* alive! Yes, *Pedro*, *Guzman* is alive.

Don *Ped.* Then Heaven is juſt, and there's a Traitor dead.

Iſabella weeps.] Alas, Don *John!*

Lop. [*Looking upon Don* John.] *Bonus Nocius.*

Don *Guz.* What has produced this bloody Scene?

Don *Ped.* 'Tis I have been the Actor in't;——my Poignard, *Guzman*, I intended in your Heart.——I thought your Crime deſerv'd it: but I did you wrong, and my Hand in ſearching the Innocent, has by Heaven's Juſtice been directed to the Guilty. Don *John*, with his laſt Breath, confeſs'd himſelf the Offender.—Thus my Revenge is ſatisfied, and you are clear'd.

Don *Guz.* Good Heaven, how equitable are thy Judgments!

Don *Ped.* [*To* Leo.] Come, Madam, my Honour now is ſatisfied, and if you pleaſe my Love may be ſo too.

Leo. If it is not,

You to yourſelf alone ſhall owe your Smart,
For where I've given my Hand, I'll give my Heart.

EPILOGUE,

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *Oldfield.*

WHAT ſay you, Sirs, d'ye think my Lady'll 'ſc
'Tis dev'liſh hard to ſtand a Fav'rite's Ra
Shou'd Guzman, *like Don* John, *break in upon her,*
For all her Virtue, Heaven have Mercy on her:
Her Strength, I doubt, 's in his Irreſolution,
There's wond'rous Charms in vig'rous Execution.
Indeed you Men are Fools, you won't believe
What dreadful Things we Women can forgive:
I know but one we never do paſs by,
And that you plague us with eternally;
When in your courtly Fears to diſoblige,
You won't attack the Town which you beſiege:
Your Guns are light, and planted out of Reach:
D'ye think with Billet-doux to make a Breach?
'Tis Small-Shot all, and not a Stone will fly:
Walls fall by Cannon, and by firing nigh:
In ſluggiſh dull Blockades you keep the Field,
And ſtarve us ere we can with Honour yield.
In ſhort——
We can't receive thoſe Terms you gently ſend us,
But ſtorm, and we can anſwer our Surrender.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME

PLAYS printed for T. LOWNDES, at 6d. each.

A Bramule, by Dr. Trapp
Adventures of Half an Hour
Albion and Albanius, by Dryden
Alchymiſt, by Ben Johnſon
Alcibiades, by Otway
All for Love, by Dryden
Ambitious Step-mother, by Rowe
Amboyna, by Dryden
Amphitryon, by Dryden
Anatomiſt, by Ravenſcroft
Anna Bullen, by Bankes
As You Like It, by Shakeſpeare
Artful Huſband, by Taverner
Athaliah, by Mr. Duncomb
Aurengzebe, by Dryden
Bartholomew Fair, by Ben Johnſon
Baſſet Table, by Centlivre
Beaux Stratagem, by Farquhar
Beggar's Opera, by Gay
Biter, by Rowe
Bold Stroke for a Wife
Britiſh Enchanters, by Lanſdown
Buſtris, by Dr. Young
Buſy Body, by Centlivre
Caius Marius, by Otway
Careleſs Huſband, by Cibber
Catiline, by Ben Johnſon
Cato, by Addiſon
Chances, by D. Buckingham
Chaplet, by Mr. Mendez
Cleomenes, by Dryden
Cobler of Preſton
Comedy of Errors, by Shakeſpeare
Conſcious Lovers, by Cibber
Committee, by Sir R. Howard
Confederacy, by Vanbrugh
Conſcious Lovers, by Steele
Conſtant Couple, by Farquhar
Contrivances, by Carey
Country Laſſes, by B. Johnſon
Country Wife, by Wycherly
Cymbeline, altered by Mr. Garrick
Damon and Phillida, by Mr. Dibdin
Devil of a Wife
Devil to Pay, by Coffey
Diſtreſſed Mother, by Am. Philips
Don Carlos, by Otway
Double Dealer, by Congreve
Double Gallant, by Cibber
Dragon of Wantley
Drummer, by Addiſon

Duke and no Duke, by Sir A. Cockain
Duke of Guiſe, by Dryden
Earl of Eſſex, by Bankes
Every Man in his Humour
Fair Penitent, by Rowe
Fair Quaker of Deal, by C. Shadwell
Falſe Friend
Fatal Curioſity
Fatal Secret, by Theobald
Flora, or Hob in the Well
Fox, by Ben Johnſon
Friendſhip in Faſhion, by Otway
Funeral, by Sir R. Steele
Gameſter, by Mrs. Centlivre
Gentle Shepherd
George Barnwell, by Lillo
Gloriana
Greenwich Park
Hamlet, by Shakeſpeare
Henry IV. 2 Parts, by ditto
Henry V. by ditto
Henry VI. 3 Parts, by ditto
Henry VIII. by ditto
Henry V. by Aaron Hill
Honeſt Yorkſhireman
Jane Gray, by Rowe
Jane Shore, by Rowe
Inconſtant, by Farquhar
King John, by Shakeſpeare
King Lear, by ditto
King Lear, by Tate
Limberham, by Dryden
Love for Love, by Congreve
Love in a Miſt
Love in a Tub, by Etherege
Love makes a Man, by C. Cibber
Love's Laſt Shift, by Cibber
Lying Lover, by Steele
Macbeth, by Shakeſpeare
Man of Mode, by Etherege
Mariamne, by Fenton
Meaſure for Meaſure, by Shakeſpeare
Merchant of Venice, by Shakeſpeare.
Miſtake, by Vanbrugh
Mourning Bride, by Congreve
Much ado about Nothing
Muſtapha, by Lord Orrery
Nonjuror, by C. Cibber
Oedipus, by Dryden
Old Batchelor, by Congreve
Oroonoko, by Southern
Orphan, by Otway
Othello, by Shakeſpeare
Perjured Huſband
Perolla and Iſidora, by C. Cibber
Phædra and Hippolitus, by Smith
Pilgrim, by Beaumont and Fletcher
Polly, by Mr. Gay
Prophetess, by Beaumont
Provok'd Huſband, by C. Cibber
Provok'd Wife, by Vanbrugh
Recruiting Officer, by Farquhar
Refuſal, by Cibber
Rehearſal, by D. of Buck.
Relapſe, by Vanbrugh
Revenge, by Dr. Young
Richard III. by C. Cibber

00043564

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 15 June, 2016